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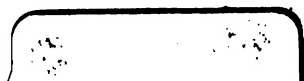
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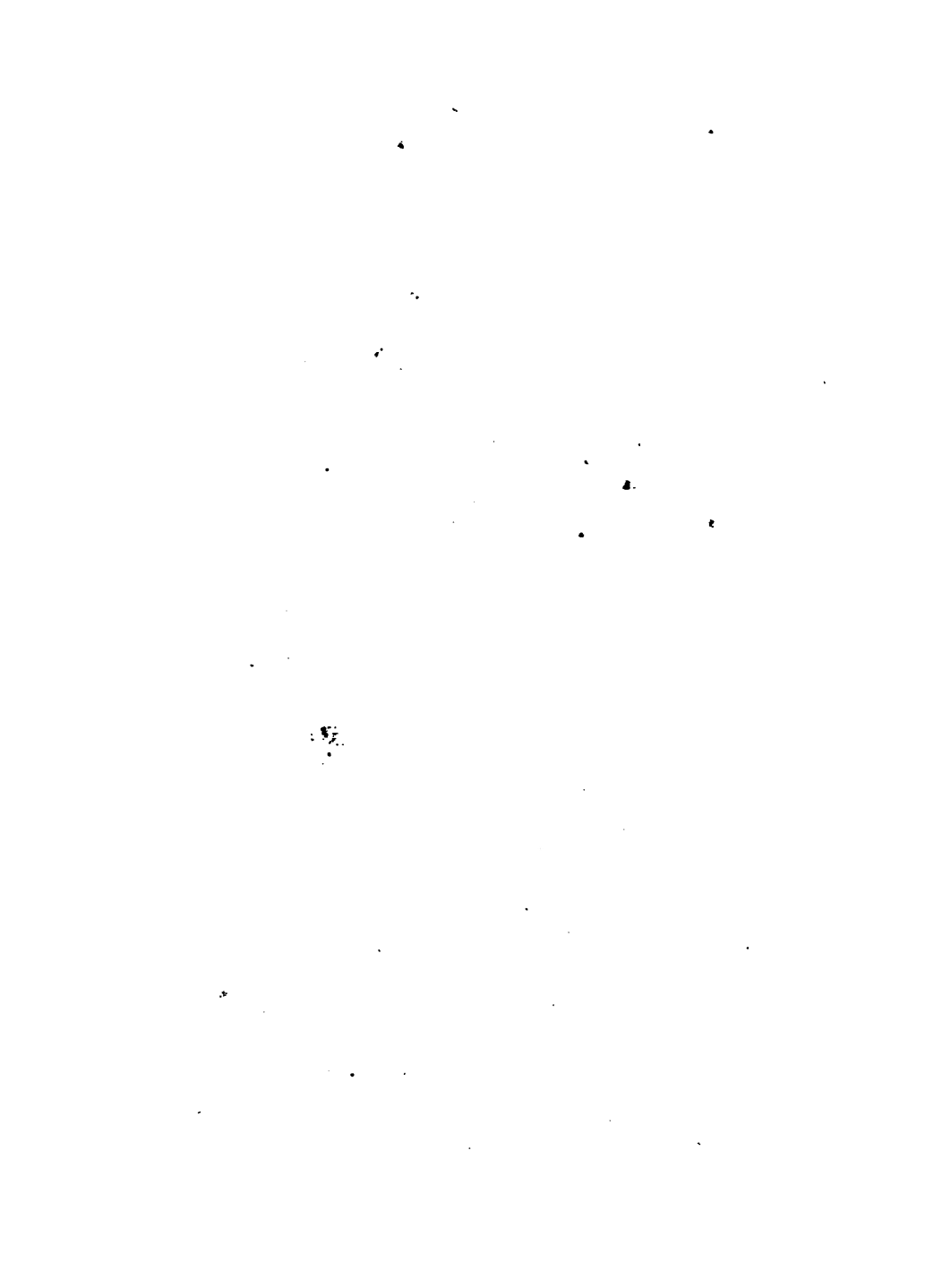


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FICTION, VOL. I.

SEAWARD'S NARRATIVE.

CONFESSIONS OF A WORKING MAN.

THE ATTIC PHILOSOPHER.



LONDON:

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1856.

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SIR EDWARD SEAWARD'S
NARRATIVE OF HIS SHIPWRECK,

AND

DISCOVERY OF CERTAIN ISLANDS

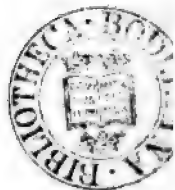
IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA;

WITH A DETAIL OF

MANY INTERESTING AND EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS IN HIS LIFE,
BETWEEN 1783 AND 1749,

AS WRITTEN IN HIS OWN DIARY.

EDITED BY MISS JANE PORTER.



ABRIDGED FROM THE LAST EDITION OF THE ORIGINAL.

LONDON:
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SIR EDWARD SEAWARD'S NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER I.

BORN of loyal and honest parents, whose means were just sufficient to give a common education to their children, I have neither to boast of pedigree nor of learning; yet they bequeathed to me a better inheritance—a stout constitution, a peaceable disposition, and a proper sense of what is due to my superiors and equals: for such an inheritance I am grateful to God, and to them.

I had not left school long when I felt an inclination to see foreign parts, and under this impression I desired earnestly to go to sea; but my poor dear mother would not hear of it: so I yielded up my inclination to my duty, and during two years was content to assist my father in the management of his little farm; taking the diversions of fishing and shooting, in their seasons, by way of amusement and recreation. At the expiration of this time, my paternal uncle sent for me to Bristol, and placed me in his counting-house. Within a year from this event, I lost my dear mother; on which I returned to my paternal roof, to console my remaining parent. During my stay I took some little part in the farm business, passing most of my unoccupied hours with our benevolent pastor, my former kind schoolmaster, the Rev. Mr. William Goldsmith, between whose amiable family and my father's there had existed the kindest feeling from our infancy.

One morning I received a letter from my uncle, in which he stated that he wanted me to go to Virginia in one of his vessels, as supercargo. I was delighted with the proposal, to which my dear father made no objection; and in a few days I took leave of our friends at the parsonage, and of my own family. At parting, my father gave me his blessing and my mother's Bible.

My uncle received me kindly, and took much pains to instruct me in the business. I was delighted with every thing connected with my preparation for the voyage, and I sailed on the 5th of April, 1733, in the *Mary brig, for America, with an assortment of goods.*

We arrived in the Chesapeak Bay on the 2d of June, which was con-

sidered a good passage, and on the following day proceeded up the river to Baltimore. On my arrival, our correspondent was civil to me, but that was all. He did not like a supercargo being sent in the vessel, and therefore threw many obstacles in the way of my disposing of the cargo, and of purchasing tobaccos to advantage; but after a time I experienced that conduct from him which he should have observed to me at first. I did not, however, resent his former behaviour, but received the assistance he was disposed to render me, in perfect good humour, thanking him for each instance of his attention and kind offices. My cargo was at length completed to my satisfaction, and our correspondent gave me reason to think I had gained his esteem before we parted. He made me a present of a Virginia nightingale:—"This," said I to myself, "is for my aunt." I should have liked to have procured another for Eliza Goldsmith; but as I could not bring one for each of her sisters and my own also, I prudently gave up the wish. However, I got some capital tobacco seed, which, with a few heads of Indian corn, and a few pumpkin seeds, I put up for my poor dear father to try them on his farm, as I thought those plants might perhaps thrive well in England.

On the 8th of August I took leave of my friends at Baltimore; and after a stormy passage, we arrived at Bristol on the 15th of September, to the great surprise of my uncle, who did not expect the brig at least for a month to come. I hastened to the town as soon as we dropped anchor in Kingroad. Quick as my movements were, he had received notice of my coming, so that he met me at the door of his house. A crape on his hat arrested my attention. I cast my eye, heart-struck, on it, then said, "Have I lost my father?" Without answering, he turned and went into the house, and I followed him. "God's will be done, Ned!" said he to me; "how many hogsheads of tobacco have you brought home?"—"My dear uncle," I replied, "my heart is too full to speak on business at present; let me see my aunt, and after that I will give you every information you desire." Saying this, I left him in the passage, and went into the parlour, where I found my aunt, who always had been kind to me, but now she was doubly so; she wiped the tear from my eye, and endeavoured to stay my grief by every comforting expression that goodness could suggest. In a short time I began to feel myself composed, and my aunt told me the particulars of my dear old father's illness and death, which had taken place a month before. Tea was brought in, and my uncle followed it. He took me by the hand, saying, "Poor Ned! thou hast a tender heart; poor boy!—but thy father was a good father, Ned, and it is honest and creditable to thee to show decent sorrow for the loss of such a parent: but he hasn't left thee anything, Ned; what little he ~~had~~, he has bequeathed to thy brother and sisters; they are young, thou knowest: he thought thee might get thy own bread——." "And he ~~thought right~~, I hope, dear uncle," I replied; and I revere his memory

the more for taking care of the most helpless."—"But how many hogs-heads of tobacco didst thou bring home, Ned?"—"Three hundred, sir; after tea, I will give you every information you require respecting the cargo and the voyage."—"Wouldst like to go again, Ned?"—"Yes, sir, certainly, if it be your wish: after I have paid a short visit to my brother and sisters, I should be very glad to make a second voyage."—"I don't think thee'll go to Virginia again, Ned; here is a letter for thee from my son Tom, at the Bay of Honduras, and I think thee will find a proposal there more to thy mind." I thought it right to do as he wished, and instantly read Tom's letter, which was quite a letter of business; proposing that I should join him at Honduras, and that he would give me a share of the profits, if I would reside there, and allow him to return to England: he would take the part in England his father had been doing, and I should step into his shoes there, as his father wished to retire. I required time to consider of it; and soon after going with my uncle to the counting-house, entered into a detail on the subject of my recent voyage. Throughout he was well satisfied, and frequently said, I was "no fool:" which from him, meant no ordinary compliment.

On the next day he asked me if I had made up my mind on the proposal of going to Honduras. I said, I had been turning the subject over, and found that I could say nothing about it. "What dost mean by that?" exclaimed my uncle, testily. "I mean, sir," said I, "that as I neither have money nor anything else, but what I derive from you, that it does not become me to say anything further than I am ready to do whatever you may think me qualified to undertake, and that may be for my welfare."—"That'll do, Ned," said my uncle; "I'll guide thee right, my boy: and Tom is no churl, he will not grudge thee a good outfit, and thy fair earnings. But if he were, am I not thy uncle, and his father? and the staff is in my own hand; I will make no difference between him and thee; thou art a good boy, Ned, and I loved thy father; and thou hast shown thy willingness to be guided by me, and I will not disappoint thee in thy desire: go into the country, and visit thy brother and sisters; and the brig shall be ready to sail with an investment for Jamaica and the Bay."

I had not said anything about the Virginia nightingale to my aunt, for fear of some accident happening to it; but I came into the parlour as she was admiring it. "La! what a pretty bird, dear Edward: who have you brought that pretty bird for?" cried she. "For you, aunt, to be sure; for whom else could I bring it?"—"Well, I thought so, dear Edward, but I was not quite sure: for young people do behave themselves so ungraciously now-a-days to their elder relatives, that I did almost wrong thee, my dear boy."—"Nay, aunt; you have always been kind to me, and I am happy in showing you that I remembered my aunt, when a wide sea divided me from her."—"So you have, Edward; and you know I love

you as a son. Will the bird talk, Edward?—what do you call it, Edward?"—"It is a Virginia nightingale, dear aunt."—"Oh! then, it is a singing bird?"—"Yes, aunt, it sings a little; but not so sweetly as our nightingale: it has received a larger share of beauty from the hand of its Maker, than the nightingale of England, but our nightingale far exceeds it in melody."—"That is as it should be, Edward—one handsome, another clever: to one riches are given; to another health; and so forth. God is wise and just, dear Edward; but you have been taught to know all such things from your good mother, and Parson Goldsmith."—"I hope so, aunt," I replied; "but have you any commands to Awbury? I am going there as soon as I have settled accounts with my uncle."—"I will trouble you," said she, "with a little parcel for the girls, and my love; and if canst borrow a pillion, I should have no objection to go behind thee, and see what they are all about."—This last part of my aunt's speech rather embarrassed me. Much as I loved my aunt, I confess I felt no desire to ride a pillion horse on this occasion. But she was only jesting.

In a few days I finished with my uncle, and then set out on horseback to visit my friends, with feelings of a very sober kind. I looked back on the happy days of my boyhood; played with my fellows in memory, on the green before the school-house; and called to mind some of the old people, and, among others, my honoured father, sitting beneath the venerable elm there, in its full maturity of three hundred years. I thought also on my revered pastor and schoolmaster, who was meek and kind-hearted to all, and who managed to make his boys scholars, without using either the birch or the ferula. He was, indeed, more anxious to teach us our duty than our Latin, but he contrived to teach us both, and the kindness of his nature seemed to kindle a kindred feeling throughout the school; he loved my father, and his family and ours were like one. The nearer I approached the village, the more impatient I became to arrive; I gave Dobbin the spur, and came up to our gate at a brisk canter. My sisters received me most affectionately, and quickly sent for my brother. He came, and the meeting was affecting; we saw ourselves all together, but our parents were no more with their children.

By degrees my brother entered on family affairs; and I soon mentioned to him my uncle's intention of settling me at Honduras, and I expressed a hope that I might be able to provide for my sisters. This kind sentiment was as kindly received by them; but the youngest said, she would go with me. "I will send for you, dear Maria," said I, "when I am fairly settled, if you then should like to come."—"I will go with you, Edward," she replied, "unless you can prevail on Eliza Goldsmith to be *your guardian angel*." Though she said this playfully, I felt as if electrified by the unexpected appeal: certainly I had always been sensible to a *sentiment of a peculiar character* for Eliza Goldsmith; I felt that it was

not exactly like that which I bore to my sister Maria, though it seemed to connect their images in my thoughts. I had seen several beautiful and amiable women abroad, but they could not bear comparison with Eliza Goldsmith; Eliza's sweet smile was, in truth, always playing around me, and doubtless it was the memory of what that sweet smile so faithfully expressed, which had unconsciously fixed my affection. Thus, I had been calm, almost happy, during my absence from Eliza; for nothing had occurred to make me discover what lay hidden in my heart; but now the tumult of my feelings awakened my suspicions, and my agitated answer confirmed Maria's: "Eliza Goldsmith," I said, "leave her happy home for me! leave father, sisters, for me!" and I believe I said the last words in a way that would have shown a child my adoring affection; then I added, in an altered tone, "Eliza Goldsmith would never think of Edward Seaward, as you seem to wish, Maria."

Maria smiled: but she soon grew serious, and said, "You know, Edward, that Eliza is sincerity itself. From the hour that she became sensible to your decided preference for her,—your love, I will say,—she never tried to hide her great affection for you."

"Become sensible to my preference!—to my love!—Maria,—I never thought,—never dared,—surely I never could have said any thing——."

"Never purposely, I dare say, Edward," replied Maria; "nor anything that would be directly understood by other people; but Eliza could not remain blind to what we all saw. It was plain to every one of us, that when Eliza was present, you never missed any other creature; that you were even more proud of her approbation, than of dear Mr. Goldsmith's; that you were always imagining how you could give her pleasure. When she was sick, don't you remember how you watched everybody's looks in the house; and how kind and affectionate you were to her after her illness? It was not long after her recovery, just when you went to Virginia, that she told me she would die single, unless Heaven should bless her by making her your wife."

"Maria! my dearest Maria!" I said, and embraced her, not being able to complete what I wished to say.—While I kept silent, for I was wholly overcome with the suddenness and sweetness of this surprise, my sister went on telling me several things, which were doubly grateful to my feelings, as giving me fresh proofs of Eliza's attachment, and of her superiority over all other women.

At last I recovered my ordinary powers, and said, "If it be really so, Maria, Edward Seaward is the happiest of happy men; but to ask Eliza Goldsmith to go with me to such a climate!—to marry Eliza, and bury her amongst people that *would not* comprehend her—no! I cannot be so *selfish*. I *must not think of it*; I will act as becomes the pupil of her *excellent father*." "Well, well, this is all very fine," said my elder sister;

there, and take in lumber, with some other articles, for the Bay; and so forth. I heard him with a courteous attention, and then said, "Dear uncle, may I ask you one or two questions?"—"Certainly, Ned! certainly! a hundred if you like, so they be short ones."—"Then, first, uncle, how long do you suppose I may have to stay there?"—"Till you make so much money, Ned, that you cannot spend it without coming to England: keep that in mind, boy: so make haste in your calling."—"Well but, sir, that may not be accomplished as long as I live."—"O yes, Ned, I don't think thee hast a great stomach for wealth."—"But, sir, you wished my questions to be short; will you make the answers so? May I be five, or six, or seven, or ten years at St. George's Key?"—"Yes, perhaps you may; not less than five or six years, certainly."—"Then, my dear uncle, I should not like to live there a bachelor, and perhaps get into immoral connexions, that would degrade me in my own eyes, and in the opinion of those I love."—The old gentleman laughed immoderately, stood up, held his sides, and laughed and coughed, exclaiming, at intervals, "Ned, you will be the death of me!" I knew not what to think of this; but my aunt made him sit down, saying, "Mr. Seaward, our nephew is right; I like his sentiments."—"He is an ass, and you are a fool!" he replied, looking morosely at her; "I don't want any of your prudery and nonsense; I will talk to him."

The old lady walked out, and left us together. My heart sunk within me. But my uncle was a wag in his way: he began to laugh immoderately again; then recovering himself, said, "It's better to marry than burn; eh, Ned?" and continued his laughing fit. He was then able to resume: "That's it, Ned, eh? but where is the wife, to be had at so short a notice? We can't give an order for her—Bale, No. 1., marked E. S., Ned, eh?" He then took another hearty laugh to himself, and became quiet. I was now at ease, being convinced there was no surly humour on his part, but the contrary; and I at once told him the whole affair of my engagement to Eliza Goldsmith. He heard me out, in a business-like manner, and after some pause said, "Well, Ned, it's your affair, not mine; and if you are bent on it, I'll do my part. How the speculation will turn out, thee don't know, and I can't tell thee: these sort of articles, that we take for better for worse, not being allowed to try the sample, don't always answer expectation; but thee may'st be more fortunate than some other people; and, as there is no time to lose, get thy business done; and if thee likes, we will put her and thee in the manifest." He finished by shaking me by the hand, kindly and warmly, saying, "Ned! married or single, I will always be as a father to thee, boy." He desired me to return the next day to Awbury, and finish my business.

On the morning of the next day, on wishing me a prosperous journey, he put a little parcel into my hand; it was a hundred-pound bank-note, a *very acceptable* wedding present. Time pressed hard; there was no

leisure for calling in church ; I must return to Bristol, to employ a proctor to procure a licence. I could not obtain the licence under ten days ; but, that we might make the most of the interval, I requested my dear uncle and aunt to invite my sister Maria and Eliza Goldsmith to Bristol, and I considered that, in paying this visit, they would be enabled to make a good use of my uncle's kind present for Eliza's outfit. My request was instantly complied with, and the invitation joyously accepted.

My uncle was equally delighted with his niece and with her friend ; but Eliza was evidently my aunt's favourite ; while the dear girl received with thankfulness the attentions of the old lady.

The important paper was at length obtained, and we set off to Awbury a happy party. Mr. Goldsmith received us with his usual kindness : the wedding followed ; my uncle was in high spirits, which often burst forth in boisterous joy. He brought some "Bristol man's milk" with him, as he called it—old sherry wine, bought of Mr. Sheriff Glisson—and with this he made merry, and plied my good father-in-law beyond what he could well carry ; and he gave a hogshead of beer to the villagers. On the morrow we took an affectionate leave of our dear friends ; there was little said at parting, but much expressed by that natural language, which the overflowing heart never fails to manifest. My aunt and uncle first stepped into the coach that was to convey us ; I then handed in my dear Eliza ; she had scarcely taken her seat, when an unexpected volunteer sprung in after her. "Who are you ?" cried my uncle. "Ah ! poor Fidele," said Eliza, "I had overlooked you in taking leave of my friends." She patted him kindly, and was handing him out to the servant when the dog (a beautiful little spaniel of King Charles's breed) turned back to look once more on his favourite mistress, and whined so piteously, that my uncle exclaimed, "No ! no ! let the little fellow go with her ; he has a warm heart towards her, and a good one too. Dogs never change, though men sometimes do : no allusion to you, Ned."—"Take him, Eliza," they all said, and I more emphatically than the rest. I was affected, in witnessing the attachment of this dumb creature, to the one to whom I myself was so devotedly attached. My sister Maria and I then got into the carriage ; and with many adieus from the windows, we set forward, and arrived at the door of my uncle.

Next day we went soberly and diligently to work, to prepare for our departure. However, there was yet much to do ; but at length my uncle gave me my instructions in writing, with letters to Mr. Dickinson at Kingston, and letters for my cousin at Honduras.

CHAPTER II.

WE sailed from Bristol on the 30th of October, 1733, with a fine breeze from the eastward. On going down the river Avon in a boat, to join the brig at Kingroad, Eliza was charmed by the scenery on each side of the banks. St. Vincent's rocks presented a sublime object on the right side; "I shall never forget this scene," she observed, "it is so impressive." She did not then know that a time was not far distant, when her abode would be under such a rock, equally precipitous, but more gigantic.

The wind was fair; we sailed down the Bristol Channel, with fine weather and smooth water. It blew fresh from the north-west, after passing Lundy Island. Eliza was very sick, and the captain was in bad humour, so that we were far from comfortable; but the wind changed again, and with it returned our lively sense of present happiness. In three weeks we got into the trade winds; in little more than five weeks, we passed through the Mona passage, between Porto Rico and Hispaniola; and on the day six weeks of quitting the Bristol Channel, we made the east end of Jamaica. We were charmed by the superb face of the whole country. The sky was brilliant and cloudless, the breeze fair and refreshing: our spirits were proportionally buoyant; and as the vessel ran along shore for Port Royal, all the next day our delight was kept alive by the newness and vastness of the scenery which lay upon our right.

A negro pilot came on board, as we neared Port Royal. Eliza was a good deal struck by his appearance and way of speaking, which, being nothing new to me, I hardly noticed; but to her he was, at that moment, the representative of the whole negro population. We soon hauled round Port Royal point, the sandy foundation of a small town of little importance. But many years ago, on the space we now sailed over, its ancestor had stood, which, they say, like Sodom and Gomorrah, having become the seat of all licentiousness, was swallowed up by an earthquake in 1692.

We had nothing to do at Port Royal, but worked up to Kingston against the sea-breeze; and came to, off the town, as the breeze was dying away. Mr. Dickinson, my uncle's friend, was absent in the country at his penn; we therefore determined to remain on board all night. About nine o'clock next morning, we received a visit from him, and he insisted that we should take up our residence at his penn during our stay, which we gladly accepted; and after I had made arrangements with him, he drove myself and wife out into the country, where we were agreeably entertained by the hospitality of our friend, and the novelty of all we saw.

I returned with him in the morning to Kingston, to business, leaving *my dear wife* at the penn. The part of the cargo for the Jamaica

market was landed. American lumber, as planks, shingles, etc. with American flour in barrels, some maize or Indian corn, and island produce, as coffee, sugar, rum, etc. recompleted the cargo for Honduras. Mr. Dickinson gave me an appalling account of the place we were bound to; he said, St. George's Key, where my cousin resided, was nothing better than a large sand-bank; and that the town of Belize consisted of a few wretched houses on the south side of the river of that name. This was a sad prospect. "No wonder," said I, "that my cousin Tom desires to return to England." The account from Mr. Dickinson disheartened me not a little, and I told Eliza. "Well," said she, "but we shall be together, Edward; happiness is not meat nor drink, but peace and contentment; and may we be induced to seek that happiness where alone it can be found." My heart was again at ease, and I attended to the completion of our cargo with cheerfulness. All being ready on Saturday the 22nd of December, the captain determined to sail the next day, viz., Sunday the 23rd; on which holy day, for some fanciful reason or superstition, sailors like to put to sea. By Mr. Dickinson's advice, I was to buy two or three goats, and as many fowls and ducks, and Guinea-fowl, as the coops would hold; the probability being that I should find "a plentiful scarcity," as he expressed it, of such things at my cousin's residence. I was therefore to go into the negro market on Sunday morning, the market-day of Jamaica. I told Eliza of my object, and she desired to accompany me; yet not without passing a just censure on such an unchristian usage in a Christian colony. The market was held in a large street full of negroes, male and female, with all sorts of fruits and vegetables and poultry. We bought two goats with kid, a dozen fowls, as many Muscovy ducks, and half-a-dozen Guinea-fowl, a great quantity of yams and plantains, and cocoos (a sort of potatoe), some shaddocks, oranges, and limes, a few pumpkins and water-melons, half-a-dozen fine pine-apples, and as many musk-melons, some capsicums and bird-peppers, and two large sugar-canes.

When the captain saw our stock, he exclaimed, "What are we to do with all this? we shall be only five or six days on the passage."—"It is stock, captain, for St. George's Key," I replied, "where I shall be happy to see you take some of it when we arrive."—Oh! very well," cried he; "you may keep poultry there, if you carry a good stock of maize for them; but little will grow there, unless you could take some good soil with you; and I don't think that would pay freight."

The brig was under weigh at eleven o'clock, and we ran down to Port Royal, a distance of eight or nine miles, in little more than an hour. With the same fine breeze, we stood out to sea, and shaped our course to the southward, to keep clear of the Pedro shoals; and we found by our reckoning on Tuesday at noon, that we must have run nearly two hundred miles during the last twenty-four hours.

The wind now veered to the N.E. and N.N.E. in squalls, looking sometimes very black to windward. Towards evening I requested the captain to lay to under easy sail till daylight, as we were now approaching the main land, where the shoals and rocks were numerous, and not accurately laid down on the chart; but although he made her snug, he would keep his course, to get in under the island of Rattan in the morning, if possible; and I was obliged to yield to his determination. One of the men said we should have a hurricane: "The hurricane months are over, you blackguard," replied the captain angrily. The man, however, appeared to know what he was talking about, and I, for one, believed him; but the captain laughed at him, after his choler had subsided. I then thought it quite time to insist on the dead lights being put in, to secure the cabin windows against the violence of the sea, if it should break up against them; and they were scarcely secured, when it began to thunder and rain in torrents. My poor dear wife had been induced to go below a little before the storm came on, by the sudden and awful blackness of the sky; and although I did not remain five minutes after her, I was thoroughly wetted to the skin, before I could get off deck. I had scarcely entered the cabin, when the wind arose with such violence, that the brig in an instant seemed on her beam ends. At this moment I thought I heard some one fall down the companion ladder; and going to see who or what it was that had made the unlucky tumble, I found my two goats, which some one had thrown there out of the way, as the door was immediately closed down after them, to keep the sea from rolling into the cabin.

I now endeavoured to console my wife, who bestowed reciprocal consolations on myself. "God will preserve us, my honoured love!" said she; "I feel that we are safe, notwithstanding this dreadful hurricane: but if we should be drowned, we shall die together, and we shall not be separated: we shall meet where we can part no more." Her feelings now overpowered her, and she fell on my neck and wept. I kissed away the tears from her eyes, saying, "We will trust in the Almighty."

I wanted to go on deck, but was not able to effect it. I, however, got the people there to open one of the side doors a little, and I peeped out. The wind howled horribly, and the sea was all in a foam. Two of the hands, and the yawl, had been washed overboard. We continued to be driven by the storm for eight or ten hours, I cannot tell in what direction; but about two or three o'clock in the morning, they called out, "Breakers! breakers! land! breakers!" Hearing this, I got up the ladder to the companion door. All was again fast down, and they could not open it. In a few minutes the vessel struck, and we, who were below, were thrown violently on the cabin floor. The poor dog, our faithful *Fidele*, howled mournfully as he was driven to the further end of the cabin.

"We are indeed lost!" said my wife, as she recovered a little from the fall she had just received. I did not now wait to console her by my words: I renewed my efforts to force the companion door, and get upon deck; but they could not hear me for the noise made by the howling of the wind and the breaking of the sea; yet I sometimes heard them, and could discover that they were making ready to get the long boat over the gunwale to escape. I now became frantic; and hallooed with all my power, but to no purpose. By accident I stumbled over an empty stone bottle at the foot of the ladder, with which I struck the companion door so violently that I succeeded in arresting the attention of the captain. He unbolted it, telling me at the same time, "We are all lost!" but that the men were trying to launch the long boat, our only chance; and if Mrs. Seaward and I chose to go, we must be up in a second; for, "look there!" said he, crying out at the same time, "another shove, lads, and she's all our own!" — the long boat was launched, and I returned down the ladder with all speed. The moment I rejoined my dear wife, I urged her instantly to accompany me to the deck, telling her our situation. "No!" said she, "I will not stir, and you will not stir; they must all perish; a boat cannot endure this storm. Let us trust in God, Edward, continued she, "and if we die, we die together."—"It is done," I replied; "we will not stir."—"Then tell them so," cried she, hastily; "and if you can lay your hand on the bread-bag in your way, it may be useful to them, if they survive this hour." I ascended; but no boat was to be seen, yet now and then I thought I heard the voices of the miserable crew at some distance, on the brig's quarter; and sometimes I fancied I saw them, when the strong lightning's glare lighted up every thing around for an instant. The brig soon took the ground on a reef within, and heeled over, which threw me down the ladder. My ever-kind wife hastened to my assistance, but was herself thrown to the other side of the cabin. More than an hour passed away with us thus, in dismal darkness below; but we enjoyed the light of God's presence, and were resigned to his will.

With arms folded round each other, we sat endeavouring to keep our position, and so remained till the heaving motion of the vessel gradually subsided, and at length became scarcely perceptible; but she continued to lie over, nearly on her beam-ends. I now again thought it right to reach the deck; on ascending the ladder, I pushed open the lee half of the companion door, when a gleam of joy rushed upon me, on perceiving that the day had dawned, and that the water to leeward was quite smooth. There was high land a-head and a-stern, and a fine sandy beach abreast of us, little more than a mile off. I hastened below to my dear wife, into the dark cabin, exclaiming, "Come to me, my love; come on deck; it is daylight!" Without a word, she ascended the ladder. On emerging from darkness into light, her feelings overcame her, and she poured forth her heart to God. After a few moments of abstraction, "Where is the boat

and our poor companions?" she exclaimed; "I do not see them!" — "Perhaps," I replied, "they are safely landed on yon beach, and will soon return to take us out of the vessel." I now looked earnestly around me: the mainmast was gone, but the stump was standing; all the fowls in the coop to leeward, were drowned: the ducks which were in the other coop survived, and also four fowls; yet these seemed more dead than alive. All was desolation on deck and aloft; but the morning smiled serenely on us, while a gentle calm spread itself over the ocean all around.

The land astern seemed high and well-wooded; but our eyes were attracted by the smooth sandy shore, where we wished and hoped to be; and our attention became gradually riveted on a promontory, distant about three miles, upon which the rising sun shone directly. We looked in every direction for the boat, but in vain; and then sad misgivings for the fate of the crew crossed our mind, which extended to ourselves; for we depended on them as a means, and, indeed, the only probable means, of our own escape from this unknown shore. I fortunately thought I would try the pumps. I went to work, and kept pumping till I was quite exhausted, and the water still came up as abundantly as ever. I concluded the brig's bottom must be stove in, so that if we should beat off the reef into deep water, we must sink and go down.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon, the breeze began to set in from the sea, nearly E. N. E., and the brig worked fore and aft. I told my wife what my fears were, and that if it so happened, we must endeavour to climb the fore-rigging, and take the chance from thence of any escape that might offer. She pressed my hand, and looked like an angel in my face, but spoke not a word.

The sea-breeze freshened, and in half an hour the brig's stern swung off into deep water, and she hung by the bow. We now righted; I therefore immediately went to see if the rudder was gone, which I had every reason to expect, but it was not; and at this I rejoiced greatly, exclaiming, "The rudder is safe; that's well!" My wife felt security in my look, and she thanked and blessed God for his goodness. At length the brig broke adrift, having most likely torn off her false keel forward, and perhaps some of the coral rock which had held her. I was now all amaze; I did not know what to do. "We must be patient, Edward," said my dear wife; "we shall go quietly on the sand." The brig continued to drift in upon a point of rock, on which I expected to be dashed in pieces, but the current directed us past it to the southward down towards the height, which we had so attentively fixed our eyes on early in the morning. I was desirous to get the brig under some command; and finding the fore-staysail yet untorn, I got the weather sheet over, and was able to set the sail: the vessel's head now paid off, and she would steer; I therefore made up my mind to keep on as far as I could with safety, hoping to see *some inlet*. She went along cleverly, not being at all water-logged, and

consequently in no danger of sinking; hence on that score my great fear was removed. I soon approached the mountainous promontory, which seemed to stand up before us to obstruct our further progress: I therefore determined to bump her on shore; and I ran for the beach close under the promontory. How great was my joy when I discovered an inlet, not twice the vessel's breadth. I pushed into it, and in a few minutes found myself at the end of a little cove. Here the brig struck and stuck fast with her bow: the shock threw myself and my wife forward with great violence; and we were both more bruised by this happy event, than by all the tossings and tumblings we had experienced during the hurricane. "Blessed be God!" cried I, getting up and shaking myself: but my dear Eliza was stunned, and it was some time before she recovered her senses. Eventful as our situation was, I thought of nothing but her: I sat down by her, and rubbed her hands between mine: she looked up and smiled; then raising her arm over my neck, and kissing my forehead, as she was often wont to do, said, "I thank God you are safe, my Edward!"

CHAPTER III.

WE saw ourselves at length delivered from the perils of the ocean, and placed in a state of security: we raised our hearts to the fountain of mercy, and blessed God in thankfulness. We looked back upon the ocean, and the reef, and the rocky islands, from whose horrors we so lately had escaped, with strong emotions still partaking of terror; but it was not long before our self-possession completely returned: we were in a snug place, and the sea all on this side of the reef, to far beyond us, perfectly smooth: we felt ourselves under God's protection, and were at ease.

"Poor Fidele!" suddenly exclaimed my wife, "it is only now that I remember thee! I will go down into the cabin, and see what has become of my faithful little dog."—"Yes, my Eliza," replied I, "we will go down together, and I will get out the dead lights; we shall then see what we are about." The poor dog was overjoyed by the first admission of light, and by our presence, and seemed as if he would jump out of his skin. I soon succeeded in getting all the dead lights out; we then saw tables, chairs, swinging lamp, chests, trunks, and many other things huddled together, and some smashed to pieces.

We now felt our exhaustion, but I could not find any bread, nor, indeed, anything else, at the instant. Soon, however, I laid my hand on an unbroken bottle of wine jammed up in one of the berths, and we took a small quantity: then reclining on the after-lockers, we both fell

asleep. I suppose I slept some hours: for when I awoke, I looked up, and saw my Eliza sitting by me, with Fidele at her side: she had been watching me in my sleep. "Dear Edward," said she, "you have taken a sweet rest: how delightfully the breeze blows in upon us, through the cabin windows! I should now be very comfortable, if we could find the boat with our companions." I arose, and set about hunting for some biscuit, and found the bag I had intended to throw into the long boat, hanging on a nail behind the ladder; and there I saw our two goats huddled together behind a hammock. I brought the bag along with me, and we began to eat of it with thankfulness; taking a little sup of the wine now and then from the bottle. I told Eliza I had seen the goats, and that they were alive. One of them, I was sorry to find, had its hinder leg broke; but we could not at that instant attend to it; for it occurred to me, that the bow of the vessel should be immediately secured to the rocks, as another hurricane might come, and blow us out of the creek. There was plenty of rope on deck, which I set about making fast round large blocks of cliff on our larboard bow; then rested content, after three or four hours' great exertion, with what I had done.

Meanwhile my wife had taken the dead fowls from the coop, and fed the remaining live ones. "One of the drowned fowls," observed I, "will be a good dinner for us, and we want it."—"I am not hungry," she replied; "yet you must be so: but how can we make a fire?" I bethought myself of the ship's spy-glass; "this will do," said I; "the great lens is a burning-glass; I will step on shore with it, and kindle a fire."

We put up our provisions, and with my dear wife and her faithful dog, both overjoyed, we once more trod the welcome earth again. We looked on the vessel with deep emotion, and on the strange land we were now for the first time treading together—the probable residence of our future life, whether long or short. We proceeded along the sand under the rocks, picking up some dry branches and dead leaves; but being under the shadow of a high precipice, I carried some of my fuel to a place where the sun shone; then unscrewing the top of the spy-glass, I ignited the leaves, and thus a fire was instantly kindled. My dear helpmate set to work plucking the fowls, while I removed the fire closer to the rock, into the shade. "We have no water," she said, "and I am indeed very thirsty." I therefore proposed to walk along under the rocks, and look for a spring. She did not like me to go out of her sight, fearing I should be surprised by savages, who might be somewhere about. This idea had never yet crossed my mind; but I confess it made me very uneasy. In consequence, we agreed to dress the fowls as fast as we could, and return on board to eat them. We then retraced our steps hastily to the brig, *fearing every moment to be surprised by the natives.*

To repel any attack from them I lost no time in getting down the three muskets which had hung securely in their fastening. I tried the flints,

and loaded the muskets, and with this preparation for our defence, I was at present satisfied.

We now set to work to put the wreck of furniture, and other things, in their places. Before evening the cabin looked much as it used to do: and the vessel being in a perfectly safe and quiet inlet, we felt much comfort in the possession of so desirable an asylum.

We again went upon deck, to look around for the boat and our companions. To have a more extended view, I went up the fore-rigging, when I was enabled to see over the sandy beach, which seemed about half a mile broad; and I was delighted to behold an extensive lake or harbour, surrounded by land, immediately on the further side. A confused idea crossed my mind, that we were somewhere on the Spanish Main; and on coming down, I told Eliza what I thought. "Well, be it as it may," said she, "we have felt that God is gracious, and we will rest entirely upon his providence." I wished her to land again, saying, we would walk under the rocks to the further side of the isthmus. "I will do so, if you wish it," she replied; "but I think it were better to defer it until the morning; and in the mean time we can do something for the poor goat that has broken its leg; and make some other arrangements here;" to which I instantly acquiesced.

I got the poor goat upon deck, and bound up its broken leg; then, bringing up the other, gave them half a dozen plantains, which they ate eagerly. All our vegetable stock, brought from Kingston, had been put into the steerage in hampers. Here were the sailors' berths, and chests, and a few yams and plantains, which they had provided to eat with their salt meat: they also kept a bag here for biscuits, and supplied it at their pleasure. On finding this new store, we gave the remainder in our bag to the few fowls and ducks that had survived the storm: their feathers were now dry, and they looked quite cheery. The sun being set, the evening came on apace; we therefore retired to our cabin, closing the companion door after us.

We lay down in peace and thankfulness to our heavenly Father for his providential care of us; but our slumbers were disturbed by the noises of the preceding night yet ringing in our ears. We arose with the dawn, the cool freshness of which was truly delightful: a couple of oranges, with biscuit, was our breakfast: and, still finding water in the tea-kettle, we drank some of it, mixed with a little wine. "Now, my Eliza," said I, "will you venture on shore, and let us explore the other side of the isthmus?"—"Yes," she replied, "I will go cheerfully now." I took two of the muskets, and gave to her a boarding-pike to carry as a staff, and to have recourse to for defence, if necessary; and, with our faithful little dog, we descended at one step from the brig's side to the rock.

We thus proceeded to cross the isthmus, close under the precipitous promontory; when, after walking about two hundred yards, we suddenly

had a distinct view of the fine sheet of water beyond, with land on every side of it. The rocks were wooded high up, more or less, with palmettos and some other small trees. When we came within about two hundred yards of the beach, they terminated abruptly in a high front to the west; opposite to which lay a low black rock, that stretched itself into the lake; and between these rocky opposites the sand of the isthmus seemed still to spread. We looked round the face of the promontory, and had the inexpressible delight to see at no great distance a spring of water gushing forth in an ample stream clear as crystal. We thought of the Israelites in the desert, and we blessed their God and ours; feeling that the gracious words of his mercy were literally verified unto us, giving us "rivers of water in a dry place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Fidele was the first to taste the pleasant stream: we quickly joined him, and partook of the cool and delicious water with great eagerness. We took our seat on a piece of rock close to its source, and felt as if we never could tire in gazing on it, as it flowed in a clear little stream among some trees that grew between it and the lake.

As we sat in a sort of ecstatic reverie, the dog barked: I seized one of the guns; Eliza took up the other gun, with the boarding pike, ready to give me either, as occasion might require. Fidele continued to bark. Nothing appeared. We fully expected a surprise from some of the natives: at last I heard a noise just above us; Fidele scrambled towards it; I cocked the gun; I feared a something,—a wild beast perhaps; I knew not what; we did not see our enemy. I had no share in the fight; Fidele killed him in an instant; I heard him squeak; but what he was, I had no idea. I clambered up into the brushwood, and there saw a large iguana; which, in superstitious times, might have been exhibited as a dragon. I took it up, for I had learned in Jamaica the creature was esteemed a great delicacy, eating like chicken.

We again rested on the rock, and then returned by the way we came to our ship. I deposited the iguana; and, after much persuasion, Eliza allowed me to go, accompanied by Fidele and a musket, back to the fountain for a supply of water: I did so, and returned, without any accident. We were afraid to light a fire on board, without a fireplace, lest we should burn the ship; so I made up a fit place of stones among the rocks, a little beyond the brig's bow, and there kindled a fire, while my wife got out some tea and sugar, and the metal tea-pot, and a couple of tin mugs, that had resisted the effects of the hurricane. I boiled the kettle, then roasted a couple of plantains; and in half an hour we set down to the most comfortable repast I ever enjoyed. We were thankful to the Author of all bounty; which sense of gratitude to him is not the least of his best gifts.

The fowls which had been drowned were now becoming putrid; so that I thought it best to throw them overboard, and I did so. This was

a foolish act, for it drew some sharks into the creek next day: they soon devoured the dead poultry, but continued to haunt us for a good while, to our terror; lest by some accident we might possibly fall between the vessel's side and the rocks, some time or other, in passing.

We sat below for a few hours, in the heat of the day, and took a survey of our situation. It appeared to me that there was no hazard of the vessel's sinking from any leak in the bottom; but, nevertheless, if the water were not pumped out, it would continue to rise within her to the level of the sea, and thereby spoil much of the cargo. I therefore fell to in the evening, and pumped for an hour; of which there was much need, for the water came up as fast as the pump would go. I resolved for the future to make this my first occupation at break of day, when I was fresh, and the air cool. While I worked at the pump, my wife drew forth part of the fruits and vegetables from the steerage, and dried and aired them on the quarter-deck. One of the water-melons was set aside for our refreshment, but we only indulged in part of it, and collected the seeds with much care. We were sufficiently fatigued to remain quietly on deck until it was time to go to rest. The eventide is delightful in tropical climates: we sat on one of the hencoops, until the stars appeared, enjoying the cool stillness of the air, and the varied prospect that surrounded us.

I arose with the dawn, and performed my task at the pump. I would gladly have bathed; but I saw a couple of sharks, and I thought no more of the wished-for luxury. My kind helpmate, searching all the lockers, found where the saucepans were kept, and many other things, as the salt, pepper, butter; etc. etc., which had been placed there for present use. She also discovered the harness cask, with the salt beef and pork in it, for the ship's company. I now took the tea-kettle, and accompanied by my two faithful companions, not forgetting a musket, marched to the fountain and brought back a supply of water. We soon got a tea break-fast, so congenial to our former habits.

It had been determined that one of our first objects should be to get some of the seeds of our fruits, and some of the roots, as our yams and cocos, into the ground, the late rains having rendered the soil favourable for their reception; but the spades and shovels and hoes were all among the cargo; and how to approach them I could not devise. However, there was nothing for it but to go to work with perseverance and a good-will; so, after breakfast, I opened the main hatchway, and pulled out a great quantity of the shingles (small pieces of wood used in the West Indies instead of slates), throwing them on deck, and then got hold of some of the long planks, four of which I succeeded in hoisting on deck. Along these planks I slid all the boards down upon the beach, as fast as I could get them up; and at intervals amused myself by throwing the

shingles as far as I could beyond the boards. I worked hard till twelve o'clock, and was heartily tired.

My wife had kept up the fire on the rocks: she had put some coccos on to boil, and a couple of plantains to roast. "But we will eat the iguana, dear Eliza," said I; "it is very good."—"I do not think I could taste it," she replied; "it looks so hideous; yet, if you eat of it, I will certainly try to do so." I soon prepared the animal, which was not much bigger than a rabbit; and, getting a saucepan out of the locker, cut the creature in pieces, and mixing a little pepper, salt, butter, and flour into small balls, stewed it excellently. She, as well as myself, admired my unexpected talent at cookery, while we found the dish even exquisite. After our repast, we talked over matters, and I lamented not knowing where the water-casks had been deposited. My wife thought they must be in the hold, if there were any. In the afternoon I went down into the hold; and got at the water-casks. I forced the bung out of one of them, and contrived to get the hand-pump into it. I pumped a bucket-full of the water, and poured some out for the poultry. As they hurried to drink, I was glad to observe that they were rightly assorted,—one gallant cock, poor fellow, now but in shabby attire, with three hens, looking little better. There were also two or three drakes among the ducks; and I was pleased with the prospect of their multiplication, when we could trust them on shore. We regaled ourselves at even with the remainder of the water-melon, and finished the day with tea.

The following day was occupied much as the former—in pumping out the ship, and getting the shingles and deals, and some small squared timber, out of the hold, upon the beach. My dear wife reminded me that the next day would be the Sabbath, and as such we must keep it. I was not aware that the week had so nearly expired. We boiled a piece of salt beef and salt pork to serve us until Monday, and finished the day in thankfulness.

CHAPTER IV.

SUNDAY, 30th December.—We arose with the dawn, and both expressed an earnest desire to bathe in the sea, but we were deterred by having seen the sharks; and therefore contented ourselves for the present with a good washing.

The sun arose in majesty, and for a few minutes shone resplendently into the cabin windows; but he had not risen half a degree above the horizon before he was veiled by the high rocky island, which lay astern of us, distant about half a mile. When we went upon deck, *all* was beauty and freshness around: we blessed God for the profusion

of his counties, and thought upon the storm we had survived with adoring gratitude, lamenting the fate of our unfortunate companions.

Eliza had brought the Prayer-Book upon deck, and opening it, she read—"O come, let us give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious. The sea roared, and the stormy winds lifted up the waves thereof: we were carried up as it were to heaven, and then down again into the deep: our souls melted within us. Then cried we unto thee, O Lord, and thou didst deliver us out of our distress. Blessed be thy name, who didst not despise the prayer of thy servants, but didst hear our cry and hast saved us. Thou didst send forth thy commandment, and the windy storm ceased and was turned into a calm. Thou, Lord, hast made us glad through the operation of thy hands, and we will triumph in thy praise. Blessed be the Lord God, even the Lord God, who only doeth wondrous things, and blessed be the name of his Majesty for ever!" Then we both said, in the fulness of our hearts, Amen! Amen!—and wept tears of joy and gratitude.

After breakfast, we determined to show our respect to the day by dressing ourselves in better attire. My beloved wife dressed herself as she would have done at Awbury on a Sunday; and I followed her example: we then sat down quietly, and I went through the Morning Service, she reading the lessons for the day. After this proper and consolatory exercise, we talked to each other about those dear friends we had left behind in England, and often, with grateful tenderness, of the father of Eliza, to whom both of us were much indebted for the peace we now enjoyed.

We did not find it unpleasantly hot upon deck, for the vessel was completely in shadow of the promontory. We therefore enjoyed ourselves sitting arm in arm on the quarter-deck, feeling that peace which the world cannot give nor take away, and with which the stranger intermeddleth not. At one o'clock we took a slight repast by way of dinner; and as soon as the high rock extended its protecting shadow over the isthmus, my dear wife put on her gipsy hat, and we prepared to go on shore to take a walk. We did not deem it prudent to venture without some defence. I bethought me to take out my pistols, and fastened them to a belt made of a silk pocket-handkerchief; then taking a boarding-pike in my hand, and giving Eliza another, to serve at once for a pilgrim's staff and a weapon—thus accoutred, with our faithful little dog, we stepped on shore.

I had observed the tops of a grove of cocoa-nut trees towards the centre of the isthmus, bearing about north of us. We now proposed to direct our steps to that place, and proceeded for some distance under shadow of the promontory; but after we emerged, the heat became intense, which, adding to the disagreeableness of the deep loose sand getting into our shoes, disposed us to return. But by edging down to the sea-side, and

by keeping close to the water's edge, we found the footing firm and the walking pleasant.

After proceeding about half a mile, we picked up many beautiful shells, which were admirable for their high polish. By this amusement, and the frequent contemplation of objects around us, the evening had imperceptibly crept upon us, so that the sun was setting just as we reached the eminence behind which stood the grove of cocoa-nuts.

We returned by the western beach, and, keeping close to the water's edge, walked with a good pace; and soon arrived at the point beyond which the gushing fountain pours out its refreshing water; and so got on board. After resting a little, we took some wine and biscuit, and being refreshed, gave prayer and praise to the Father of mercies. Thus, having spent our first Sabbath in the land of our solitude, we retired with repose of spirit to sleep.

Monday, 31st.—The dawn of the next day found me at the pump, which sucked before half an hour had expired, that is, no more water remained within its reach; so that on ceasing to work it, the air rushed in from above. I now went into the hold, and took out a spade, a hatchet, a felling axe, and a couple of hoes; then hastened to the cabin to show my dear wife the proofs of my success, and to inform her of a cessation from my morning's toil at the pump. She expressed the pleasing emotion she felt by a kind word and a kinder smile, when I showed her the spade, and told her I had freed the vessel of the leakage. I had cleared away all the lumber amid-ships, but there was still a good deal more forward in the vessel. We cut up a pumpkin and a piece of pork, which I stewed together for our dinner. Then, as before, and on all future occasions, we never omitted to gather up the seeds of our fruits as we used them.

In the afternoon we went on shore to look about for spots of favourable ground to plant some seeds of the water-melon and of the pumpkin. I put the hatchet into my belt, and taking a musket and my spade in each hand, set forth, my guardian angel carrying her pike, while brisk Fidele led the way. I knew that the water-melon required much sun, but the pumpkin less. I also knew that a sandy soil was favourable to both these plants.

When we had advanced under the precipitous rock, we came to a recess, in which some thorny acacias, and some other trees, were growing. As we stopped to look, the dog began barking; when, to our surprise, we presently heard him answered, we thought, by some other dog, accompanied by strange and loud noises from the same quarter. I guessed it to be an echo, and exclaimed to my wife, "O! he has got another iguana, I suppose. There must be a passage through the thicket to some distance, for his barking seems a great way off." While we were talking out brushed an iguana, with his mane erect, dragging his long tail after him like a great snake attached to his posteriors; looking more ugly than

any other creature in the world. Fidele was soon after him, and killed him, without any fight, after a run of twenty or thirty yards. "I should like to penetrate through this thicket," I exclaimed; "there may be some issue to the other side of the promontory." I returned on board for a table-knife, and with it and the hatchet I cleared a narrow path forward. After working about two hours, I advanced, and found myself close to the mouth of a cavern, into which I looked; but, instead of being a dark recess, I saw a light shining into it, as if from above, with considerable brilliancy. I now called to Eliza to come forward; and with some difficulty (owing to the inconvenience of her English dress) she got through the thorn-beset avenue. We stepped into the cavern together: the mouth appeared as large as a small gateway; and thence we saw the sun's rays coming in from an opening opposite, about three or four feet in diameter, and, perhaps, thirty feet above us, close to the further side of the promontory. We saw we were in an extensive natural excavation; the floor of which was covered by the dung of birds; the summit thickly hung with stalactites; and the sides incrustated with shelving masses of the same. We were now sure the noise we had heard was our dog's bark reverberated, and, perhaps, the flight of birds, making their escape through the natural window above. We lingered and looked about a little, and then squeezed our way back through the brushwood.

We now proceeded round the west end of the promontory to the spring and crossed over its little run of water. I fixed upon a piece of ground between the spring and the southern part of the rock, clear of the shade of trees, for putting in the seeds. On this spot there were reeds, and grasses, and some other slender plants growing; somewhat rank, or rather, luxuriant. I fell to work with my spade, and turned up the earth here and there in patches of about a yard square; and put a couple of melon seeds into some, and as many pumpkin seeds into others. As my sowing finished, the sun was setting, which warned us to return; but just at this moment our attention was arrested by the leaping of fish all round the point. I could see they were mullet, such as we had eaten in Jamaica at Mr. Dickinson's table, who then told us a curious fact, — that these fish are often enticed into the fisherman's boats, by his carrying a lighted torch during his night-work. We now saw them leaping, probably towards the last rays of the sun. That we had no boat to attempt catching any of them, caused me a little regret, and I expressed it to Eliza. "Are we not fed from Heaven?" she replied; "my Edward, why would you tempt God? Remember the Israelites and the quails." I deserved the reproof. "Thank you, my own better part," said I; "the heart is ever ready to turn against Heaven with impious ingratitude." As we talked, we moved homeward. While we stopped for a minute at the thicket, Fidele put us in mind of the iguana, by running to the spot where it lay; and kept guard over his prize, until I came and took it up. I confess I was out-

ragously hungry after the exertions of the day ; and demolished all the stew that had been left at dinner. Gentlefolk often wonder how servants and other working people can eat so much : if I had ever entertained such a wonder, it was now no longer to me a mystery. While at tea, among other subjects of high concern to us, our dress came under consideration : the most pressing occasion for remedy was the sand filling our shoes, and it was resolved to make canvass gaiters, to reach half way up the leg, and be sewed on to our shoes, of which we had a good stock, besides part of the investment of the cargo. We finished the day by putting the cabin in order ; and, having said our prayers, retired to rest.

Tuesday, 1st January, 1734. — Early in the morning I set about cutting away pieces of the torn sails. My present object was a slip for our boots ; and, in getting that, I improved the opportunity to obtain some very large pieces, indeed as much as I could carry at three times, which I brought all aft, and laid on the quarter-deck. After breakfast, I got some sewing twine from the sailmaker's box, also a couple of his needles, and his palm (a sort of thimble that fits, by a strap, to the palm of the hand) ; with this I undertook to sew the canvass gaiters on to the shoes, if my wife would previously run them up stoutly behind. She immediately set about her part of the task ; and, after sitting by her a little while, I proposed taking the goats on shore, and placing them in the cavern, with a few plantains and some Indian corn, to use them to the spot. Having but a short distance to go, I concluded my dear companion would remain on board ; but she preferred accompanying me, and taking her station with her work under the shadow of the rock, while I was bringing the goats from the brig to the cavern.

As soon as we entered the avenue of the thicket, the goats began to browse : however, I drove them forward into the cave, where their bleating gave us an opportunity of seeing a great many pigeons take wing from the sides of the cavern, and fly out at its aperture on the opposite side. The floor of the cave, and every part of it, appeared quite dry. We found it cool and airy, and pronounced it no bad lodgings for shipwrecked persons in such a climate.

When we left the cave, the goats followed us out of it, but they stayed behind in the thicket to browse : and seeing there was plenty of herbage, we did not think it necessary to bring them any more provisions from the ship. Our next essay was to transplant the cock and hens to the same place, and put food and water for them in the cave, it being clear they would never breed in the coop ; but we determined to keep the ducks where they were for the present, lest they might take to the water, and swim away. This was a bold measure, and of so much importance to us in its consequences, that we were not ashamed to ask of God his blessing upon this, as well as on every other thing we undertook.

We returned on board, and refreshed ourselves with a couple of the

oranges ; which we found fully ripe, and delicious, and took care of the seeds. My wife then set to work in earnest on the gaiters, and I made up the fire on shore, to prepare our dinner. By that time she had completed one pair ; we therefore sat down comfortably to our fare, and she now made no scruple of eating the iguana, but acknowledged it to be a great delicacy. On this occasion, it being New-Year's day, we treated ourselves to a glass of wine. This little feast being finished, we sat down to resume our work together with great delight. She began upon the other pair of legs ; while I, with the sailmaker's palm, and some of his twine, got on cleverly, closing in the tops of her shoes with the canvass gaiters she had prepared. "Edward," said she, after a short pause between us, "as you have frequent occasion to go to and fro from the vessel to the other side of the isthmus, and I am never happy when you are out of my sight, could you not contrive a temporary tent on the ridge of the isthmus, whence I could always see you on these excursions ? And, besides, we should be near the spring ; and you would not have far to come to rest yourself." I thought the arrangement good ; and we decided to put it in execution on the morrow.

It was but a week from that day since we hung in awful jeopardy on the reef, amidst thunder and lightning, and a fierce tempest of wind, with an overwhelming sea. One reflection occurred to both, which seemed very unaccountable, viz. that those seven days appeared, on retrospection, like so many months, while some weeks in our lives had passed away, which had seemed but a point in time. But this last week, although the minutes and hours sped quickly by, yet from the multitude of the objects and the important events it had produced, appeared to have embraced even a year's duration.

We sat close at our work until nearly sunset, and having now little apprehension of wild beasts or savages, arm in arm we penetrated a little further into the wooded region, and at last came to an immense silk-cotton tree,—a tree such as we had seen in Jamaica, at Mr. Dickinson's penn, which, in magnitude, reminded us of our native elm. At this place the ground appeared clear for a quarter of a mile, with the exception of some Indian figs and aloes here and there : beyond which the trees spread again in great luxuriance, the mountain cabbage palm being among them. We stood awhile under the cotton tree, and on our way back again saw the mullet leaping about the point. We filled our kettles with the cool and clear water, and soon found ourselves safe on board, to close the evening as usual with a light repast, prayers, and rest.

Wednesday, 2d.—In the morning I was cheered by the crowing of the cock on shore, to whom I soon made a visit, by carrying some of the planks up to the intended site of the tent, to lay over the sand for a floor. While thus employed, it struck me, that, having plenty of them, it would be as well, and better, to construct the tent of planks entirely,

believing that we might yet have more storms of wind and rain at this season of the year. I repeated my idea to my *Flora* at breakfast, who appeared to be so far from my plan would be too laborious for my strength. During the forenoon I resumed my task at the boxes, and by dinner-time had closed in the second pair; then, after a new situation of our feet from the sand (of which *Flora* we never had been free), we put on the girdle, and I set to my carrying labour again.

I marked out a spot for the tent about thirty feet clear of the steep side of the promontory, and twelve or fourteen feet beyond the cave and its avenue. The planks I used were twelve feet long, and twelve inches broad and two inches thick. I levelled rather more than twelve feet square of the ridge, and laid on twelve planks side by side; which, being first, formed a square of twelve feet. I then crossed the ends of these planks with others, which were again crossed, and so on. As the planks were two inches thick, the building at the sides (independent of the door end of the windows, which were small) was an alternation of two inches of plank and two inches of air; but the corners were solid; and the walls, being a foot thick, had the appearance of a solid mass, unless when you looked in a straight line between the planks. The structure, when finished, was ten feet square within the walls, and eight feet high. The roof was flat, made by a covering of the planks. It took nearly two hundred planks to construct this small building; and it cost me the labour of four hours every day for a week. They who have seen a log-house in America will easily comprehend my meaning. After having cleared the spot, and laid the foundation planks, the evening closed in, and we retired to our vessel, and to rest.

Thursday, 3d.—I took the dawn of the morning for two hours' work at the plank-house; and my wife employed herself in getting up the shad-docks, and oranges, and limes, and pine-apples, with the vegetable roots, to air upon deck: they were yet all in good preservation, excepting one pine-apple. The whole store I found spread upon deck when I returned from my morning's work. The sight of this precious heap was glorious: I blessed God for his providence, in the provision he had thus made for man—"the herb bearing seed," to be perpetuated for his use. We did not keep the ripe pine-apple for dessert, as great people do, but we ate it for breakfast with our tea and biscuit; however, before it was cut, I twisted the top out of it very gradually, so as to bring with it a deep cone of fibres; having learned at Jamaica that the top of the pine-apple, as taken out would grow and become prolific. After breakfast we trudge over the isthmus to the spring, to plant the pine-top near to the melons, and I hoed up the ground all round the seeds I had sown. I then chose a spot, far from any shade, in which to plant the pine-top. The day was then at the hottest, and we therefore determined to make another excursion into the wooded region: but we could not pass the founta-

without stopping to drink; and our little faithful companion seemed to take equal pleasure in lapping the clear water, nay, even lying down in the stream, to enjoy its coolness in every limb. "How much I should like to bathe," exclaimed Eliza, as Fidele rolled and gladdened in the water: "I wish there were no sharks," continued she; "how comfortable it would be to us, could we refresh ourselves every morning in the sea."—"I think, my love," said I, "that I could stoccado in a place from the sea with staves, large enough to afford you that enjoyment without danger. When your wooden tent is finished, I will attempt the bath." We proceeded through the welcome shade, till we arrived at the head of the dell, close under the silk-cotton tree. During our walk we saw several birds, but observed that none of them sang. There was, however, a dove in the cotton tree; and, on looking down on the ground before us, we perceived several other doves pecking happily about, but they fled at our approach. We also heard the screams of paroquets in the woods beyond. We now again surveyed this place, and the more we contemplated it, the more we became satisfied that it might be made an eligible spot for our permanent residence.

On our return we threw out some more bruised corn from the bag that we had lodged in the cave; and could not help remarking, that either the fowls had acquired extraordinary appetites, or that the goats had helped them off with the corn thrown out yesterday.

As we had now given up all hope of ever seeing our captain and his crew again, I thought there would be no indelicacy in rummaging the captain's cabin, if not his chest; and there I found his quadrant, a spare compass, a case of hollands, a little empty keg called a canteen, made to contain about two quarts, with a string to sling it over the shoulder, and a mouth-piece, with a cork. I also found a large box of Havannah cigars. Of all these acquisitions, the keg-canteen presented itself as most immediately important. "This will be a little fountain in the wilderness to us, my Eliza," said I, "when we go to visit the cocoa-nut grove, or venture to explore the northern extremity of the sandy isthmus." I then left her to arrange our new comforts; and, stepping on shore, again employed myself for two hours at the plank-house. Before evening closed, I had resumed my seat by her dear side; and night found us, as usual, grateful and happy.

Friday, 4th.—On going upon deck at daylight, I saw a large turtle, apparently asleep, close under the stern of the brig. This was the first turtle I had seen, excepting at the turtle-market in Jamaica. I looked earnestly at the creature, feeling a strong desire to attempt taking such prize; but I could not swim, and I had no boat, nor any means of getting at it. While I planned to get at it, it began to move, and come towards the beach. We watched it approach the beach; and after it had rested awhile, it began to scrape a hole with one of its fore fins. I

suspected it was going to deposit eggs there, and I was right. I looked well about to see if there were any sharks in sight; and finding the coast clear, after some remonstrance from my dear wife, manfully set about the achievement of my intended prize. I landed on the rocks, taking a piece of small rope in my hand, with a noose at one end, and got between the turtle and the water. I slipped the noose over one of its fore fins, and then it instantly started back, and would have dragged me with itself into the sea, had I not leaped to the side opposite to the fin round which the noose was drawn, and by strongly jerking the rope turned it over on its back. I then sat down deliberately on its belly, and, in spite of all its flapping, kept it on its back. I despatched my wife to bring a longer and stronger rope from the vessel; and having secured it to the other fin, I desired her to take it and fasten it round as many of the planks and pieces of timber which lay on the beach as she could. She accomplished this very well; and I tried to haul our captive up the bank; but it proved too heavy; recovered its position, and succeeded in dragging down the planks a few feet. I ran up to the planks, heaping one upon another over the rope, until I opposed a force sufficient to again hold the turtle. I thought it would be best now to kill it; but I no sooner decided so than it drew in its head (the neck of which is the only vulnerable part), and I could not venture a stroke. I knew it was now safe, and I therefore had time to go systematically to work. I got a double-block purchase from the ship, and although the turtle seemed to be quite two hundred weight, I boused it up high and dry some yards upon the beach. I had now secured my prize; but what was to be done with it? "I do not like that you should kill the poor animal," said my kind-hearted Eliza; "we have provision enough, and we can subsist very well without taking its life."—"We will discuss that, dearest," said I, "by and by; now, let us go on board and get some breakfast, for I am heartily fatigued." She pleaded sweetly for the poor thing, and I could not but respect the sentiment; yet although we had indeed plenty of food, it was not of the kind most wholesome to subsist entirely upon: our health required fresh provisions; and we could not expect Fidele would bring us an iguana every day; nor durst we think of deriving any help from the live stock for some time to come. I urged all these practical arguments against her tender persuasions; and at last, after a few moments' silence, she said, "Well, then, I suppose it ought to be killed; but, Edward, I have my doubts about your doing it."—"O yes," answered I, "I will see to that presently." I went to find a large dinner knife, and proceeded resolutely to the place where the turtle lay. When I tucked up my shirt sleeves, and brandished the knife, as the creature's head lay stretched forth from its shell, I felt so like an assassin about to commit his first crime, that nature recoiled within me: my hand trembled, and I *could not have cut off the poor animal's head, at that moment, for the*

universe; a guilty shame seemed to hang over me; and, after a little contention with it, I retraced my steps to the vessel. "You repent then, Edward, I see," said Eliza, "having killed the poor beast?"—"No, my angel," I replied, putting down the knife, "I could not do it! I never took the life of any thing in such a way: the best feelings of my nature interposed, and thy kind spirit! We will let the creature go." She took me at my word; and, with Fidele, we hastened to the beach, unbound the noose, and gladly watched the poor turtle make its way, though with fear and precipitation, into the sea. "Now, my honoured husband," said she, "God will bless you for this act of forbearance."—"Indeed," I replied, "I feel equally guilty as if I had killed it: I had every inclination to do so."—"Yes," she replied, "it was reason that prompted you to kill it, but feeling forbade you: it is well, for once, that feeling has been right; for most frequently reason is the just judge, and feeling the offender."

Although fatigued, I fell to my task of carrying the planks as usual. By our dining time, I was fairly done up, but, happily, had not worked away my appetite: so, after making a good salt-beef dinner, sat down quietly for a couple of hours to rest myself. Meanwhile, my Eliza wished to make me a little amends for all my lost trouble about the turtle (for she secretly believed I had spared it on her account); and while I was reposing on the lockers abaft, she prepared me a dessert, with some wine; and with a blissful look, and the kindest accent, she woke me from a slight slumber into which I had fallen, to come and partake of the treat she had provided. I was charmed by the messenger and the message; and we sat down, enjoying the delicious fruit and refreshing beverage, with feelings that might be envied by the richest in dear old England. While I was pursuing my afternoon's task at the plank-house, my Eliza came occasionally out of the thicket, to tell me all our little colony were safe, and that when she threw corn on the floor of the cave, four or five pigeons flew down, and fed with the poultry. This explained the mystery of the fowls' great appetites. As evening closed in, I was too tired to propose a walk: we therefore went on board, and, at the usual hour, betook ourselves to rest.

Saturday, 5th.—In the morning early I went down to the beach, where the scene with the turtle had taken place, to look for some of the eggs. They had all been crushed in the conflict, except four, and these I presented to my wife, who immediately decided on making a pudding for dinner; there being plenty of flour and raisins in our ship's store. I liked her proposal, and did justice to the good old English dish, when it was set before us. In the afternoon she and Fidele, as before, amused themselves at the thicket, while I worked. After I had done for the day, we went with our kettles to the spring for water, the morrow being the Sabbath; and observed, near the shore, a large fish, about the size of a cod, close in, pursuing some small fry. I instantly caught the boarding-

pike from my wife's hand, and transfixed the fish with it between the shoulders, and pushing the pike through the gills, I carried it over my shoulder in triumph. It seemed something like a cod-fish, yet was certainly a different fish; however, I had no doubt of its being good for food. While thus examining it, I could not help observing to my wife, "How is it, dear Eliza, that we have killed this fish without any compunction? nay, on the contrary, rejoice in the achievement; and yet we could not find in our hearts to take the life of the turtle!"—"I do not know," replied she; "but surely there are nice points of feeling, which regulate our conduct in a way we cannot always detect or explain. I think the one looked so like a deliberate murder, that our hearts recoiled at the contemplation of the act."—"I believe," rejoined I, "you have solved the difficulty; for really, as far as the fish and the turtle are concerned, the last had as much right to his life and liberty as the first."

Sunday, 6th.—We performed our ablutions with the rising sun, and went to prayer. It was the Lord's-day, and we desired to dedicate it to him: we also liked to honour it a little in our appearance, by putting on better apparel. I put on a coat; and Eliza gave a graceful appearance to the short dimity bed-gown she wore, by throwing a long shawl scarf over one shoulder, which was passed round the waist, with the ends hanging down a little before. She remarked, it were in vain to endeavour at saving her complexion in this climate; and, finding the sides of the hat in her way among the trees and bushes, she had made up a turban, with some muslin and a strip of red bunting, which gave her quite an Asiatic cast. Thus habited, after breakfast we visited our colony at the cave, and returned to our Sabbath-morning devotions, by reading the service of the Church. In the second lesson, we were struck with the truth and simplicity of our blessed Saviour's words:—"The kingdom of heaven cometh not by observation; it is in every man's breast."—"Yes, my dear Edward," said she, "that is when our spirit bears witness with his Spirit, that we are the children of God." Our devotions being finished, I proceeded to boil our fish. Our prize was large enough to dine a dozen; and I believe a dozen ate of it: Fidele played his part; and the remainder was given to the ducks in the coop, who ate it greedily. Seeing the ducks gobble up the fish, reminded me of having heard that poultry on shipboard often become sick and die for want of a little animal food; it being true that both ducks and fowls devour snails and worms, and all pieces of any animal substance they can find, when at their liberty.

In the afternoon I slung the captain's canteen over my shoulder, and placing my pistols in my belt, with my pike in my hand and my wife with hers, followed by Fidele, we first proceeded to the fountain, and along the western side of the isthmus by the lake. Thanks to our canvass gaiters, we got on without being incommoded by sand in our shoes.

Finding ourselves soon parallel with the cocoa-nut grove, we turned to take a second view of it. The trees were lofty, and many thickly hung with fruit. I observed that the soil had become pretty good about them; so we decided on putting in some of our seeds there, in a day or two. We again descended to the beach, and bent our course observingly along to the northward, skirting the sandy isthmus on the west, until we came to a small bay, at the bottom of which rose a steep rock, projecting into the water, with a bold front directly opposite to us. The west side of this bay curved out also into a rocky point at the extremity; while its gradual slope, beautifully wooded down to the water's edge, rose somewhat abruptly at a little distance from the shore. We stood awhile admiring this new scenery, rendered more interesting by the evolutions of a flock of sea-gulls (those inhabitants of every sea!) in pursuit of the small fish, leaping and sparkling in the bay even close to the beach. It was but a short walk to a bold rock in the bosom of the bay; and we proceeded, much amused with Fidele trying to catch the sprats or anchovies, or whatever they were, that swarmed upon the coast. We soon reached the rock, which projected perpendicularly into deep water, so that there was no passing it; and we sat down upon a large stone near its base, glad to rest ourselves. When a little cooled, we took a draught of water from our canteen, which we found grateful and refreshing. Our eyes now were instantly arrested by our own noble promontory, which stood right over against us, distant about three miles to the south. The loftiest summit, immediately over our vessel, appeared to be at least three hundred or four hundred feet high; while the lower part, to the westward, where the cave is situated, looked like a rugged chasm. Beyond that, further again to the west, the cliff rose, in a conical form, to at least two hundred and fifty feet.

After resting a reasonable time, we determined to cross the isthmus, which extended about half a mile to a projecting low rocky point—the very point on which the brig nearly struck, soon after her release from the reef. We recognised it by its relative situation to the reef beyond it; and then called to mind that we had seen a rivulet on what was then its further side. We kept on the edge of the fertile ground, having found our steps impeded by shrubs and other plants; and in about a quarter of an hour, we were on the eastern side of the isthmus, having had a beautiful sylvan bank all the way on our left. We talked, and, in full enjoyment of peace, youth, and health, proceeded homewards, only stopping now and then to pick up a beautiful shell which lay in our way. Too tired to make tea, we regaled ourselves with a little wine and water, and some biscuit; and then, kneeling down in the presence of God, rendered to him that which is justly due—the sacrifice of praise and prayer; and retired to rest.

Monday, 7th.—I set to work hard upon the plank-house; and, having

before carried all the materials to the spot, was now occupied entirely in its construction. I kept at my task nearly the whole day, with my wife and Fidele beside me; and, as the promontory threw us into shadow, the air was by no means unpleasantly hot at any part of the time.

Tuesday, 8th.—We kept close at our work upon the ridge, and both were delighted to see it drawing to a close. On Wednesday the 9th, I got the roof on; and, before sunset, had the satisfaction to see the tent completed. My Eliza had brought a bottle of wine from the vessel; and we sat down on the floor of our wooden palace, and regaled ourselves cheerily. I was overjoyed at the achievement of my task, which I had found much more laborious than we had first expected. My dear wife thanked me over and over again for what I had done, as it had been undertaken at her suggestion; and thus well repaid for all my labour, I retired with a jocund step to our ship, and to enjoy the sweets of well-earned sleep.

CHAPTER V.

THURSDAY, 10th January.—We talked over our intended operations at breakfast; and it was resolved to put some seeds and roots into the ground without lost of time. I then proposed going on shore; and taking a couple of chairs from the cabin, and our musk-melon, we marched up to the plank-house. I felt myself not a little important, I believe, when the two chairs were placed in the new building: gratulatory and smiling we sat ourselves down, for the first time, in our chairs, under the roof of a building made with my own hands. After a brief period Eliza went to the cave to feed the poultry: the fowls were there; but we could not see either ducks or goats: I confess we were alarmed, and I more especially, thinking they were lost. "Don't fear, dear Edward," said she; "we shall find them; the poor things are only gone to seek something to drink; you perceive there is no water in the bucket." I approved her suggestion, and hastened with her to the spring, where we found the stragglers, and were thus relieved from our anxiety.

By sunset I had put in several melon-seeds of both sorts, and also seeds of the pumpkin; but I could not but perceive that this place was too shady for anything but pumpkins and Indian corn. We were glad to see the pine-top look well. We now drove the goats and ducks up to the cave; and in this operation Fidele took a conspicuous part, which pleased us much, as we foresaw the use our little friend and companion might be to us in bringing "our flocks and herds home at even-tide."

The sun did not set with its usual beauty this evening; the western horizon was overcast, and there had been little sea-breeze all day. The

sky soon became completely overcast: the goats suddenly deserted us, uttering an unusual cry, and ran into the thicket: we hastened towards our vessel; but had scarcely set forth, before the rain poured down in torrents, so that we were wet to the skin in two minutes. There was not a breath of wind, and it had suddenly become quite dark. We got on board drenched, with poor Fidele, like a drowned rat, following us. It was quite dark in the cabin. I drew the charge from one of my pistols, and struck fire in the pan, so as to ignite some paper upon the table. We lighted a candle, and then joyfully proceeded to change ourselves: the rain, meanwhile, continued to fall in a deluge over our heads upon the deck, as if the very sky was coming down. It was not cold; yet we felt chilly after our wetting. I now thought of the captain's case of hollands, and brought out a bottle, and set Eliza an example by taking a sup of it, and made her do the same. Having done this, we only said "God preserve us!" and went to bed. We could not sleep, the falling of the rain beat so heavily on the deck: but there was no wind. "Edward," said she, "we shall have another hurricane! let us put in the dead-lights."—"There can be no occasion for them, my love," I replied; "we have no sea to encounter here; we are in a secure and protected harbour; and you express more fear than when we really were in danger!" She sobbed. "You weep, Eliza," cried I; "what is the matter?"—"We have gone to bed, Edward," exclaimed she, "when most called upon, without praying to that God who hitherto has been to us a father." I felt the justice of the remark; and we rose upon our knees, and implored forgiveness and protection. We then lay down in peace: the rain continued to pour in torrents; and soon we heard the howling of the wind. I got up and drew down all the windows in the cabin; and having relit our candle, I placed it out of the way of any draft. I then lay down, but could not sleep: I now feared every moment that the brig would break adrift. At last I got up to look out at the companion doors; but the wind and rain drove so furiously in my face, and it was so dark, that I could see nothing. The rain at length ceased; but the wind, if we could judge by its roaring noise, blew more violently. I listened attentively to every sound, to distinguish, if possible, whether the ropes were giving way; and I got up from my seat several times, to endeavour to see from the cabin windows whether we were yet close in our harbour; but I could discern nothing but the water, covered with a sort of phosphorescent light: it could not be from anything else, for the heavens were all darkness above. No rest visited our eyelids; and in this suspense, we remained till daylight, the dawn of which was indeed gladness to our hearts; and our case was completed, by discovering that we remained unmoved from our safe situation. The wind lulled; and the rain having now ceased, I set open the companion doors; and the thorough draft soon dried all below. When I went into the state-room to my wife, to tell her it was comfortable again,

I found her sound asleep. I watched by her; but she soon opened her fine mild eyes, and smiled on me. I kissed her forehead, and then both those sweet eyes, one after the other; and taking her by the hand, said, "Rise, my love, and let us pour out our gratitude to heaven."

The weather continued unsettled; and my Eliza remained in the vessel to prepare us a cold breakfast, while I set forth to see the state of our live stock, and to reconnoitre the plank-house that had cost me so much labour. I was glad to find the goats and fowls in the cave, and the ducks safe on its outside. I scattered some of the corn about, and in an instant a whole flock of pigeons flew down and began to feed among the goats and poultry, the fowls now and then startling them from their feast by pecking them; but they evinced no more fear of me than of the animals; and as they were older possessors of the island, I did not grudge them a little share of what was going. I then turned to examine the plank-house: I was rejoiced to find it standing unmoved, excepting only two of the planks on the eastern part of the roof, which had been blown off, and were lying on the sand near to it. I hastened back to the vessel, lest my dear wife should be uneasy. I told her that all was well, but that it looked black around, so that we might expect more bad weather. She was feeding the ducks; and Fidele, her faithful squire, was helping her by eating the bigger pieces of biscuit, such as he thought might choke the poultry. We now went down to our own breakfast; after which, I thought it right to inspect the ropes, fastened from the brig to the rocks, and gladly found they had not been stranded in any part; the fact being, that the vessel was hard and fast in the sand, fore and aft, and was therefore immovable. I next thought it well to take a spell at the pumps, and it was an hour before the pump sucked; so that I perceived I must not neglect this operation, but now and then pump as a duty. I then took the boards into the cabin; and I resolved on making the small table for the plank-house, while my wife occupied herself with her needle on a new pair of boot-legs.

During these home labours, the rain came on again in torrents, sometimes with squalls of wind, and at other times with thunder; after which the water fell like a cascade from the heavens: but we now felt our security, so that we worked and talked cheerfully: we discussed our prospects, and all we planned to do. To dig, and to plant, and to sow, was the object now most prominent in our view, the ground being well soaked with rain. This induced me to talk over how and where I would put in the yams and coccos, sow the Indian corn, plant the fruit seeds, and so forth. My table needed not to be very elegant; so I got on apace with it, while Eliza worked as briskly at the boot-legs; and we kept on industriously till night; and finished our tasks together.

I took a look upon deck, and saw the sky still more threatening. I shut the companion close, and returned below. We knelt down to

prayer, and retired to our state-room to a sweet rest, notwithstanding the increasing storm; and arose at dawn perfectly refreshed.

Saturday, 12th.—This morning I again visited our stock, and plank-house; and found all well. Of necessity we had become our own boot-makers, tailors, sempstresses; but another occupation was now forced on us, not quite so agreeable,—viz. washing our linen! Eliza had never washed even a lawn cap, though some young gentlewomen, more dainty about their head-dress without, than what they put within it, consume no small time with starch and pinners; indeed, her delicate hands were quite unfit for the employment. I offered to manage the whole for her; but she said, "It was women's work, and therefore her duty."—"Nay," answered I, "we may here make customs for ourselves! and I will make two washerwomen, which you and I shall cause to do all the labour."—"Indeed!" said she, smiling, "if you accomplish this, I shall tell it as a real 'tale of the tub!'" I laughed at her allusion to the Dean's allegory; and instantly set about planning my two wooden domestics. I kept in my mind's eye a battledore; and cutting one of board, then shaped another of the same material, rather less. When finished, "I will show you," said I, "how, on a smooth stone in the run of the spring, we can cause these wooden-headed damsels to beat our clothes as clean and cleverly as if they were the best laundresses in Bristol; and we shall then bleach and dry them in the sun."—"Excellent, dear Edward!" cried she, "I never should have thought on such an expedient."—"Nor I, perhaps," I replied, "if I had not heard that the people, in most hot countries, wash in this manner."

Towards evening it cleared up, and we were delighted to see a bright and tranquil sky. I hastened to make a fire on shore, that we might boil our tea-kettle. Eliza set the tea things on my newly-made table, as a compliment to me; and I felt the attention kind, trifle as it may appear; but such are the pivots on which the happiness of married life depend.

We looked at the stock, and passed over to the other side of the isthmus. The fountain ran like a small river into the lake. The ground I had turned up, and sown, appeared as I had left it; and the pine-apple top had been a little disturbed. There was a good deal of what sailors call gulf-weed, thrown on the beach, together with sea-fans, coarse sponges, reeds, and some shells; we did not stop to gather any of them, but returned on board the vessel to rest.

CHAPTER VI.

SUNDAY, 13th January.—The dawn of day was auspicious; and we hastened on deck to greet the rising sun gleaming on the waters; his

cheering warmth gladdening our hearts. We watched him with joy and admiration: then raising our thoughts to the mighty God who had created him, we gave praise and thanksgiving to the only object of worship, for all the wonderful bounties of his providence.

We dressed ourselves as usual for the Sabbath, and read the Morning Service. When we went out to walk on the beach, we observed Fidele attempt to lay hold of something, but quickly jump away, and bark, and then return to the assault again. I descried an immense crayfish in the act of devouring a fish that had been stranded by the storm. I thrust the end of my pike into the claw, which the creature held up, no doubt, against the menaces of the dog; and happy for him it did not catch him by the nose; for it instantly clutched the iron point of my weapon, and kept hold so firmly, that by it I dragged my prize out of the water, safe upon the beach. We then returned to our ship, not a little pleased with our good fortune; and passed the remainder of the day in devotional exercises, and innocent amusements.

Monday, 14th. — We agreed to land all the ducks; so we took them, eight in number, in two bags, up to the cave, where they were greeted by their two-feathered kindred, with loud and continued quacking. I left my wife there, and replaced the two planks that had been blown from the roof by the storm. We then returned to the vessel; and while Eliza got breakfast, I selected half-a-dozen yams, and two dozen cocos, which I put into a sack, and with my spade and an axe set out to the cocoa-nut grove; my dear helpmate carrying a little basket with provisions, and her boarding-pike; Fidele following. We set down our things under the shade of three cocoa-nut trees, that stood close together under the rocky part of the ridge; and on a ledge of it we found a nice convenient seat. My first operation was to select, for cutting down, one of the trees on the south side of the grove, and my axe being new I soon felled the tree; I then dug along this side, the ground being best there, and clear of shade. In the course of my labour, I had to take up several young trees, from two to six feet high; and was pretty well fatigued by a couple of such hours' work. My dear wife, seating herself down on the ledge, under shadow of the rock, spread out our frugal meal, and called me to it. I joined her; and after eating a little of what she had prepared, I split the husk off a couple of young cocoa-nuts; then piercing the nuts at the top, emptied their delicious milk into a tin cup she had brought in the basket. I tasted it, and handed it to her. As she drank, she every now and then exclaimed, "How nice! how cool! how delicious!" I now cut the tops off the nuts, and found a soft agreeable substance adhering to the sides, which we scooped out and eat.

After these dainties, we had no desire for more of our salt beef and yam; so, being content for the present with what we had taken, I pro-

posed to repose for a while during the hottest part of the day. After this, I went to my spade again; and before evening, had turned up a long narrow strip of tolerable ground, on the southern margin of the grove, and had put in the cuttings of the yams at one part, and the coccos whole in the other. My wife, also, had brought melon and pumpkin seeds with her, and diligently sowed them wherever I directed as a fit spot. We thus finished the task we had appointed to be done, and were glad; but I would not go on board, until I had planted four of the trees round our palace—one at each end, to the east and west; and two behind,—viz. to the north. The stars were out, when this last achievement was completed; and so wearied were we, that, without looking at our stock, we crawled on board, leaving all our burdens in the plank-house. We took a cup of wine and water each, when snugly housed in our cabin; and, with a short but fervent prayer, retired to rest.

Tuesday, 15th.—I was very stiff in the morning; but we got up, and went upon deck, and, with only as much covering as modesty required, underwent a good sluicing with sea-water, drawn up by a bucket; by which operation we were greatly refreshed. We walked up to the plank-house before breakfast, and found our stock chiefly outside of the thicket, ready to greet us; and as there was neither door nor windows to close the plank-house from their entrance, the goats and fowls had made free with the yams and biscuit left there in the basket last night. I could not now feel that my building was perfected, until I remedied this evil; therefore, I opened the main hatchway, and got up some laths; then taking the door off the captain's state-room, I nailed the laths outside the plank-house across the windows, at the distance of about four inches asunder; and I then endeavoured to fit in the door, but it was neither high enough nor broad enough; so I was obliged to narrow the portal to exactly the size of the door. The hinges I nailed to the post, and then filled up the vacant space above the door with another slip of wood; and my wife was as much surprised as she was pleased to see our palace, now a castle, into which nothing could intrude. After dinner I put up a couple of boards for shelves within the house. I had only to push their ends between two of the planks that formed the eastern and western walls, and there was the shelf projecting twelve inches, firm and steady. I was more pleased with this unexpected facility, than I can describe; and I now proceeded to make what would prove a seat, a settee, a bed, or a dresser; and this was accomplished as quickly as the shelves. Taking three planks, I thrust them through between the other planks, from north to south, in a parallel direction, side by side; and formed a seat, or whatever else it might be used for, under the western window, in less time than I take to record it. The point upon which this great facility turned, was the planks being all of the same length, width, and thickness. I still went on, and laid six of similar dimensions, alongside,

across the front of the building, which gave us a boarded platform the whole width of the house. I had finished all this before sunset, and was quite triumphant at what I had accomplished. My wife, meanwhile, brought up many things from the lockers for kitchen and table use; and in her rummage, she fortunately found the tinderbox, with steel and flint, together with some matches and a roll of brimstone, all in a small canvass bag. This was a great acquisition indeed.

Wednesday, 16th.—I employed the early part of the morning in placing some fragments of rock together, so as to make a cooking place a little to leeward of the plank-house. Having accomplished it, I struck a light with the tinderbox, and kindled a fire. The goats and poultry were moving about between our habitation and the thicket; enjoying themselves close to our door. The lamed goat seemed quite recovered from her accident; which induced me to take off the splints. They had been nothing but two bits of flat stick, we picked up on the cabin floor. Her ladyship appeared very big; and as goats go only five months with kid, we might soon expect an increase to our family.

I now put my pistols into my belt, and, with spade and hatchet, accompanied by my Eliza and her dog, set out for the clear land beyond the silk-cotton tree, to make a plantation there. While filling our canteen at the fountain, Fidele started an iguana, and presently killed it. On our way we observed several sorts of trees, all strangers to me; many of which were magnificent; others, less stately, but whose wide-spreading branches cast a delightful shade over our path. There were also many shrubs in flower; and we were delighted by a beautiful little bird on vibratory wing, sucking the nectar from the bottom of one of them. The Indian fig, or prickly pear as it is called in Jamaica, grew in great abundance; the fruit of which appeared quite ripe, some being yellow, and some of a bright crimson colour. On attempting to peel or even to pull them, the spines or prickles with which they are thickly beset forced me to desist.

From this spot we soon arrived at the great tree, and laid down our burdens at its foot, betwixt two of the large spurs. I stripped off my jacket, and fell to digging where I found the ground good, and not very shallow. Thus I continued for a couple of hours; but the sun by that time having full power, I ceased awhile, to rest and cool myself. I now became aware that all my work here must be done early in the morning; seeing that the sun would shine upon the place until he set.

About one o'clock, we shifted our position to the north side of the cotton-tree; the shade there being complete: then, spreading forth the contents of our basket, we did great justice to the cray-fish, by the help of a lime and a few capsicums. After we had dined, I felt unusually indisposed for exertion. My dear wife said a thousand agreeable things; and sung me my favourite little air, "Oh! how sweet the shady bower." The

words were few, but the air and voice spoke of paradise ; and in a moment I was cheerful and alert. "Thank you, beloved !" I said, "we will now return to the plank-house, and pick up the iguana on our way." But spying a couple of oranges she had brought in her basket, I proposed eating them then ; and, not to lose time, I put in the seeds we had acquired, hoping one day to see the spot an orange grove. This done, we returned to the plank-house ; not forgetting to take up the iguana.

Although I had actually laboured but little to-day, I was glad to throw myself down on the settee of boards with which I had enriched our wooden palace. My wife and her little dog were soon beside me ; there was plenty of room for us all. She, poor child, complained of a weight at her stomach ; and I also now began to think we had both eaten too much of the cray-fish ; so I made a visit to the captain's state-room on board, and brought a case-bottle of his hollands on shore. I prevailed on my wife to take a couple of table-spoonfuls of it ; and I doubled the dose for myself, after which medicine we felt better. As I did not intend to make a custom of this sort of cure, I set the case-bottle on the top shelf. "There, Eliza," said I, "neither you nor Fidele can reach so high, therefore it is safe." She looked archly at Fidele, and smiled.

In the afternoon, all the fruit was transferred to the house ; my dear wife carrying what she could. "I will now show you," said she, "how safe your cordial is ;" so moving a chair, she stood on it, and, taking up the bottle, pushed it quite into a corner, and smiled, saying, "Now hand me up the fruits, that I may place them all along the shelf, to keep guard over the prisoner." This was immediately done, and the pine-apples, the shad-docks, the musk, and water-melons, together with a great store of oranges and limes, made a goodly show above our heads.

I employed the remainder of the evening in preparing more yams for planting. The sun being set, we fastened up the house, and retired to our cabin on board, to finish the day in prayer, and the night in repose.

Thursday, 17th.—We set out at daylight in the morning from the vessel, and, calling at the plank-house, I accounted myself as on the day before, for my work. The goats and poultry were up, the cock crowing manfully at our approach. Our burdens were deposited at the foot of that gigantic tree, and I went to work heartily. The air was cool and pleasant, the birds continued singing, and the doves cooing, all around us : at a distance, we heard paroquets making a less melodious noise. My dear wife, now bold in enterprise, set out with Fidele to the summit of the rising ground, in hopes of seeing some of them ; and returned by the margin of the lake, without accident or adventure. She described it to me as clear and smooth, and altogether beautiful. We were both ready for breakfast ; after which I dug between the cotton tree and the lake, in a little dell, for another hour ; and then, seeing

I had ground enough prepared for my yam cuttings, put them in by eleven o'clock.

We now sat down under the shade of the noble tree to rest. I had, by this time, learned from experience, that in the mornings at this season of the year the silk-cotton tree plantation was thrown into shade during three or four hours after sunrise; and that, from eight o'clock A. M. until nearly five in the afternoon, we were in shade at the plank-house; and between it and the vessel, close under the precipice, it was all shade nearly from sunrise to sunset. But the shadows were gradually shortening; and it was obvious that, as the summer advanced, these cool situations would become less and less so. I, therefore, had resolved to make the best use of my time, when almost every place to which I had occasion to direct my labour was shaded from the sun at some period of the day; but my dear wife said I had already planted enough for future supplies; that we yet had a good stock of vegetable roots and fruits, and that the vessel contained flour and biscuit in abundance. I began to feel the necessity of yielding to her wishes. Indeed, we both had become sensible that two or three hours of absolute rest in the middle of the day, would be necessary for the preservation of health in this climate; for although we were tolerably well, yet she, as well as I, had lost plumpness; and we were often languid (what I called "done up") from over-exertion.

After this, we visited the thicket and the cave. Large dry pods of a dark colour, not less than a full-grown cucumber, adhering to their branches, attracted my attention, among the acacias. I picked up one of them, and was surprised to perceive that it was the cacao or chocolate-nut; but much smaller than any I had seen either in England or Jamaica. I, however, hoped to find some in more perfection in the woodland region. Our live stock was outside, so we had the cave to ourselves: it was quite light within, but we could not see any pigeons. "I will go and fetch the spade," said I, "and dig up some of the soil." Eliza sat down, while I soon filled and carried out a couple of basketsful for each tree; but in clearing away the manure near to the mouth of the cave, I dug up part of a soldier's belt, with a brass plate on it. This surprised us; I rubbed the plate with some sand, and thought I made it out to be Spanish. The discovery induced me to dig for an hour or two longer; but I found nothing more. When returned to the plank-house, I put the belt carefully away, for some future examination; but meanwhile my wife and I ventured various conjectures about how it might have got into the secluded spot where we found it: one thing was evident, from its state, that it must have lain there a long time; perhaps a century. We now turned our thoughts to the more valuable discovery of chocolate-nuts, which my Eliza ac-

cordingly employed herself in pounding on a stone with the back of a hatchet. It was now time for our evening repast; and we sat down on the wooden platform between the plank-house and the rock, with our table between us, each on a commodious chair, and our dear little dog in front of us, to our comfortable tea, in peace and quietness; perhaps experiencing more real enjoyment than the world's society, with all its blandishments, could bestow! Yet we had a sigh and a tear for those we loved, and had left behind in our native village: but there was no poignancy in our regrets; we still hoped some day to meet and embrace them again, through the mercy of that God whom we desired to serve in spirit and in truth. In this way we communed with each other, till the time for retiring drew near; when fastening up our palace, we bent our steps towards the brig.

Friday, 18th. — My wife brought some of the pounded chocolate, to prepare for our morning's meal, while I dug up a rich piece of ground, I had discovered in the dell between the cotton tree and the lake. Having performed this part of my task, we sat down to our breakfast. "Edward," observed my Eliza, "There seems much confusion in this name of *cocoa*! For the great nuts with the milk are called *cocoa*-nuts; and the roots here, so like a potatoe, which you are going to plant, are also called *cocos*; and the nut from which we made this chocolate yesterday, is in England called *cocoa*. — "I can perhaps solve the difficulty, dear Eliza," replied I; "for I know the chocolate nut is not spelt *cocoa*, but *cacao*; and the root is spelt *cocco*. I suppose them to be all Spanish appellations, and if properly pronounced might be sufficiently distinctive." But being more intent on my planting, "Tell me, dear," said I, "did not we bring two large sugar-canes from Jamaica? what has become of them? They are not lost, I hope! for they would grow well where I have been just digging." She approved my intention; and, after our talk, I again went to work with my spade; and before noontide, had planted a good space with both yams and *cocos*; and not a few pumpkin and melon seeds were put in.

On our return home, I stopped at the fountain to wash the basket, and, as it was our only one, I was sorry to perceive it rather worn by hard duty. "Never mind, dear Edward," cried my wife: "I am neither a king nor a queen, but I think I shall be able to show you that I can be a basketmaker; and I will soon replace it." — "Heaven's best gift!" I exclaimed: then taking her arm in mine, we proceeded to our deeply-shaded wooden palace; and reposed in the Spanish style for an hour or two, during the heat of the day; after which we amused ourselves, while sitting on the platform, with observing the happy liberty of our dumb companions; the cock and hens dusting themselves opposite to us, almost burying themselves as they knocked up the sand with their feet and wings. At length I roused myself from this pleasant trifling;

and we repaired to the vessel to search for sugar-canes, which we at last found in the steerage. I also took thence a piece of rope, which I unlaid, and then re-made into a sort of plait, which sailors call gasket. With this I constructed two articles, to be used something in the way of a step-ladder. I told my wife, by the help of these facilities, I thought I could get down the cocoa-nuts without felling the trees for that purpose; and she was quite delighted with the invention and idea. It was now time to retire to our marine lodgings.

Saturday, 19th.—The early dawn found us on our way to our little garden of Eden, "to dress and to keep it;" and we did not neglect to take a pine-apple top, and three cuttings of sugar-cane (with two joints in each), to put into the rich ground I had discovered between the cotton tree and the lake. After recruiting ourselves at the spring, I trudged away towards the rocky point that projects into the lake, to visit my earliest beds of melon and pumpkin seeds, which had now been more than a fortnight planted. I was delighted to see them all above ground; and called to my Eliza, to come and partake of my glad surprise. The sight of them, was like that of the first teeth of the first child to its fond parents—a subject of joy and exultation. I cleared the earth round them with the hoe; and then took a look at the first pine-top.

Before noon we adjourned to the plank-house, and were agreeably saluted there by the cackling of one of the hens, just strutting out from the thicket. "Thank you, madam," said I; "you have begun a good work: I understand you, and will soon endeavour to find the treasure you have deposited." I lost no time in making the search; and after some time found the welcome egg, a little on one side of the cave's mouth, in a convenient retreat. There was no reason for removing thence what we must yet consider as the nest egg, but the fear of one we never had occasion to doubt before—our useful and faithful little dog. We knew that dogs have as keen a relish for the delicacies of the hen-roost as the best of us; and it was therefore resolved to bring the egg into the house, while I went to work to construct a house for our fowls to lay, and ultimately to hatch in. Eliza proposed going the while, with Fidele, to the margin of the lake, to gather some of the large reeds or canes which the late storm had driven on shore, and then try to make baskets of them. Before I had half finished, Eliza rejoined me, with nearly two dozen capital canes or large reeds, which she laid down beside me in the cave, while she brought forth some beautiful shells she had picked up, that had been cast up by the late storm, and which she now arranged on a piece of board that lay near us. They were indeed very perfect, and highly polished; and as she displayed them before me, she delightedly expatiated on the perfections of Him whose least works are so transcendently beyond all that man can do! "There is great

vanity in human beings, Edward," continued she, "to suppose that all things were made merely to please and gratify them. O no! 'Think not, though man were not, the earth would want spectators—God want praise!'"—"My darling Eliza!" I exclaimed, embracing her; "such were the beams of celestial light which thy much-loved father was wont to shed around him! May that God, whom thou dost so adore, spare thee, my love, long to comfort thy Edward, and once more to bless the eyes of thy revered parent!"

I completed my task more than an hour before sunset: my wife placed the egg within my hen-house, and strewed some corn upon the board, to induce the hens to find their new retreat. We regaled ourselves with tea and roasted plantains, this evening; and felt peculiar delight in the retrospect of the day. Some corn was thrown to the poultry; and the goats received for their treat the thick rind of a water-melon we had eaten at dinner with our salted food. Poor Fidele had nothing but a bit of biscuit for his repast: we indeed, often wished for a little fresh provisions, if it were only for his sake. I have known persons who would laugh at this feeling for the comfort and health of a dog; but I would not choose such persons for my friends. The sun set; and we all retired respectively to our resting places.

CHAPTER VII.

SUNDAY, 20th January.—Although it was the Sabbath, we rose with the dawn, and enjoyed our ablutions of sea-water; and after dressing ourselves, in clean attire, we left the vessel early for our residence on shore; there to breakfast, and perform our church service in the forenoon. It was the first Sabbath we had observed with prayer upon shore, and we could not but be impressed with the merciful providence of God, who had preserved us from a watery grave, which now we firmly believed to have been the lot of our captain and all his crew. After reading divine service, we conversed on this awful subject; charging ourselves with great coldness of heart towards our heavenly Father; and also with something like indifference to the fate of our companions, as hitherto we had made no effort to discover some trace of them.

These reflections stimulated us to undertake the ascent of the promontory, which was very steep; seeming, in truth, an absolute precipice. We, however, were presently accoutred for the expedition. As soon as the low rocks and brushwood would allow, we turned round upon the base of the hill, and there found the ascent not near so steep as we had supposed; but the shrubs, and small trees, and spine-pointed aloes, retarded my poor Eliza's progress so much, that I was obliged to pioneer at almost every step with the hatchet; but I soon

the mallet, and grease-box, I was set up, and intended to proceed to business instantly. Here my zeal had run a little before the order of things; for I found the bottom must be caulked first; so I had to get a couple of handspikes, with which, and the help of my dear wife, I soon succeeded in turning it bottom up. I then perceived that I must not only caulk, but pay the bottom with pitch; so back I trudged for the pitch-kettle, which was a large heavy iron porridge-pot: and in this nearly the whole day was consumed; so that it was not till the following I could fairly commence.

Friday, 25th.—As early as possible I set about the caulking. I first made a fire, and while my pitch was preparing laboured away blithely with the large caulking-iron; driving the oakum in, between the interstices of the five planks that formed the bottom. I completed this part of the business before I was summoned to breakfast. After this my happy Eliza walked down with me to the punt, and manfully wielding one of the handspikes, while I lifted by hand, we turned our boat again over on her bottom. I continued to work all day, but my progress became comparatively slow. I perceived I had some other carpentry jobs to execute, which I had forgotten; like the man that built his house without a staircase. I had to place a thwart, for the rower to sit on, and pins for the oars, besides a seat towards the stern: however, I completed the whole of the wood-work by evening, entirely to my satisfaction.

Saturday, 26th.—I finished the caulking before breakfast; and payed all the seams, inside and out, by two o'clock. While the pitch was yet soft I threw handfuls of sand in every direction, so that it might mix and adhere to the pitch, which would in a great measure prevent it sticking to our clothes. I now went up to dinner; and after our usual repose during the heat, I walked my dear wife down in triumph, to see our work completed. I brought with me a piece of rope for a paynter to our punt, which I made fast to the bow. I then took a plank for a lever, and using the handspikes for rollers, the punt went off cheerily into the water; and we felt great joy in seeing our little ship afloat.

"Now, Edward," said my dear wife, "you deserve a glass of good wine, and you shall have it." Indeed she had prepared me a treat; for on our return to our wooden palace, she set before me a shaddock, with biscuit, and a bottle of wine. I never can forget this well-timed and agreeable feast! the recollection of which, even now, gives me more delight than, perhaps, comes to the lot of some men to enjoy from their most elaborate pleasures. Our dear Mr. Goldsmith often said, that "Satan can grant possessions; but enjoyment is the gift of God; and most especially the enjoyment of retrospection." The shaddock we had cut was as large as the best melon that grows in England; and we preserved its seeds. My dear wife told me she had got quite a store of eggs, during the week; that all her hens still continued to make their deposits in the original nest

between the fragments of rock, though as soon as she found an egg she removed it to the hen-house above. Her store consisted of ten.

The week being so well finished, we looked forward with thankfulness to the "day of rest," which the goodness of God had appointed; and without which, even the most diligent would become weary of the occupations of life.

Sunday, 27th.—In sweet tranquillity of mind, we performed the service of the church in the morning; and in the evening read many chapters in Isaiah and St. John; recreating ourselves in the intermediate time by walking the ship's deck, where we had beneath us the ark of our deliverance. When night drew on, we retired to our cabin with unusual comfort; and awoke at the dawn, quite refreshed by an undisturbed sleep and the rest of the Sabbath-day.

Monday, 28th.—Some laundry work was to be done to-day; so my wife, and I, her helpmate on this occasion, repaired early to the spring, with the clothes for ablution: and pulling off our boots and stockings and with our battledores in hand, whose virtue we were now going to try, we fixed on two smooth large stones in the stream, and went to our task. The running water cleared the linen at every stroke; and by breakfast time we had prepared a good quantity for drying. "There my dame," said I; "as your lord and husband could not have turned the punt without you, so you could not have rinsed these sheets without him: our situation shows how much is to be effected by mutual assistance. To such a lesson, at least, is the tendency of God's providence in the order of his creation."—"God is good and perfect in all his ways, my dear Edward," she replied; "but man is too often wise in his own conceit, and therefore proud and ruinous of his own comforts." This dialogue was worthy of the pupil and the daughter of William Goldsmith: we did not find that the tone of our minds was lowered by the menial occupation of washing in a brook. My Eliza was then very tired: I took her arm in mine, and led her back to the plank-house, and made her lie down on our friendly settee, to repose. It was my next business to make a couple of sculls, or small oars; and having previously provided two pieces of lancewood, about six feet long each, I fell to work with my hatchet, and an adze, and contrived to give them a right shape by two o'clock. The linen by this time was dry; so I bundled it all up in a table-cloth, and carried it to the plank-house, where I found my Eliza, with her constant attendant Fidele, fast asleep. As she had not had anything but cold salt beef for some time past, I thought of surprising her with something like a pepper-pot, a favourite dish in Jamaica; and putting on a stewpan, with a due quantity of seasoning at hand, I produced what I hoped might prove a savoury mess. When it was done, I waked my dear wife in my accustomed way, and led her smiling to the repast I had provided. "Dear, kind Edward!" exclaimed she, surprised, and pleased as she sat

down. She praised my pepper-pot highly: and much as I might be disposed to think well of my own work, I fancied every mouthful better and better, after every word of her commendation. As the evening drew to a close—"Now for some mullet, my love!" cried I, rising from my chair. My wife smiled. I knew it was doubtingly; for I could ever read her mind in her look. "Well, we will try," continued I. We walked to the cave, to see our poultry; and sauntered about until the soft twilight vanished; which in this country, at any season, is very short. I then drew up the punt, and placed a tin baking-pan on the bow, with some oakum and rotten wood in it, to which I set fire. I took the two rough-made oars, and was about to shove off, saying, "Now for the attempt!"—"Nay, dearest," Eliza cried, "you shall not go without me; for I do hope you will be very successful." She stepped in, and sat on the seat astern. The mullet came down literally a shower, and many fell into the boat, on me and on her; so that in five minutes we returned to shore, and found nine fine fish in the punt, beside a more adventurous fellow close to our torch in the pan. Knowing there were no thieves to purloin our fish, we left them in the punt; and, repairing to our palace, fastened its door and retired to our ship, and to sleep.

Tuesday, 29th.—My dear wife's object to-day was to "get up our linen." While she was so employed, I brought up the fish, and displayed them before her: some were much larger than others, and are called calipeavar in Jamaica. We were gratified by the sight of fresh, and therefore more wholesome, food; yet it was evident, in this hot country, we could not eat them all before some would spoil. I, however, took them to the spring; and after preparing a couple for dressing, replaced the rest in the basket, leaving them under the shade of the rock, in the cool water at the spring head. I roasted the two for our breakfast, which we relished much; and Fidele, too, partook joyfully of our repast: indeed all the family, with the exception of the goats; so that there was not a fragment left. We then walked towards the beach. Our dinner, like our breakfast, was fish,—the excellent calipeavar boiled, and eaten with lime-juice and bird-pepper. God's bounties were always like a sacrament to my Eliza; for she found in them all something more than food,—indeed, a verification in her own bosom, that His children "do not live by bread alone!" When we had finished our repast, "My dear Edward," said she, "we must plant these bird-peppers," which were red ripe, "and also the seeds of the capsicum; we ought not to waste anything."—"True," I replied; "and they are of great use to the stomach in this relaxing climate."—"Indeed, it seems," returned she, "so bounteous is Providence, that in every country there are found fruits and spices most appropriate. Mustard and horse-radish are the natural spices of England; and I confess, that here I give the preference to the capsicum and small peppers."

While we were talking, Fidele had run off to the spring to quench his thirst, and came back, frisking about in an unusual way; till we perceived he wanted us to go with him. Eliza rose; and on my doing the same he ran before us, then came back, and then went on, till we saw the object of his attention,—our lame goat, with two young kids at her foot. While we gazed on the new-born creatures, he fell to lapping the stream, so that we really were induced to believe he had not even stopped to drink till he had run back to bring us the tidings. My dear wife hastened to our house for some plantains, and fed the old goat from her hand, while I held the kids; and then we proceeded with them up to the cave; the poor animal following, and eating all the way. We were highly gratified by this expected event; and, mutually congratulating each other, left our old lady to her nursery.

I then took a spade, a hatchet, a sack, and my gaskets; and with my dear wife set off for the cocoa-nut grove. We were glad to see the melon and pumpkin seeds we had planted a fortnight ago well above ground; but there was yet nothing appearing from the yams or coccos. "Now, my love," said I, "we will try what we can do with the gaskets." She watched me take one of them and pass a bight through the other round the tree, so that it made a stirrup at about three feet from the ground, into which I put one foot; and then placed the other gasket in the same way, a little higher, into the stirrup of which I set the other foot; then loosing the lower gasket, moved it above, making a third step upwards; then again loosing the other and placing it uppermost; and so on. Having gained the top, I took my hatchet, and in a few minutes detached twenty-three of the cocoa-nuts. This being done, I descended, and proceeded to cleave off the husks with my hatchet. The first I opened, and gave her the milk to drink, which she pronounced delicious: I regaled myself with the second: but recollecting we had taken a fish dinner, we were afraid of disordering our stomachs. Eliza then engaged herself in sowing the pepper-seeds in various little patches of good soil found amongst the rocky fragments of the ledge, and I saw with pleasure that the spots were well chosen.

The sun had set before we left the cocoa-nut grove, and the stars were out by the time we arrived at the plank-house, where our simple supper was set on the table. We lingered over it, enjoying the tranquil hour; and, as not a breath of wind was stirring at the time, I lighted a candle, to enable my dear wife to read a small portion of Scripture. This pious exercise, however, was soon interrupted by a swarm of sand-flies, which tormented us to such a degree by their bites, that we were forced to decamp, and retire to our ship; and found in our cabin a night of happy and uninterrupted repose.

Wednesday, 30th.—We paid our compliments early this morning to the two young strangers, and their mother; we met her bleating at the

mouth of the cavern, appearing rather distressed; for the kids could not follow her down the rocky step. Notwithstanding the noise she made, the wild pigeons, unscared, were pecking away, along with the fowls, at the corn scattered on the floor of the cave. I guided the kids down to their mother, and she immediately led them into the thicket. My dear wife stopped me here, to look at her collection of eggs. She had completed the deposit above, to twelve; besides two more, freshly laid ones, in another corner; and there were eight in the nest below, which we were glad to see. Trifling as these things would be at our English home, in our solitude they were objects of the first importance.

The sea looked so placid, and the air was so sweetly fresh, I expressed a wish that Eliza would venture along shore in the punt to our plantations. She consented with alacrity, and first stowing our separate burdens safely in its bottom, I then seated her securely; and our little dog, without any hesitation, leaped in after his mistress. The water was perfectly smooth, and the punt rowed lightly on its surface; and I suppose we got to the cotton-tree beach in about the same time we should have done had we walked. We did not go up to the great tree, but made our head-quarters under a shelving rock on the beach, now in shade; and while I went to work in the dell, my wife commenced her basket. I dug deep and well round, in the diameter of about a foot; in each of these places I deposited two grains of Indian corn, until I had planted twenty-four points. I then walked down to the beach, and found my dear wife rather perplexed in shaping her basket; but I encouraged her; and with smiling faces we sat down to a breakfast of biscuit and the milk of cocoa-nuts. Our next task was to sow some shaddock seeds, for which we chose the ground above the silk-cotton tree. We were thus busily employed, when Fidele ran barking into the brushwood behind us, and in a few minutes he killed an iguana. We could not see the feat; but I concluded he had slain his game; and therefore endeavoured to make my way to him through the thicket. There I found my gentleman standing crowingly, and wagging his tail. The prize was welcome; but it led to a discovery much more so: a small spring streamed, as from a ewer, down the rock, out of a little cavity in its side, about four feet beyond where I stood, and near to the foot of a fine cabbage-palm. We tasted it, and found it sweet, cool, and pleasant; and we rejoiced at the discovery; for we had now a fountain at each of our places of most sojourn. Although the sea-breeze had set in with much force, yet the sea itself being there under the lee of the land, the water was perfectly smooth; so that we journeyed back to the plank-house in the punt as comfortably as we came.

The iguana was stewed in our usual way, and the mullet roasted: we ate them, with yams for our vegetable, and wished for more mouths to partake of this rich bounty to us! As the rest in our little depôt

would not be fit to-morrow, I determined to bury the remainder as a manure, and dug four holes, into which I threw the remaining mullet, with a little sand over them; and there I planted the four germinating cocoa-nuts we had brought the evening before from the grove.

All this accomplished, I sat down to assist my dear wife in her first essay at the basket; but our united efforts made but a bad job of it. I now began to think a good basket-maker no despicable personage in society. However, the old basket was yet serviceable, and, besides, would be, if carefully preserved, a model to work by. We regaled ourselves this evening with a melon instead of tea, and enjoyed ourselves till sunset, talking over the occurrences of the day. Not choosing again to encounter the sand-flies, we fastened our door, and bent our course to the vessel, and to rest.

Thursday, 31st.—Every day seemed to bring its work; and when not too laborious, employment is the happiest condition of man. It is told of a religious recluse, who, in the early ages of Christianity, betook himself to a cave in Upper Egypt, which had been a depository for mummies, that he prayed there, morning, noon, and night; eating only of the dates which some neighbouring trees afforded, and drinking of the water of the Nile. At length the hermit became weary of life, and then he prayed still more earnestly. One day an angel appeared to him in a dream, commanding him to cut down a neighbouring palm-tree and make a rope of its fibres, and, after it was done, the angel would appear to him again. The hermit awoke, and instantly applied himself to obey the vision. He travelled about from place to place many days before he could procure an axe, and during this journey he felt happier than he had been for many years. His prayers were now short and few; but what they wanted in length and number they made up in fervency. Having returned with the axe, he cut down the tree; and with much labour, during several days, prepared the fibres to make the rope, and after some weeks completed the command. The angel that night appeared to him as promised. "Dominico," said the celestial visitor, "you are now no longer weary of life, but happy. Know, then, that man was made for labour; and prayer also is his duty: the one as well as the other is essential to his well-being. Arise in the morning, take the cord, and with it gird up thy loins, and go forth into the world; and let it be a memorial to thee of what God expects from man, if he would be blessed with happiness on earth." We arose as usual with the day, and made an early voyage in the punt to the beach below the great tree.

After I had finished my work, my dear Eliza spread our table with the residue of the iguana, which she warmed, adding a few coccos roasted. In the midst of our enjoyment she discovered that one duck was missing, and I proposed an immediate search; but

the wise woman thought it probable the truant might have made a nest somewhere; and, if so, it were better not to disturb her ladyship by hunting about after her; therefore I let the matter rest. My industrious Eliza, with the old basket for a pattern, made the framework of a new one; and I, never so happy as when employed near her, began to plan a fish-pot, to be made with some of the cane-reeds and bamboos. We wrought emulously on until sunset; and then retired on board for the night.

Friday, 1st February.—We arose with the gray of the morning. My wife accommodated her dress to the occasion, and dressed herself à la Turque; adding to her canvass boots a pair of trowsers, and a dimity bedgown, that came half way to her knees, girding her waist with a sash, composed of two or three yards of red bunting, of the narrow breadth of which the ensigns of ships are made. With this well-contrived raiment, and a small turban of muslin, and red bunting, on her head, to save it from the sun, we landed, and walked up to the punt. After rounding the rocky point, I rowed along shore; and, just where the fine beach terminated, we concluded to land, and attempt the ascent, a break appearing in the side of the mountain. We then set forward, harnessed, as I have before described, in my own necessary accoutrements, not forgetting my bill-hook in my belt. I gave the axe to my wife to place in her sash, having her pike for her staff, and Fidele her constant follower.

We found paroquets numerous in the trees, feeding on the yellow fruit of a species of palm. I would not kill any of them: we had not taken life from any creature unnecessarily since we set foot in the island, neither had a shot been fired to awaken alarm in any of the feathered tribe. We pursued a tolerable path for a short time with little interruption through the wood, which brought us to a very steep acclivity, overgrown with dwarf palms. It cost me two hours hard labour to cleave my way, and cast the cuttings aside, through a space not exceeding thirty yards. At about eleven o'clock we got fairly into the ravine, among the stones and fragments of rocks that were scattered everywhere. We were proceeding slowly when Fidele ran aside, and began to bark: I anticipated an iguana, and stood still, expecting to see him turn it out and kill it. A living beast, but not an iguana, certainly came forth from between the broken masses, which the dog endeavoured to seize, but could not; he however soon turned the creature over, for it was not much larger than the iguana. It made a noise, when the dog approached it, something between a grunt and a squeak. I scrambled up to the scene of contest with my bill-hook, and found the poor nondescript rolled up like a hedgehog, but having the appearance of a tortoise. "Don't hurt it, Edward," my wife exclaimed; "it is a poor harmless armadillo:

I have seen its picture in a book." We then agreed to tie it up in a handkerchief, and take it home. We then pursued our scrambling way up the ravine. After ascending through this cleft for about a quarter of a mile, we came out on a smooth barren surface, a considerable height being on both sides of us, and before us; and in half an hour more, by a turn to the left, we gained the highest summit of the promontory, to our great joy. My dear Eliza placed her arm in mine, while we stood and looked around with wonder. We saw the sea separating two islands, and this arm of separation we had taken for a lake, which it was, in effect, as to smoothness and harbour security. We saw the extended reef to the eastward, terminating with rocks on each end, with small islands to the northward of the place where our vessel had struck; and we discovered the promontory on which we stood to be a peninsula.

The sun was in the meridian, and we had no shade here. But the sea-breeze blew around us with healing on its wings, and we did not complain of the heat. I now took the spy-glass, and endeavoured to discover any huts, or other sign of natives, or any wild animals, and last of all swept the horizon, to look for other land, or perchance espy some passing vessel in the distance. But I could discern nothing. We now proceeded along the smooth crest of the promontory towards its northern extremity. As we advanced we saw breakers below us, and as far as the eye could see. Further on, we remarked a clear channel between those breakers and the promontory. After nearly two miles, we arrived at the northern extremity, and there had the satisfaction of looking down on our vessel, which we found immediately below us: it appeared like a boat, and our wooden palace, on the sandy ridge, like a bandbox.

To return by the way we came would be a serious labour for my Eliza, after the fatigue she already had undergone. We therefore determined to rest a little, and then return for the armadillo. So sitting down under a dwarf palm that stood near us, and soon after stretching ourselves on a rocky ledge below its shade, in a short time we all fell asleep; she with her head and arm on my lap, and her little dog by her side.

It appeared by the position of the sun when we awoke that we had slept at least two hours: we then arose, and in about an hour before sunset we began to descend the ravine, stopping now and then to put in some seeds of the shaddock, the orange, and the lime, in such places as appeared most promising. We found the poor captive as we left him, perfectly quiet in his hammock. I took the handkerchief down; and my dear wife thought I had best let him go; but I said, we could feed him, and use him well. "At any rate," I added, "I should like to see his head, and tail, and feet, which,

hitherto, he has kept close within his coat of mail." The sun was sinking low in the horizon, and we sat down eagerly to devour the fragments of our morning repast, and then made a rapid march through the trees to the punt.

This little boat was now a great accommodation to our weary limbs, and I rowed it along shore with great delight, seeing my dear wife comfortably seated, while I thus made a finish of our fatiguing expedition. We relanded a little after sunset, and literally dragged ourselves up to the plank-house, after which we made our escape to our marine dormitory, where, without rocking, we slept soundly.

Saturday, 2nd.—My wife had experienced so much utility in her change of costume, that, with my permission, she would henceforth dispense with the petticoats, and dress à la Turque: I was quite agreeable; the new dress was more appropriate to her present situation. We were early at the plank-house, excited by curiosity to see the armadillo; we peeped through the lath lattices of the eastern window and found him parading about, at a slow pace: his head appeared small, his tail scaly, and by no means short, and his fore-feet were armed with long strong claws. "Now, my love," I said, "you go and take a look at our stock; and I will palisade in a castle for Sir nior Armadillo, at the west end here of our own palace; I have plenty of shingles at hand, which I shall drive into the sand, and do the thing presently." I completed my erection in a couple of hours; as my little stoccado being finished, I opened the door of the plank-house when the poor armadillo, being alarmed, made the best of his way out of our sight under the friendly settee. I took him out by the back, and, carrying him forth, laid him down within his castle; though he was then rolled up in his case again—head, feet, and tail being invisible. We left him in this situation; but Eliza in a few minutes called to me to come to her. He had unfolded himself, and was trying to get out between the shingles; but, finding that impracticable, he fell to digging the sand, and in less than a minute had buried himself beneath it. We looked awhile for his reappearance, but he did not choose to come out again, we gave him up for the day and sat down to a tea-breakfast.

After this, as to-morrow would be the Sabbath, we returned on board together, to collect and set in order what we might want for the next day's provision. My wife had heard me describe a pumpkin-pie as being little inferior to an apple-pie, when the juice of lime was squeezed into it. She asked me if she might venture to try her skill at one: I smiled my assent; and we took on shore with a brown baking-dish, some flour, Cork butter, and her other ingredients. She set nimbly to work, while I turned my care to build a good oven of hot embers in the proper place for baking. She su-

denly called out to me, that she had forgot to seek in our Bristol store-chest for some cloves, to complete the necessary seasoning. Accordingly I hurried away, and found it in the steerage passage. She thanked me when I put the cloves into her hand. "Edward," said she, "when these things were given to us by your kind aunt at Bristol, little did she imagine for what necessities she was providing! How gracious has the Almighty been to us, to prepare us such a table in the wilderness!" I replied to her with the same feeling of wondering gratitude: and she added, "My dear Edward, if we are to spend our lives on this island, and if it be God's will, I shall be content to do so; for perhaps I never could be happier than I am!" When she had finished making the pie, I proposed trying my fish-pot, which I had just finished. Eliza rose with alacrity, and Fidele wagged his tail and barked, as if he snuffed some new sport in the wind. I then proceeded to fit up my fish-pot, to which I suspended a bit of fat pork on a slip of twine. All being ready, we proceeded to the punt, and pushed out a little beyond the extremity of the rocky point, where I let down the fish-pot in about three fathoms water.

It was not yet near sunset; so, on relanding, we strolled about, visiting our melons and the pumpkins, which we had planted. The goats were browsing on the opposite bank, near the spring head, and the kids playing about like kittens.

As soon as the stars appeared, I took my tar-rope torch to the beach, to be a bait for the mullet, in case my fish-pot should fail. I rowed out, and took up the pot, but to my disappointment there was nothing in it. But the mullet had been jumping before the sun went down; and, ere long, five fine fish had made themselves our prisoners: having filled a bucket with salt water, I popped them into it. This was a bright thought, and, having drawn the punt to the shore, we returned, well pleased with our success, to the plank-house.

During the day we had seen nothing of the armadillo, for he had continued under the sand, but we now threw a piece of melon into his inclosure, which we thought might, in the morning, tell us something about him. In the midst of this the sand-flies became very troublesome. I then thought, if my wife had no objection, of trying to smoke a cigar, the next time we encountered them, although I owned I was no adept at such an operation. She said that, so far from objecting, she had liked the smell of the cigars in Jamaica; therefore she would be very glad of my resource, if it would not make me sick.

Sunday, 3rd.—We dressed ourselves in clean clothes, with more than an every-day neatness, and so prepared for the quiet enjoyment of the day, laying aside all worldly care; for even in this

solitude we were beset by it: and as we walked the deck in the cool of the morning, our hearts expanded with the contemplation of the glorious scene before us, and with a deep recollection of all the mercies of that God who had dedicated this day to his peculiar service.

After our breakfast (during which all our colony were rejoicing in the shade near us) I read the Morning Service. But it was not reading only: our hearts were in every sentence and word. After this our divine duty, we strolled forward arm in arm, along the base of the point; and just where the reedy grass begins to thicken, Fidele stopped, and poked his nose in among some high tufts of the same; but as he did not bark we did not know what to make of it. Soon we heard a hissing noise which I concluded to come from a snake, and peeping into the brake myself, to see for the reptile, had the agreeable surprise of perceiving one of the lost ducks sitting. My dear Eliza was quite pleased with the discovery: "Every thing goes well with us, dear Edward," she said "thanks to kind Providence!" We now proceeded a little further, to our melon and pumpkin plantation, where their golden flowers and large green leaves already spread a gorgeous carpet over the surface of the ground.

We returned to our palace, and thankfully dined on our cold pumpkin pie, which, sprinkled with a little sugar and lime-juice, turned out to be excellent; and that excellence was not a little enhanced to me by it being the handiwork of my beloved helpmate. The afternoon was passed in conversing on subjects of eternal import, and in reading from the New Testament: we then proposed a walk to the cocoa-nut grove; and returned, more refreshed than fatigued, to our ship; where we finished the day by prayer and praises to our almighty Protector.

Monday, 4th. — We arose with the dawn, and had arrived at the plank house before the goats and poultry came out from the thicket. We then rowed off, and landed our implements on this side of the rocks which occupy the middle part of the plantation beach. On walking up to the ground to commence my labour, I gladly saw the melons and pumpkins beyond me flourishing luxuriantly; but what gave me most pleasure was our sugar canes, which had not been planted much more than a fortnight, now nearly a foot above the soil; so that I could not refrain from calling my dear wife to come and look on them. "Now, beloved," said I, "bring up the four pine-tops; I will dig their places, and you shall set them here." She was pleased with my request, because we were to be partners in the work; for to identify us in every thought and every act was her greatest delight. While she went for the pine-apple tops, I prepared their places, in a line with the sugar-canes. This accomplished, I joined my wife under the rocks by the beach: she had our breakfast spread forth, — cold salt beef, biscuit, and cocoa-nut milk; not omitting a good

slice of water-melon—a most delicious and thirst-quenching fruit in a tropical climate. The wonderful rapidity with which the plants grew excited our remarks and gratitude; for we clearly saw that before our stock of this cooling fruit, and our pumpkins, could be expended, we should have an abundant supply from our plantations; and it became the wish of our hearts that our friends in England could partake of our delightful melons.

We now re-embarked for our return, and on reaching the plank-house, we sat down to cool and rest ourselves. During our conversation I observed, that, as we had now made all our great plantings, I should like to put in some of the nuts from the chocolate trees, here and there, in the woodland region. Indeed, it seemed very remarkable that we had not seen any of those trees excepting near the mouth of the cave: and it did not appear improbable that these had sprung from some nuts accidentally scattered by the persons to whom the belt had belonged, when they were preparing their chocolate meal: such being the chief refreshment of the Spaniards on the main. The basket was now finished; and a very neat and perfect work it was, with a strong handle, like the pattern. I could not but applaud my Eliza, and she was highly gratified in having received my approbation. I now rolled up an empty cask to the door of the plank-house, which was to be a conservatory for our live fish. I bored half-a-dozen holes in the bottom, and a few also in the sides: the thing was then done. I rolled it down to the beach where the punt lay, and let the cask into the water at about three feet deep. I then sunk it till its top stood about six inches above the water's edge; the water within reaching to within six inches of its being full; and the repository being ready, I drew up the fish-pot.

During the remainder of the afternoon I employed myself in weeding our plantation near the cave-spring, and Eliza was occupied with her needle. As it approached sunset she prepared tea, to which I gladly joined her in our wooden palace. I found before the door our poultry and goats, to which we distributed the remains of the mullet we had left at dinner. It was surprising to see how greedily the ducks devoured the fish; and we afterwards thought that its occasional mixture with their ordinary food greatly augmented the number of their eggs.

By the time we returned the sun had set, and the sand-flies began their annoyance. I lighted a cigar immediately, and managed it pretty well for a beginner. As I smoked it, my Eliza drew close to me, so as to be quite within its protecting influence; and, to our great satisfaction, we found the expedient successful: but I could not accomplish more than half a cigar at this time, for I began to feel the tobacco affect my head with a slight giddiness. I therefore carefully put out our antidote; and, fastening the door, we retired to our vessel to sleep.

Tuesday, 5th.—The morning's work commenced with a visit to the fish-pot, in which I found three fine fish, of a species less than the grouper; they are called in Jamaica, snappers. I quickly popped them into the conservatory, and baited again with a mullet which lay dead in the bucket. On our arrival at the plank-house, not seeing the armadillo, I was disposed to dig him up; but my wife persuaded me to let him alone, and starve him a little; and the shy gentleman being left to fast, we took our basket with our own refreshment, and, with Fidele trotting after us, hastened on foot through the woodland region to the plantation.

Eliza took her station for a while at the foot of the silk-cotton tree; and I, with a zeal that sweetens labour, went to work with my spade. Some tobacco seeds, which I had deposited in my chest when in Virginia for my dear father, were put in at about eighteen inches apart, almost all before eleven o'clock, by which hour it became too hot for further exertion. When I had nigh finished, my dear wife and Fidele went up to the spring in the rock-basin, for some fresh cool water, and there, Diana-like, fell in upon the chase, and killed an iguana. I heard her dog give tongue, and I hallooed "Tally-ho!" at which she laughed aloud; and being now familiar with the sight of that ugly creature, she took it up, and brought it to me in triumph. We sat down together under the deep shade of the great tree, and enjoyed our cold collation of salt meat and fruit. "Dearest Edward," said she, "this is a delightful spot! how happy am I with you even in this solitude: I would not change my lot with a queen!" I began to talk alertly of the remainder of my day's avocations, and told my dear partner that I meant to close them with a grand fishing-match, and so stock our conservatory well. She smiled, and observed that it had occurred to her "there would be some difficulty in getting the fish out of the conservatory after they were once in." "You shall try it in a day or two," I replied; "and I will answer for your being as expert as Isaac Walton himself." With this our dialogue finished.

At sunset we repaired to the punt. My dear wife then sat down on the stern seat, with a lighted torch in her hand, and Fidele at her feet. At this time the stars were appearing: I rowed out, but before I cleared the point, the mullet began to jump, and fall fast around us, even about our ears: at first it was good sport, and I laughed heartily at some hard knocks they gave me on my shoulders and hands. Fidele was the first to complain of being rather roughly dealt with, for a heavy fish or two struck him in their fall, which caused him to shake his ears, and, with a yell, draw near his mistress: he was more alarmed than hurt; but she, poor dear, received a severe blow on the side of her face; and, although she said not a word, I perceived, by her heightened colour, it had given her pain: so I put back in haste: Fidele jumped on shore in an instant, and I handed out my best beloved most carefully, being anxious to see if she

were seriously hurt; but she gaily declared in the negative, and I was satisfied.

We then hastened up to the plank-house, taking some of the fire we had lit near the rock with us. The sand-flies, however, did not forget giving us their unwelcome company; so I lighted a new cigar, and got on with it very well, my dear companion keeping close to me under the protecting influence of the smoke; the fragrance of which, she said, was very agreeable, and we sat for an hour, enjoying ourselves in spite of the little harpies; and then retired to our place of rest.

Wednesday, 6th. — On coming up to the plank-house this morning, we were greeted by the sight of our other goat standing with two little kids at her feet: she had kidded in the thicket during the night: this was a pleasing surprise at the moment, although not unexpected. I proceeded to our plantation, to finish my work by planting some of the American maize, and a few of the pumpkin-seeds I had brought from Virginia. All our former sowings might be said to grow daily, nay, hourly, almost visibly shooting up.

As the day became hot, we reposed ourselves under the silk-cotton tree. While we were talking, Fidele was sleeping; and in a little time we also were covered with Sancho's cloak. It was nearly three o'clock when we awoke; I think we were a little ashamed of the length of our siesta; and my Eliza prepared our dinner. It consisted of the fish called the mook, different from any we had yet tasted, which we eat with lime-juice and capsicums, and found it excellent: fruit was not a good accompaniment to fish, so we substituted a glass of wine. Fidele liked the mook, although he did not like punt-fishing; and he made a hearty meal without wanting the juice of the grape to wash it down.

When we returned for the remainder of the evening, we were agreeably surprised by seeing the armadillo crawling about in his stoccado; and he did not seem disposed to burrow, even at sight of ourselves. I brought out a musk-melon, and cut off a large piece, which I placed softly in his retreat: he soon discovered it, and in our presence began to eat it, but we drew away immediately for fear of alarming or disconcerting him. As we had no desire to contend with the sand-flies to-night, we retired to the ship just as the sun was setting.

Thursday, 7th. — We breakfasted on board this morning; occupying ourselves in looking up various things for our use on shore; and my dear wife took this occasion to observe, that now she must sit a little every day at her needle, as both her dress and mine required repair. While she was thus busied about her own concerns, I rummaged the sailors' chest in the steerage for fish-hooks, and selected a couple of different sizes. Towards mid-day we went on shore; she taking some things with her for needle employment; and I, a bag with the last remains of our plantains. I lopped off two straight sticks about six feet long each, to the ends of

which I fastened the lines with the hooks, and left them ready-baited at the rock. On my return to my wife, I said, "Now, Eliza, it is near dinner-time; I am very hungry; go and catch a fish for us." She looked up and smiled, "Dear Edward!" cried she "an Asiatic wife might tremble at such a command; but I have nothing to fear from my dear husband!"—"Come, sweetest," I said "and it will be done." We ran down together hand in hand to the beach. I took up one of the rods, and gave it to her: "O, you cunning fellow!" she exclaimed, "how agreeably you have teased me!"—I now led her up on the rock, from whence she lowered down the line with the hook into the conservatory, and in an instant it was nearly pulled out of her hand; the strongest fish, most likely, had seized the bait. I stood by, and, after a few minutes, with a little help she raised her finny prize out of the cask, and landed it safely on the rock, to my great delight and to hers; but, on this occasion, Fidele wished to take a part in the exploit, endeavouring to seize the fish while it was tumbling about on the ground before us. We took it on shore, and Eliza received many compliments from her happy husband for her dexterity. Thus we amused ourselves, by turning common occurrences into causes of pleasantry.

After dinner, I proposed a walk in the cool of the evening to the cocoa-nut grove, and it was purely a little excursion of pleasure. My Eliza wished to handsel her new basket by collecting any pretty shells that might present themselves on our way. They proved abundant, but not many were perfect, or retained their polish: we, however, contrived to gather some worth having; and, as we arranged them before us on the sand, my dear wife said, "If we should ever return to England, those shells will be a cherished memorial of our present situation."

On arriving at the cocoa-nut grove, we were delighted to see the melons and pumpkins all in flower, stretching their shoots extensively around. The gaskets were under the ledge of the rock: I took them out, and, quickly climbing the next tree, brought down a couple of young cocoa-nuts, the milk of which was very grateful to us. Tea was very acceptable after this long walk; after which we gratefully retired to our vessel, to prayer and repose.

Friday, 8th. — My dear wife kept closely at her needle-work while I employed myself in cutting some small trees and brushwood. During my task, she suddenly joined me with her fishing-rod ready-baited in her hand. "The day wears," said she, smiling, "and I come to my duty."—"Dearest," cried I, "no duty; only thy pastime; but I will now do it, for it is sometimes rather tugging work."—"O, no, dear Edward; you allotted it to me, and I will not give up my office." "Well, be it so," said I; and, instantly resolving on a bit of merriment, determined to leave the matter entirely to herself; so, walking up with her to the rock over the cask, she *dropped* in the bait, which was greedily seized by some strong fish, and

the action pulled the rod by a jerk from her hand ; but she quickly picked it up (for I did not), while I said, "You shall have fair play, and the fish too." Fidele seemed to understand what was going forward, for he jumped off the rock, on to the top of the cask, and I really thought he was going to take the line in his mouth. The fish, however, kept its station ; and the delicate arm of my dear wife was unable to drag him forth. I now offered to assist her. "No, no ; fair play, Edward," she cried ; "no fish, no dinner." She did indeed tug, and the fish tugged, and my poor love was almost tired out : at last, by one great effort, she raised him out of the hatch on to the top of the cask, where Fidele stood ; but the fish made a bound, and carried line and rod into the open water ; while Fidele, struck with terror, leaped back upon the rock ; but, with a little encouragement from his mistress, he immediately took the water ; and, laying hold of the rod (the fish being almost spent by its preceding exertion), kept it fast in his mouth, and, after many fruitless efforts, managed to get footing with his cumbrous prize ; and, to the great joy of my wife, placed the rod in her hand. She then drew up the fish with a triumph, which she declared was all their own. I gave them a cheer of applause, which Fidele returned with an extraordinary howl, that made us both laugh.

Together, we prepared the calipeavar for dinner, which duly appeared, with all the *et ceteras*, limes, and peppers. In honour of the contest, my wife set before me a bottle of our canary wine ; and she placed a rich dessert also on the table, namely, an over-ripe pine and a fine shaddock. After so sumptuous a feast, I was not disposed to sink into the woodman again that day, but sat like a nabob, enjoying the fruit and beverage, drinking the health of my most excellent and courteous fisherman. We talked over the battle of the fish, which reminded us of Waller's battle of the Bermudians with the whale ; and I laughed heartily again and again—an excess of mirth neither natural nor habitual to me. At sunset we retired to our marine abode.

Saturday, 9th.—I was very hot and uncomfortable all night ; I could not eat my breakfast in the morning ; neither did I feel any disposition for exertion. My anxious wife was much distressed, laying all the blame on herself, and urged me to take a dose of physic. "Dear Eliza," said I, "your honoured father used to quote a saying of Seneca :—'When I am sick,' said the Roman, 'I must either fast or take physic, and of the two alternatives, I choose the former.'—Now I am of the same mind, my best love ! and I will abstain from eating till my stomach recovers itself." This point settled, she resignedly went to her needlework, while I lounged about like a poor sick dog, refusing all food. In the evening I drank a little tea, but was no better, and my head ached. She now became very uneasy, and insisted on my taking a bolus of sweet mercury, some of which were in the medicine chest ; and I did so, and retired at the usual hour to bed.

Sunday, 10th.—I felt far from well when I arose, having scarcely slept; and some other medicine being proposed to me, I chose rather to swallow half a pint of sea-water; and, before twelve o'clock, I was quite myself again. We then went on shore, where my dear wife read the Church service, and then prepared some coffee for me, by way of dinner, which completely settled my stomach; and in the afternoon we enjoyed a pleasant walk together in the woodland region; closing the evening by reading the Scriptures, and with prayer.

Monday, 11th.—I arose pretty well: my kind nurse disposed herself to her needlework, and I to finish my wood-cutting operation beyond the rivulet. At breakfast, my wife told me the third hen was setting; and that, as two more of the ducks were missing, she had no doubt they also were employed in hatching. The poor cock was stalking about, a solitary individual, before the platform; and as we threw him some fragments of biscuit, he called his hens, as he picked the bits up; but they did not come, and he left the pieces untouched, walking away disconsolate. The armadillo now kept out in open daylight, roaming about his stoccado, and stood stoutly on his legs, with his head projecting to receive any donation we might throw to him; for he was not indisposed to taste meat, or biscuit, or roast yam, or whatever was put into his crib, but he liked the musk melon the best.

In the afternoon, while my dear Eliza returned to her needlework, I amused myself fitting up a place for the ducks, and their expected young broods when they should come forth, in a snug recess of the rock, about twenty yards on this side of the cave-spring.

Tuesday, 12th.—Early in the morning we embarked in the punt, with my usual husbandry accoutrements and a basket of provisions, with some seeds of the bird-peppers and capsicums to plant. It was a pleasant row to the beach of the plantation; and I was fully repaid for all my toil by seeing every thing pushing forward most luxuriantly. When our tasks were finished, as my arms were more tired than my legs, we left the punt on the beach, and walked home through the woodland region; observing on our way the places in which I had planted the chocolate-nuts, a few of which, I gladly saw, were up.

CHAPTER VIII.

We retired early, to avoid the sand-flies, and rested ourselves on the quarter-deck of the vessel, enjoying the refreshing coolness of the evening. "Dear Eliza," said I, "what do you say to an excursion to-morrow to the other extremity of the isthmus? I wish to reconnoitre a little beyond the limits of our immediate residence. I will go early in the morning

and fetch the punt."—"No," said she, "*we* will go, if you please."—"Well, then, dear Eliza, *we* will go: it always has been *we*, and I am content that it shall be always *we*,—now and for ever, here and hereafter, my own best blessing!" This I said, embracing her tenderly.

Wednesday, 13th.—The sun had not risen when we got into our boat; and, putting off from the creek, we rowed along shore towards the northern extremity of the isthmus. We disembarked at the head of the creek, and placed ourselves and our baskets under the shade of a large tree, about twelve or fourteen yards north of the punt: we here took up a delightful position on a little mound, by the foot of which the streamlet ran down into the creek. My dear wife spread out her cold collation on this shaded spot; while I took care that the musket and all our other weapons were at hand, that we might not be surprised by we knew not what.

After breakfast, we endeavoured to penetrate into the interior, by walking along the side of the streamlet; but we soon found we could not advance far, on account of the entangling underwood; we therefore retraced our steps, planting some shaddock, and orange, and lime-pips, here and there, by the way.

Towards the afternoon, I fished up half-a-dozen crayfish, after much trouble and perplexity. I had expected they were of the same species with the creature we had taken on the western beach of the isthmus after the storm; but I soon discovered that these crayfish had no great claws, so that I was obliged to manœuvre, and succeeded in jerking a few of them out upon the beach. We then re-embarked, and kept along the western shore of the bay for about a quarter of a mile. The ground was nearly open before us, having only a few fine trees thinly scattered over it, as we sometimes see in an English park. This situation was most inviting for a residence; the position was excellent in every respect,—the ground open, the soil good, the exposure favourable to tropical trees and vegetables, there being no longer protracted shade as at the cotton-tree plantation.

While we stood contemplating the rich scenery around us, Fidele began to bark, which induced us to turn our steps towards the place, expecting to find him at his old game with an iguana; but before we had advanced many yards we saw him brush out of the wood, followed by what we considered a small pig, and almost at the same moment a drove of perhaps twenty of these pig-looking animals rushed out of the brake to the assistance of their comrade. There was no time for parley with so large a body. I had at first spared the single one, who was still skirmishing with Fidele; but now, without more ceremony, I discharged the musket direct amongst them, and one of them fell. During the short minute in which I was observing this horde of little barbarians, the advanced combatant had wounded Fidele with its tusk, who was then close to his mistress: she, at the same moment I fired, had struck her pike

wish I did not know that this was part of the peccary; I really do not like to eat it: yet I owe it to you, my kind Edward, to banish every other feeling than the desire of pleasing you." I thanked her for her sensible and gracious determination; and she smilingly received a plate of the broth from my hand, and gave it to Fidele, who seemed to mightily approve the mess. About an hour after our repast, as my dear Eliza had been confined all day with our wounded friend, I volunteered to remain with him, while she should take a little walk, by way of exercise, to the thicket and the spring. While she was absent, my little charge showed himself very sensible to my condolence and attentions; and I felt the happiness I was bestowing, even on a dumb creature, reflected graciously in my own breast.

My dear wife bent her steps first to the spring. On her return to visit the thicket, she saluted me by kissing her hand as she passed the plank-house. She did not tarry long on her errand there, soon coming back to me again, and with a brisk step approaching the platform (where I had now placed myself with our little dog), she told me she had found fluttering on the floor of the cave, two young full-feathered pigeons which, in attempting to fly out through the aperture, must have dropped probably in a first trial. She held them tenderly in her hands, and showed them to me with a pitying kind of pleasure. "Now, my dear Edward!" said she, "we can keep these, and tame them without hurting them."—"Certainly," replied I, "to keep them, we have only to cut one of their wings; and if we set them down in the cave, and throw a little bruised corn, then the old ones will feed them there." During tea the goats came gambolling before our door; and when evening drew on I placed the basket with the young pigeons in the cave, scattering plenty of bruised corn around; and then, returning to the plank-house, took Fidele in my arms, and made our escape on board before the sand-flie began to buzz.

Friday, 15th.—Our dear little dog was on foot in the cabin as soon as we arose, and seemed quite himself again; which induced me to take off the bandage placed round his neck: I bathed the part again with spirits and his mistress put on a clean neckcloth: we could not but smile at the fine bow she tied on one side of his face. On landing, she visited the pigeons in the cave, while I remained with Fidele in the plank-house. When she returned she told me, that when she went in she found a great many pigeons pecking on the floor, and that one of them was in the basket, feeding the young ones, which had both their bills in her mouth. She was quite pleased with the sight, and I with the details of it. Having nothing else to do, I brought home a load of fire-wood, which had cut some days before. On my return, I found my dear wife had boiled the kettle, and roasted the last of our plantains for breakfast: (which wholesome vegetable we this morning took our leave with some

regret, for they were an excellent substitute for bread. During the forenoon I went into the cave, and found, notwithstanding the comparative coolness of the place, that the other fore-quarter of the peccary was no longer fit for the use of our table. The salted hind-quarters, I found in very good order. Fidele now partook of our present usual fare; for the stiffness of his jaws, from his neck-wound, having passed away, he sat up, begging for some fish, which he eat with a sharp appetite. In the afternoon we rowed to the plantation: every thing was flourishing: the Indian corn was several inches above ground, high enough for the hoe; and the sugar-canes had grown another foot, so that I found plenty of employment until the evening.

We returned with improved spirits from this part of our island domain, and my Eliza, like a kind parent, welcoming her young brood, began immediately feeding the armadillo liberally with melon, and the goats with pumpkin cut in slices. The evening was delightfully cool, which induced us to remain sitting on the platform until the stars appeared, though with them the sand-flies also: so I had recourse to a cigar, while my dear love nestled close to me, and we enjoyed not a little the serenity which our situation cast around us. The cigar finished, we departed to our ship, and to repose.

Saturday, 16th.—We disembarked to breakfast, and I went to the cave to inspect our corned meat; which I found sweet, and fit for use. It occurred to me to look at the place where I had driven in the peg to hang the peccary on, as it appeared to me at the time of my hammering at it to sound hollow. On examining the spot, I was confirmed in that opinion. Accordingly we repaired together to the cave, and I knocked my hammer about in various directions wherever I saw a crevice; and though there certainly was a difference of sound near some of them, Eliza thought it could only arise from natural irregularities in the rock, probably by fissures; and so we returned as we went.

Sunday, 17th.—We arose with the sun, and performed our usual water shavings on deck. It has well been said, "that cleanliness is next to godliness;" and, therefore, we thought it no sin to make our grand ablutions on the morning of each returning Sabbath. The sea-water thrown over us was highly refreshing and invigorating; and nothing but the dread of the sharks, which we had once seen near our shore, prevented us daily bathing on the beach. We dressed ourselves neatly, and first visited the young pigeons in the basket, and brought them forth before the plank-house, where we put them out, and strewed some corn. We watched earnestly to see what would be the result, and to my Eliza's great delight while we were at our repast, the old birds came to them, and fed them by the basket. Our poor solitary cock came up amongst them, apparently glad of their company.

After breakfast I read the Morning Service, and my dear wife the lessons of the day; concluding with one of Archbishop Tillotson's excellent sermons:—"If ye love me," saith our blessed Saviour, "keep my commandments." We dined on what had been provided yesterday, giving thanks, with more than our daily fervency, for the bounties of that God, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being." In the afternoon we read some chapters in Isaiah, and a part of the Gospel of St. John; and then took a ramble into the woodland regions, Fidele following closely, and sedately, at the foot of his mistress. It was happiness unutterable so to walk, her arm linked in mine—with the one of all earthly beings the most dear; not bone of my bone, but soul of my soul—one mind, one spirit, one faith, one hope of a blessed communion with each other, for ever, in Christ.

Monday, 18th.—After my morning's labour I was disposed to linger over our breakfast; and our conversation turned upon the sounding crevices in the cave. The idea still possessed me that in some places the hollows must be deeper than a mere fissure in the rock,—perhaps, some inner cavern: I accordingly took my strongest hatchet, and was quickly satisfied that the sound from the spot near the crevice where I had hung the peccary, and for several yards beyond it, was very different from that on the other parts of the cavern. When we had the advantage of a candle, to our amazement an artificial appearance of inserted stones was evident.

I lost no time in going on board for a crow-bar, which I had seen in the fore-cuddy; and, bringing it, commenced dislodging the stones. After very short work, I had extracted sufficient to lay open a hole large enough to admit my body; and, on thrusting in my head and shoulders, I did indeed perceive a kind of chamber, dimly lit by a glimmering light from a narrow fissure above. By this aperture, I knew that the air now admitted from the opening made below would instantly clear the place of all foul vapour; and, after resting a moment to explain this to my Eliza, I wormed myself into the recess, and received the candle from her hand. The floor of the place was covered deep with sand, which was quite dry; and for some time I could not discover anything worthy of notice; but, on moving forward about three yards, I saw a collection of small canvass bags, ranged side by side, and behind them a long wooden box. Without stopping to examine their contents, I stepped back to the hole, and desired my wife to come in, telling her what I had seen. She quickly got through, following the candle and me; and opening one of the bags, I discerned at a glance some sparkling metal. "This is treasure!" cried I. She instantly exclaimed, "May it please God to preserve us!"—"From what, dearest?" I replied, tumbling out several large pieces of coin. "They are full of *dollars*," she rejoined; "and of what use are they to us?"—"Well, sweet

Eliza," I replied, "they can do us no harm; we can leave them where we find them, if we please."—"Just so," she answered. "However," said I, "we will examine the box." The lid was nailed down, so it could not be opened without a chisel. I held some pieces of the money in my hand, which had fallen out of the bag, and by the candle-light had appeared white: we then concluded they were dollars, but we now discovered, by daylight, that they were gold doubloons. I remarked this vast difference in their value to my dear wife. "Well," said she, "Edward, it is all the same to us, dollars or doubloons, or our own English farthings; we cannot send to market with money here. Your health, my honoured husband, is our wealth, and God's blessing is our exhaustless mine!"—"Very well, dearest," I replied, "if there be any more of it in the other bags, with you and God for my guide, I hope I shall not make a bad use of it, should I ever have the opportunity."—"I hope—I believe, you would not, my dear Edward," she rejoined; "but riches are a snare."—"My own Eliza," I answered gravely, "bags of gold can be no riches to me, where we are; they may as well be full of the sand that covers the floor."

Here the dialogue ended; and with less haste about going for the chisel I set about preparing dinner, in which my Eliza, cheerful as usual, assisted me; and we dined on the last corned quarter of the peccary, which was still very good. "Now," said I, "let us go and inspect the box." She relit our candle; and, taking a chisel and mallet with me, I opened the box: it was full of all sorts of gold and silver articles—representations of the Crucifixion, the Virgin and Child, in highly-wrought silver shrines, gold hilts for swords, large earrings of gold, some ingots of gold, and a considerable quantity of gold and silver tissue, and some silver lavers, and other costly things. My dear wife admired all these beautiful pieces of workmanship very much, making many appropriate remarks on the different articles; and when we had examined all, she gently said, "Dear Edward, let us now shut the box up, and the place in which it is also: these things do not belong to us."—"O, very well!" I hastily replied: "as you please! I don't care a rush about them!"

But this affair was of too much importance to remain unsettled. I turned the doubloons over and over in my hand, and found on them the head of Carolus II. which, although looking as if just out of the Mint, bore the date of 1670. "Eliza," said I, "when we look at the date of this coin, the probability is, that this treasure has been here at least fifty or sixty years, and that there are no persons living to whom it belongs. Besides, most likely, the persons who placed it where it is were buccanniers who despoiled some Spanish vessel of it; the first owners, then, are doubtlessly killed. Hence it does not belong to any one; at least not to any one that could, with the utmost diligence, be discovered. Therefore possession is the only right which, under such circumstances, can be set

up; and it is a duty I owe to myself and to you, and to all connected with us, though on distant shores, to endeavour to preserve this treasure and to convey it to England, if ever an opportunity should offer." She did not answer me for some time: at last she said, "If those to whom it rightfully belongs cannot have it, I certainly see no just reason why you should not do as you propose—preserve it for your own use, and so apply it, should the occasion ever present itself."—"Well, my dear Eliza, that is the principle on which I shall act."

The question was now set at rest between us, by which a great weight was taken off my mind: for my exemplary wife would never have uttered an assent to any measure not founded on moral propriety. It was but a few hours since I had discovered this hoard of gold; and, with all my efforts, I could not settle to my work as before. I continued in the plank-house, talking on subjects far from our little island; and I asked my sweetly-attentive companion, to give us some wine, which she did immediately; and I sat, and discoursed, and drank wine, till tea-time. She often smiled as I talked, but would not disturb my humour; and that visionary hour or two passed off very well. We fed our animals and retired early to the vessel.

Tuesday, 19th.—My sleep during the night was harassed by strange dreams, so incoherent, they could not be recounted; but all bore on the treasure in the cave. After breakfast, I proposed that we should examine the whole of the bags, with their contents; and accordingly, on entering the cave, I removed the loose stones from the breach in the wall and we again found ourselves in the recess. I counted the bags, and found forty, each of them not larger than the top of a stocking; but on reckoning out the doubloons from the bag we had first found, the result was five hundred; and on breaking the strings, which were quite mouldering, of some others, I saw their contents to be the same. The bags themselves, also, were nearly rotten, although they lay in a bed of dry sand. "We have here," said I, "my dear Eliza, a proof of the great length of time this money has been hidden in this place."—"Well," she replied, "but what are we to do with it?"—"You must make new bags," was my answer, "and I will make boxes to pack them in; and then we will leave them here, ready for an opportunity that may occur to remove them and us."

I hastened to get up some new canvass from the fore-cuddy of the brig and as speedily cut it out into forty pieces, for as many bags. "Now, my own Eliza," said I, "you must sew up these as strongly as you can, and I will make boxes to pack them in." Here was at least a fortnight's employment for us; and we immediately began occupying ourselves with our task.

On Sunday, the 24th, we rested from our labours, and kept the Sabbath; but I confess we did not feel so serenely devout on this day as ha

been usual to us ; yet we read the service of the church, and engaged ourselves in other spiritual exercises ; but our thoughts too often recurred to the strange discovery of the preceding week : still it was the Sabbath, and we found it so to our minds, for we prayed fervently to God for direction and support, to be our counsellor and comforter, and not to permit us to forsake him, and our life of holy hope, for any earthly considerations.

On our coming on shore, we were agreeably greeted near the thicket-avenue by the appearance of one of our fowls with her brood of twelve ; and I can truly say we were more delighted in seeing this increase to our family than in finding all the treasure : the one pleasure was unalloyed ; the other was encompassed with care and misgivings. My dear wife fed the mother hen, before our own breakfast, with plenty of bruised corn, of which the little strangers endeavoured to partake ; while the two young pigeons also walked about pecking familiarly with the group.

After dinner, we took a walk through the woodland region to the plantation, and there felt a renewal of our former pure happiness. We returned to our house an hour before the sun dropped ; and, having read some chapters in the Bible, took our tea, and retired to rest.

Monday, 25th. — On rising this morning, I, as well as my dear wife, could not help expressing a wish that we had never found the treasure ; for it had discomposed our minds, and sadly thrown us out of the customary tenor of our employments. However, having taken our resolution, we continued to persevere in making the bags and boxes, and all were finished by the following Saturday morning. We then counted the contents of each old bag, as they were turned over into the new bags, and found each to contain exactly five hundred doubloons. I had made each box to hold three of the bags, which I packed closely with sand, thirteen boxes in all ; and there was one bag over, which I removed to the plank-house.

In the course of the week, two of the ducks had brought out their broods, — one of eight, the other of ten, and, busy as we had been, we did not omit to carefully house them every evening in a place I had built for them near the spring.

Sunday, March 3rd. — We arose this morning, and blessed God, as if delivered from some great calamity. Our hearts were again light, and we enjoyed ourselves, arm-in-arm, on deck, after dressing for the day with a new delight. The sun was up, yet the morning was cool, and we looked once more around, alive to all the beauties of nature that surrounded us. This Sabbath was passed in great comfort of mind, and in the due exercises of religious duty.

Monday, 4th. — We congratulated each other, on leaving our cabin this morning, that we had done with the counting and packing the doubloons, but nevertheless I smilingly remarked that I had large possessions, both

flourishing condition. We finished our evening on the platform of our palace, as usual, and retired early to our vessel.

I will now pass through the next five weeks by observing cursorily, that I worked for four hours in the morning of every week-day, getting forward the materials for building our residence, on the open space beyond the silk-cotton tree; and I also contrived to find time to make a secure place with planks and fragments of the rock, covered in at the top under the larboard bow of the brig, for a bathing-place, which proved a source of great comfort and delight to us both; nor did I neglect to dress the ground at one or other of the plantations every evening. My dear wife the while attended to the stock, and other domestic matters; always happy when the Sunday came round, being ever to us a Sabbath day.

CHAPTER IX.

MONDAY, 15th April.—While my dear wife and I were enjoying our breakfast under the wide shadow of our arbour tree, we were struck dumb by the sudden appearance of a large canoe between us and the opposite island. To arms was the first impulse; and after looking at each other for a few moments with astonishment, I said, "Fear nothing, my beloved wife! They may be nothing more than a few harmless Indians, driven hither by some accident. I will wave to them to land."—"Then," replied she, "may our God be with us, as we mean them kindly!" I took her pike, and tied a white napkin, that lay in the basket, to it, as a flag. In a few minutes the people discovered us, for they were little more than half a mile distant from the shore. They immediately turned the canoe's head towards our flag, and soon began to hail us; but we could not understand them; our only answer, therefore, was still waving our signal. My dear wife, however, bethought herself of running back to the cotton tree, whence she brought a fine melon, and held it up in her hand. At sight of this they spoke to us again, and we heard the word "*amigos*," or something very like it. The Latin I had learned at school made me catch at it. "*Amicus*!" thought I; "that will do;" and I hallooed out "*amigos*!" as loudly as I could, imitating their pronunciation of the word, and again waving the flag. On this they began to paddle in earnest towards us; and we discovered two men, two women, and a girl in the canoe, all negroes. I now perceived we had nothing to fear; so we descended to the beach just as the canoe touched the shore. The people did not jump on land instantly, but stood, or sat, surveying us attentively. At length the elder of the men stepped out, and stooping before me, embraced my knees. I raised him up, while my wife, with the look of an angel, gave him the melon; and I, to show him I had no

misgivings, took a clasp-knife from my pocket, and putting it into his hand unopened, made signs to him to cut the melon, and divide it among his party. It was a water-melon; and in their situation, parching with thirst, as we afterwards learned, nothing could be more grateful or acceptable. He returned into the canoe, and, opening the knife, cut the melon into slices, and presented it to his companions. After they had finished, I made signs to the two men to rise and go with me, at the same time saying to my wife, "Will you be afraid to stay with the women?" She answered, with firmness, "Certainly not." The men hesitated to leave the women, as they did not suppose that my dear partner was other than a caballero, till one of the women suddenly seemed to recognise her sex; and then speaking to the men to that purpose, as I supposed, they readily went with me. I put the salt beef and biscuit, and other things, into the basket, giving it to one of the men to carry, and to the other the canteen with water. I then returned with them back to the beach. As we drew near, my companions laughed and shouted to their women, who answered by clapping their hands, accompanied by some vociferous expressions indicative of joy. During all this affair Fidele never barked, but kept quite close to the feet of his mistress, eyeing the negroes with fear and suspicion.

When they had finished their repast, which was scanty enough for so many, I made one of them take up the empty basket, and another the canteen, and then, proceeding in a body to the great tree, I signed to them to lie down to rest. They instantly obeyed, and all but the elder man fell asleep. He and I endeavoured to converse; but could not understand each other in the least. I was, however, satisfied he spoke Spanish, though perhaps in the sort of way the negroes of Jamaica speak English. If he had spoken pure Castilian, I should not have understood him the better for it. All that I could comprehend was, that his name was Diego, and that he called the other man Shaver; which, as he repeated it several times, caused my dear wife to smile, at which old Diego laughed heartily, although ignorant of the joke. The man's name, no doubt, was Xavier, though pronounced in a manner that produced a ridiculous meaning to our English ears. My dear wife then suggested that, as these poor strangers had but a spare breakfast, it were well to take Diego, and bring some provisions for their ample dinner. He appeared to understand that his services were required, and followed us through the woodland region without showing any fear.

No doubt he expected to see a fine house, and plenty of people; for, after passing along the path between the promontory and the rock, he looked around and around, and then at us, with a sort of amazement. As we came out on the platform, he turned his eyes upon the brig, and then said something to me. I made signs, to inform him she had been wrecked, and that all but ourselves had perished. He understood me completely;

his eyes instantly filled with tears, and he covered his face with his hands. Poor negro, thou thyself, like ourselves, had been snatched from a watery grave! and the Divine spirit, breathed into man, became manifest in thee at this moment. My beloved Eliza was deeply affected by this language of universal nature, which so distinctly spoke how much the poor negro compassionated our present situation.

We proceeded on our return to his sleeping friends; but I stopped when we arrived at the rocky point, and said to my dear wife, "Go, my Eliza, and catch us a fish." She dropped the bait into our conservatory, when a fish immediately took it, which, with a little exertion, she soon drew out upon the rock. Diego, on seeing the great size of the prize, caught in a moment, as he thought, from the sea, by a white woman too (whom, he believed, could do nothing but yawn and count her beads), burst into an ecstasy, and sprang on the rock, to disentangle the fish from the hook. My dear Eliza thanked him with a smile, and the next instant he descended with the fish in his hand; and we returned to the cotton-tree within the hour, and found all the party still asleep.

Diego roused them immediately on our arrival; while, with an air of triumph, he held the fish over the face of one, and a great yam over another, as the people lay close together. After rubbing their eyes, they one and all began to talk and smile; and we rejoiced to see in our new companions nothing but what was cheerful and inoffensive. "Shawveer," said I (imitating Diego as well as I could in pronouncing the name), and at the same time taking him by the arm, "come with me." I led him to a little distance, and ignited the leaves and sticks, making signs to him, meanwhile, to build up a fire on that spot. He was pleased with the occupation, and soon called on one of the women, who was his wife. On this I put my hand on his breast, saying "Shawveer," then touching his wife's shoulder, at the same time pointing to him, and repeating his name and then pointing to her: after the pause of a second, he understood my question, and answered "Hachinta." I repeated the word, patting her on the shoulder, and then left them to collect wood and make up the fire.

On returning to the cotton-tree, I found Diego in full detail to the other two women, the one his wife, the other his daughter, a girl about seventeen years of age: and I suppose he had told of his seeing the brig, and his understanding our misfortune; for at the moment I came close up to them, his wife fell before the knees of my dear Eliza, weeping and kissing her feet. This scene sealed our friendship for these poor outcasts.

We now thought it best to retire to the plank-house, and made them comprehend that we were going to rest for a while; but Diego, no doubt, had made his wife understand we were without any one to help us, for she took her daughter by the hand, pronouncing the word "Mira," giving

her, at the same moment, a gentle push, as much as to say, "I have turned you over." My dear Eliza looked so kindly on the girl, that she showed no reluctance in going along with her.

As soon as we entered our house, her new mistress cut a musk-melon, and gave her a slice of it, which she eat with evident pleasure. I made haste to take a fish from the conservatory, which I gave to Mira, who helped it into the kettle with much adroitness: she also seemed to know what she was about in roasting the yams. When the dinner was ready, after taking for ourselves, I filled a plate, and gave it to the girl on the platform, where she ate with great composure. After we had rested about a couple of hours, my dear wife made her maiden put four young cocoa-nuts into her basket, which my Eliza presented one by one to each of the party at the plantation: they looked pleased at the promised treat in their hands; but they had no knife; so I gave Diego the clasp-knife, and made signs to him to keep it, which delighted him exceedingly.

Poor creatures! they all appeared very much fatigued or exhausted, and seemed quite content to take up their abode in the shed I had erected to store the vegetable productions in; but to render it a little more comfortable, I made the men bring in a few planks for their beds, and the thin sail of their canoe to cover them at night.

On our arrival at the plank-house, my Eliza made a large quantity of coffee; then, pouring part of it into a tin camp-kettle, she put it into Mira's hands, with a basket containing biscuits and a small mug; making a sign to her to take them to her friends, which she answered by a pleasant look, and instantly set out at a good pace.

"My honoured husband," said my dear wife to me, "the coming of these people is an event so new and unexpected, that I sometimes think it a dream; however, I doubt not Providence hath brought them for their good and ours, poor creatures! God hath been merciful to them as to us, and it is our duty to share what we have with them."—"We will be kind to them, my dear Eliza," I replied; "but for their happiness and our own, they must be accustomed to look up to us for everything, and therefore be made to serve us as servants, but not as slaves."—"My Edward," she replied, "your judgment is always most prudent as well as most kind; and I hope we shall be able in time to teach them to know that God who delivered them from death, and placed them here in security and abundance."

In this strain our conversation continued until near sunset, when Diego returned with his daughter, bringing the empty baskets, and tin kettle, and making many signs of thanks, bowing profoundly before us. The girl was nearly worn out by the recent fatigue and anxiety she had undergone; but she did not follow us quite so willingly as before, when she saw us about to embark. However, a kind look from my Eliza pre-

vailed over her reluctance, and we spread a bed for her on the cabin door.

Tuesday, 16th. -- We arose with the dawn, but Mira was fast asleep. Without more ado, I walked over to the plantation, where I found the two men and their wives out before the shed. They greeted me with grateful reverence, and I, having shown them a kind salutation on my part, took Diego by the arm, as a sign to go with me, which he did; and leading him to the beach, I rowed him round in the punt to the rocky point. I made him prepare two fish for dressing, and we carried up our work to the plank-house, where we met my wife with her maid. Diego scarcely knew his daughter, her mistress having made her bathe, and dress herself in a white chemise and petticoat; after which my dear Eliza tied a coloured Bandana kerchief gracefully around the girl's head. Mira was quite elated, and showed herself with pride to her father, turning round and round with a sort of dancing step. He smiled, and patted her shoulder, bowing to us; while we put some yams into one of the baskets, with a couple of melons and the fish: I then made signs to him to depart to his companions.

During breakfast, I complimented my wife on the change she had made in Mira, adding that I thought it might be well to give the whole party two suits of clothes each. She was delighted at the idea; and we soon brought from on board the articles necessary for the men from the seamen's chests. She then accompanied me, Mira carrying the bundles, to the cotton-tree plantation. The women, on seeing Mira's gay appearance, required no further inducement to follow their new mistress; and left me with the two men, whom I led to the beach, and soon made comprehend my meaning. Having given themselves a thorough washing, each put on a check shirt, and white duck trousers, which I handed them, and looked neat enough.

I now walked my men over the places of my agricultural labours, and put the spade and the hoe into Diego's hands, as much as to say, "I deliver all these things into your care;" and he understood me. He knew all the plants; and when he saw the tobacco shoots, he put his finger and thumb to his mouth, imitative of smoking: and instead of looking contemptuously at my half-dozen sugar-canes, he evidently expressed wonder at seeing them there at all, by first pointing at them, and then at me, and then looking upwards. I proceeded next to the great body of planks, and was about to mark out two spots in the rear, for them to erect each a hut, when Xavier, with a grin of sudden joy, touched his own hands, and then the timber, and, quickly drawing aside a plank, began a sort of pantomime, by which I as promptly understood that he was a carpenter -- a discovery that pleased me exceedingly. We then marked out an oblong square for each, sixteen feet by twelve, with which Xavier seemed well satisfied. At this instant my dear partner appeared with her

three damsels, all looking equally clean and neat, and in high spirits ; and the whole party congratulated each other by bows, significant of mutual respect at meeting in such finery.

I took Xavier to the ship, to help himself to a saw, an axe, and an adze, and such other things as he might require. He was highly amused with the construction of the plank-house, and viewed it over and over again, inside and out, to my no small entertainment too. In less than an hour I had the satisfaction of seeing both Diego and Xavier engaged in their respective employments. "I am happy to see this," said my dear wife. "It has pleased God, my Edward, to relieve you from a toil, that, in such a climate, could not have been pursued without ultimate destruction to your health." I indeed gratefully acknowledged the signal providence ; and my sweet angel soon after left us, taking with her Mira and her mother Rota, with a view to prepare food for us and them. Xavier commenced digging holes for the uprights of his hut ; but the ground proved rocky, being a red sandstone, hard, within a few inches of the surface soil. I therefore took him to the plank-house, and gave him the crow-bar I had used in removing the stones of the cavern.

On rejoining Eliza, I found the good negress had proved herself handy in the culinary art, so that to my great satisfaction the object of my anxious care had not been under the least necessity, as heretofore, of broiling herself over the fire. As we sat down to dinner, she was sensible of this relief ; and it were, perhaps, difficult to ascertain whether we or the negroes rejoiced most in the providential connexion, which our similar misfortune had brought about. We then proceeded to the silk-cotton tree. Xavier had not been idle during my absence, having excavated several places for the uprights of one hut, which, he explained to me, were to be made by sawing a plank lengthways into three, — a very good idea. While I stood by, Diego took the crow-bar, and went on with the hole-digging ; while Xavier commenced with the saw, — no doubt proud to show me how well he could handle it. In the midst of this we were agreeably surprised by seeing the two women take a hoe each, and go over among the Indian corn, and commence hoeing the ground well up around all the stems.

Strange as it may appear, my dear wife and myself felt ourselves exalted in rank by the situation in which we then stood ; and, as we talked along, Eliza often exclaimed, "How gracious is God, my Edward ! how, in a day, has he taken off all our burdens, and made us the protectors and supporters of those he has sent to serve us." On coming round again where the melons grew, she requested me to cut two that were ripe, one of which she sent by Mira to her father, and the other she cut in pieces, and gave it to Rota and the other woman, whom they called "Hachinta ;" a name that puzzled us a good deal, but which, I have since learned, the Spaniards write "Jacinta."

As the sun was now sinking towards his setting, and there was plenty of provisions left from the people's dinner for their after-meals, we took our leave of them for the day. Coffee was soon in preparation; on handing which, the negro girl raised a smile in my wife and myself, by calling her Eliza, when she addressed her, in presenting it. This was very natural, but I thought it right to show her the proper distinction; and I therefore said, "No: Señora." Mira instantly corrected herself, repeating "Señora" with an inclination of the body. When the girl went over to the fire, my dear Eliza laughed, saying, "I shall fancy myself a heroine in Gil Blas; but you are right, Edward." After coffee I regaled myself with a cigar: at the sight of it Mira was delighted, and, without losing a moment, had brought me a firestick to light it; after which she stood near, to enjoy the fragrant smoke as it issued from my mouth.

Wednesday, 17th.—I arose, as usual, with the dawn; and we breakfasted immediately, to give more time for business; and after the meal, my Eliza named "Rota" and "Hachinta," pointing to Mira to go for them. She went, and in a short time returned with them. My wife then gave each of the women a second suit of clothes, and directed them to carry the linen before her to the streamlet, while she took the two washing mallets in her own hand, and a piece of soap,—part of my good aunt's supply, which, after our first essay, we had found necessary to the perfect cleansing of our linen, notwithstanding the cleverness of my two wooden-headed damsels. When arrived there, she set her laundresses to work in the water without any trouble or difficulty. At the plantation, we found both men busy in erecting the uprights, six of which Xavier had sawn out; and both appeared quite happy, and perfectly recovered.

My dear wife and I had determined, when speaking to them, not to repeat any of their words excepting their own proper names, hoping by this to compel them to learn our language. On this principle I began to school Xavier, by pointing to the several instruments he used, at the same time calling them respectively by their names; by which he and his companions soon acquired a very competent knowledge of our terms for all the common articles of life. Mira had told them about her mistake in addressing my wife; after which both the men, when naming her in any way, called her "La Señora;" and so did the two women on coming over with Mira in the morning.

While the men were at work, we sat down under the shade of our noble tree. "This indulgence won't do, Edward!" suddenly exclaimed my Eliza, sweetly smiling; "I must mind my own duties, and go to superintend our domestic concerns." She went, while I continued for an hour looking over the men, and was much pleased with the progress they made in the construction of the hut, and particularly with the scientific way in which Xavier went to work. Seeing that he perfectly understood what he was about, I made up my mind to leave him at once to the completion

of the whole. In my walk home, as I passed the Indian corn, I pulled some of the full heads called cobs, and took them with me to roast; for in that green state they taste something like young pease. On my arrival, I found the cooking business in high order. A great stew of salt pork, with a due proportion of vegetables and pepper pods, was going forward. At noon, Mira was sent over to the cotton-tree for the men, and, after they had returned to their work, I remarked to my wife that I thought it would be prudent to remove the bag of doubloons from the shelf to my trunk in the vessel, lest curiosity might induce Mira some day or other to pry into its contents, and inform her friends of our riches; which in the course of the afternoon I carried into effect. The women finished their task before sunset; when Mira went for the men, and brought them to regale, with their wives, on coffee and flour cakes, in the spot where they had dined. After that favourite beverage, they came up of themselves to the plank-house, and in their grateful delight danced before us while we sat at tea. When they had finished, Diego, who appeared quite a courtier in his way, bowed several times to the Señora and myself; and looking archly at me, with a smile, said, "Don Edvardo! cigarro?" putting his finger to his mouth, and puffing from the lips as if he were smoking. I took the hint, and presented him with one cigar, and Xavier with another; then pointing in the direction of the cotton-tree plantation, they took their leave.

Thursday, 18th.—On this day and the two following, the men continued steadily at work upon the first hut; Diego, meanwhile, employing Hachinta with the hoe among the corn, and other plants in the neighbourhood of their occupation. Rota was chiefly at the plank-house with Mira and her mistress, assisting in smoothing the clean clothes, and in cooking provisions. I found sufficient to do on board, looking over the bills of lading to refresh my memory, and in selecting out such things as might be required for coming events.

Sunday, 21st.—We arose as usual with the dawn. I hastened to the plantation to prevent the men working, and arrived just as they were about to commence. The poor fellows looked a little astounded: they apprehended something wrong; and the more so, because my aspect was graver than ordinary. Then I held up the extended fingers of one hand with two of the other, bending them in succession, and making a sign of, "*to work*," until after I had bent the sixth; I then, bending the other, knelt on a plank that lay beside me, and raising my hands to heaven, I prayed, "Bless these people, O Lord, with thy holy Spirit; that they, even they, may be brought to a knowledge of thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Diego repeated "Jesu Christo," and crossed himself. I was pleased to perceive that I was understood, and that the name, at least, of Christ, was not a strange sound in their ears. We put the working implements into the shed; then, pointing to my clean dress, I gave them

to understand that they must go to the sea and wash, and put on fresh clothes, they and the women also.

I now returned to my dear wife, to inform her of my success; for in talking this matter over, we had much feared there would be great difficulty in making a first impression. She greeted me in her straw hat, which she had not worn for some months; and I was agreeably surprised to see her in it again: besides, it was a welcome evidence of a returning step to civilised life. She had made Mira, also, look very pretty,—if a negro wench could ever be so transformed to an English eye! Cakes had been baked, and salt meat boiled, on the preceding day; so that there was nothing to do now but to heat the coffee; and when it was nearly ready, Mira was sent to summon her friends to breakfast.

As we eat, we discussed the propriety of having the people at the Morning service, which we at length agreed to shorten; and my *Elias* offered to sing a hymn at the beginning, and ending, of the prayer. After the breakfast things were put away, and the interior of our palace, now to be our church, was put in order, I sent Mira for her people; and not being ashamed of the sign of the cross, I seized on Diego's acknowledgment of its sacred import, and, when they assembled, I took a little water, and dipping my finger in it, moved it on the forehead of each one present, saying, "May it please thee, O God, to add this individual to thy holy church." And this being done, my wife, while we yet stood, sang an appropriate hymn, in indeed angelic strains. We now knelt down: they all followed our example; and I repeated the Lord's Prayer, and Belief, and Confession of Sins, with heartfelt energy. We then rose; and I read the general thanksgiving, followed by "We praise thee, O God!" after which my wife sang another beautiful hymn; and this short service was concluded by my repeating the benediction of our church. When it was finished, I took each of the people cordially by their hands, as did my dear wife, and, pointing immediately after to heaven, exclaimed, "Bless us, O Lord! bless thy people!" The Prayer Book was then shut, and put carefully and respectfully away; after which, we all went out together, my soul's partner taking my arm, which example the other men and their wives reverentially imitated, poor forlorn Mira, and *Fidels*, following separately in our train.

I knew it would be impossible for these uninformed human beings to pass the whole of a day unless they had some amusement. We therefore bent our course through the woodland region; and making a sign to the men to get into the canoe, and row us round to the plank-house beach, they obeyed with alacrity. The canoe was very swift,—not like my heavy, though useful, punt, which with great propriety may be compared to a donkey that carries sand, and the canoe to a nimble-footed pony. My wife filled the large basket with cold provisions for the proposed excursion; and I made signs to Diego to put it into the canoe; then,

pointing to the island opposite, showed him I wished him to go there, but to return before sunset. He paused a moment; and, putting his hand to his mouth, said "water." I nodded; and he set off on foot for the canteen, which had been left at the plantation. When he returned, I took hold of Rota, put her arm under mine, and walking about thus for a second or two, pointed to Diego, and then to the island: by this they instantly comprehended that it was a party of pleasure we intended them; and the whole then pushed out into the lake in great glee, and rowed swiftly towards the opposite shore.

When they were fairly off, we and Mira, and our faithful little dog, strolled leisurely through the woodland region, and took post under the great tree. From this point we watched the canoe, until we saw the people land on the opposite island, in a bay, which appeared to be bounded on each side of its beach by a ledge of rocks. I then adjusted my spy-glass, and soon discovered each man and his wife, according to our example, walking arm in arm up the beach, each of the men also holding his pike. Mira was both astonished and delighted, running, once or twice, from one end of the glass to the other, looking both ways in added amazement.

When the sun had passed the meridian, we retraced our steps to the plank-house, where our cold dinner was laid to receive us at one o'clock. By way of dessert, we regaled ourselves with a fresh muskmelon and a little wine; the former of which we shared with Mira and the armadillo. The spy-glass was again placed on a rest, and my Eliza's gentle voice read to me several chapters of Ezekiel. When she had finished, we prayed together to God, for the continuance of his grace, and to pardon anything we had done amiss this day, in our zeal for converting the poor negroes to a knowledge of His will.

We now took a peep at our wandering friends, and traced them into the creek, beyond the place in which we had had the encounter with the peccaries. After a time, Mira began to show uneasiness; she was tired of watching, and they had not appeared. But about an hour before sunset we saw them row out of the creek, and this was a signal with us for getting coffee ready to meet their return: we meant it for a treat: and as we had many casks of Irish butter in our vessel, my dear wife added a fragrant portion of that luxury to the nice flour cakes Mira now put before the fire to warm.

As they were landing, we hailed them with a smile, and a few words spoken with a kind accent, which made their meaning quite intelligible. Diego would not lead to the hatch until he had taken me to the canoe, where I saw several crayfish, and a great many large shells, among which were some rock oysters: he had also brought a variety of plants, or their leaves, and some roots. I could not tell him, that to collect such things was not the object of his excursion, but I owed it to his motive to

appear pleased, feeling that he had done no moral wrong. When joined the party, we heard Mira's tongue going, interrupted only by laughing of Xavier, and sometimes of the women, or of the whole party. Doubtless she was telling them the knowledge she had of all they did in their absence: but Diego soon guessed the truth of the matter, supposed, for he patted her on the back, and, looking her in the face, said something very knowingly, laughing also, as it were triumphantly. When they had finished their meal, they proceeded through the woodland region to their hut. We now returned to our palace, and refreshed ourselves with tea, but Mira did not seem to relish it as well as her friends had done their coffee. As the evening closed, she and her mistresses scattered some corn for the fowls and pigeons; and we then all retired peacefully and happy, to our vessel, and to sleep.

Monday, 22nd.—I visited the men, supplying them from time to time with what was wanted for the work, from the vessel; which kept me going to and fro several times during the forenoon; and before evening they were fitted on a complete framework for a sloping roof; so that in a day or two they would be able to enclose it all with the canvass. Diego showed me many palm-leaves, which he had brought in the canoe, not quite the same as those near the plantation; and he made me understand that they were to be formed into hats. He then took me to a spot near the little spring where he had put in some suckers of the wild banana, which he had found somewhere. I knew the plant, having seen it in its cultivated state in Jamaica. Pleased with his zeal, I returned, and sent some cold salted meat and biscuit, by the women, for his and Xavier's supper; and, after taking coffee, we retired early to our ship, and to sleep.

Tuesday, 23rd.—The hut was ready for the canvass; and all things being in its completion being on the spot, I left the two women to assist Xavier while I took Diego with me, accompanied by my wife, her maid, and Fidele, to the cocoa-nut grove. While Diego employed himself with the hoe, of which there was great need, I took the gaskets, and, climbing up the trees, knocked down about a score of the nuts presently with my hatchet. I then pointed to Diego and Mira to help themselves, which they did, not unsparingly; the good old negro never failing to offer me an opened nut to my wife, or myself, before he would partake of it himself.

Our party returned to the plank-house about noon. Diego added some of his oysters to our repast, and we found them excellent. In the afternoon we visited the cotton-tree plantation, where we now found both men and women hard at work, trying to complete the hut that day. I looked on with great satisfaction; and having made Mira serve them some water-melons, and a few cocoa-nuts, to add to their supper of salted meat, we said, "Good evening," and retired.

Wednesday, 24th.—This morning I found the hut perfectly enclosed, and during this and the three following days, the men worked closely

ond habitation ; the women cooking the provisions, and doing
er things as my wife directed.

y, 28th. — We arrayed ourselves on the morning of the Sabbath
n skin and clean clothes, and prayed to God to give us a clean
Soon after our landing at the plank-house, the two men and their
me in their fresh attire, and saluted us. A coffee breakfast was
l for them, with some flour cakes and butter ; and after their
l our own, as on the former Sabbath, we went to prayer, lengthen-
ervice a little ; my beloved Eliza, as before, singing a hymn at
ming and end of the service. They behaved with great decorum,
red neither impatience nor restlessness.

prayers, we again gave them a basket of provisions, with the
and the pikes ; and I made Diego understand I wished him to
d the promontory. As they could not as yet profit either by our
r conversation, I did not know how they could better employ
ie ; for we wished to avoid disgusting them with the rest of the
by dictating observances, the meaning of which they could not
it be taught to comprehend. They put off from the shore in
rits : and we left Mira to watch the explorers with the glass ;
dear wife and myself employed ourselves in reading the Bible.
nding them come back by five o'clock, we all became very
and our uneasiness increased till near sunset, when we gladly,
; unexpectedly, saw them rowing up the lake. They, of course,
led the island ; and, on relanding, must have rowed round it ; by
cumstance I now got an idea of its extent. They had taken a
nd several live shells, large and small, of the conch kind, and
besides having collected some vegetable productions. I could,
say nothing about this now ; so, after they had eaten their
contented myself with making Diego understand he must carry
l to the cotton-tree plantation beach in the canoe. After the
departure to their rest, of which they had much need, we regaled
with tea, and then retired to our ship.

y, 29th. — I visited the plantation early in the morning, and
e men at work on the second hut ; but taking hold of Diego, I
understand that he must kill the turtle, and Rota prepare it for
It was but a chicken, compared with the former one, not weigh-
; than sixty pounds, shell and all. In about an hour Rota
with the turtle cut up, carrying it on her head in the calapach or
ll : she laid it down on the platform, before my dear wife, who
instantly know what it was ; but when she recognised it, I was
erceive she did not show any disgust or aversion on the occasion.
seen it alive, perhaps she would not have consented to its being
t any rate, I doubt whether she would then have consented to
. I picked out the calipee, or under part, for ourselves, and

made Rota take the rest to dress for the people's dinner; and, that she might make it savory, my kind Eliza gave her some capsicums and allspice to season it: and we all enjoyed the treat.

During the remainder of the week, every effort was made to complete the second hut. Indeed, by Saturday night, it was finished, and both families comfortably lodged, one in each hut; and we were happy in seeing them thus lodged, and surrounded by many other blessings.

Sunday, May 5th.—The sanctity of the day was duly observed. After divine service, we walked with the whole company to the top of the promontory; and passed the evening in looking at the people's huts, and visiting every thing most interesting around.

Monday, 6th.—The season was now come to dig the yams and cocoos; also to gather in the ripe melons and pumpkins. The Indian corn, too, was nearly ripe; so there was no time to be lost. Diego and the women, therefore, set briskly to work. By this activity, in less than four days every thing was brought away from the cocoa-nut grove plantation, and housed; and, by the following Saturday, all other of our mature produce, from different spots, excepting the corn and tobacco, was safely stored, besides our having many melons and pumpkins still in progress of growth. We were surprised and grateful at seeing so great an abundance from such small sowings.

Tuesday, 7th.—The sun was in our zenith at noon to-day, not casting shadow in any direction beyond the object. I took advantage of this observation, to make something like an approach to a knowledge of our situation as to latitude: and, by allowing four days to a degree, from the sun's transit over the equator on the 10th of March (the day of the equinox*) to the present time, it gave fourteen degrees and a half, which I now concluded to be pretty accurately the latitude of the islands.

Sunday, 12th.—We endeavoured to-day to convey some religious instruction, by way of a more lasting reward on our indefatigable labourers. They listened attentively and patiently; but Diego alone seemed to comprehend anything we said or did towards the subject, and he but little; yet any degree is one step onward.

Monday, 13th.—Diego continued his husbandry cares; and Xavier was employed in putting a sloping roof of board on the plank-house, the better to protect its interior from the rains which we now might look for.

Tuesday, 14th.—I gave out a keg of red ochre, and some oil, from the fore-cuddy; and directed Xavier how to paint the canvass coverings of the huts; and by Thursday night he had laid on them two coats, which would not only render them proof against rain, but give them a gay and pleasing appearance. While he was about this work, Diego housed the corn cobs and tobacco leaves; and during the last two days of the week the men employed themselves beyond the silk-cotton tree.

* Old style.

Sat. 18th : Mon. 20, etc.—The sun rose in a haze ; the clouds began to rise from the westward ; and there was little breeze of any kind all day. By evening we had completed our operations, and just in time, for about ten o'clock at night it commenced raining most tremendously. On the morning of the following day it was again fair, with a clear sky, so that we met to prayers at the usual hour ; but about three o'clock in the afternoon, the clouds opened on us in torrents for two hours, but without wind, and then cleared up. In like manner, it continued to rain every day for seven days ; during which time we took the best care of ourselves we could, and attended carefully to our stock.

Saturday, 25th.—The sun rose this morning with unusual power and brilliancy, the rains had ceased, and not a cloud was to be seen. Diego lost no time in making me understand that he and the women must employ themselves assiduously, after Sunday, in planting the yams, coccos, corn, and other seeds. We were all busy to-day in airing things that had been wetted by the rains ; and the evening was finished by a great take of mullet with torchlight, to the great amusement, if not astonishment, of our negro friends.

Sunday, 26th.—We all met in our Sunday dress at divine service ; and, after my dear wife had sung the hymn, we made the people say the Lord's Prayer after us, which they tried to do. It could not be explained to them at once ; but we made them understand that the God to whom we prayed in the address, "Our Father in heaven !" stood in the same relation to us all that Diego stood to Mira ; and this was a great point gained, as they now had some idea of the object of our worship. And at night, when we retired to rest, we fervently poured forth our thanks to the Lord of heaven and earth for blessing our endeavours so far in opening the minds of these kind-hearted creatures to a knowledge of God.

Monday, 27th.—After the women had finished their Monday morning's task, they put themselves under Diego's direction ; for we had now determined that Xavier should henceforward be chiefly employed in the erection of our long-projected habitation, on the glade beyond our dear hospitable silk-cotton tree. To this end, I furnished him with a plan forty-four feet by sixteen ; height of walls fourteen feet : the interior to be divided into three parts ; the centre great room, sixteen feet ; with one at each side, fourteen feet. There were plenty of materials for the projected edifice ; and I therefore hoped that he might finish the building in six months.

CHAPTER X.

THE men worked steadily at their respective avocations, and in three months the labours of each made a respectable appearance. Diego had laid out the grounds well, and every plant had attained its full growth. The house was up; the roofing and flooring, and interior work, only remained to be done. Our negro friends began to speak with us on all ordinary matters in our own language; and we hoped they now knew something of their Redeemer, and the moral duties that should bind man to man.

Monday, August 26th.—My dear wife and myself had much reason to be well satisfied with the prospect of being comfortably lodged before the winter, which, although not much colder than an English summer, yet, in this climate, is attended frequently with stormy, disagreeable weather. We beheld every thing around us prosperous. Our young goats were nearly full grown, and our three broods of chickens had nearly attained maturity. Some of the young ducks had been lost, but there remained an abundance; so that now and then we treated ourselves to a roast duckling, as a delicacy. Diego's plantation was gratifying to look at. The large red leaves of the coccos had a brilliant effect; and the majestic Indian corn, with its feathery top, and great bulging cobs protruding, leaf-covered, from the stem, looked nobly. The tobacco, thinned out to give it vigour, spread its broad dark-green leaf on a stem four or five feet high, exhibiting a yellow crown of clustering seed-capsules, here and there, on a plant destined for seed, the tops of the others being cut off, to give an increase to the magnitude of their leaves. Our pine-apples had just begun to form; while the six sugar-canes had attained a height of nearly eight feet, with stalks and upper leaves of vivid green.

But the happy condition of our negro friends was still more gratifying than even all this. Their orderly conduct, their attachment, their progress in speaking English, and the pleasure they seemed to take in learning what God had revealed to man in the Scriptures, gave us a deep feeling of holy joy. They now comprehended the ten commandments and would not do anything on the Sabbath-day that could fall under the denomination of labour or ordinary work. They also seemed to understand the purport of the Lord's Prayer pretty well, and that memorable saying of our blessed Redeemer, "Do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you."

By this time we had been able to make out their story. They had been purchased, and shipped in a schooner, at Trinidad (a town on the south side of Cuba), for some person at La Guira, on the Spanish Main. Two nights before they appeared off our island the schooner had struck

on a reef, and quickly filled with water. The captain, and five others, his crew, took to the boat, taking plenty of provisions with them, and without mercy left the poor negroes to their fate; but fortunately there was a canoe on deck, and the weather being fine, they speedily contrived to get it into the water, to take their chance of getting to land, or being picked up at sea by some vessel. They had made our promontory at daylight, and seeing the opening between the two headlands, struck the sail, and paddled in: and this was the Lord's doing. We thought how differently it might have fared with us if the inhuman captain and his crew had made our island instead of the poor deserted negroes: perhaps we should have been seized and sold into slavery, or something worse; and we blessed God for the manifold kindness of his providence.

In a few weeks the product of our second harvest was got in; and its abundance seemed more than sufficient for a six months' consumption.

On the 1st of September the wind blew all around the compass, with repeated torrents of rain; and during the night it raged with redoubled violence: but our buildings, old and new, did not receive any damage; nor did anything happen, from the storm, worth remarking. The eleventh being my dear wife's birthday, she then attaining her one and twentieth year, I made it a day of jubilee, and entertained the whole party more sumptuously than usual, giving them a couple of young full-grown drakes for dinner, a little wine, plenty of coffee, and a few cigars. I drank the dear one's health myself, and our friends offered their congratulations in their own way, and finished the day with dancing, blithesome and happy.

It was about this time that the early part of this diary was written, such as it is, from scraps of memoranda, and from memory. It was sweet to me to write down, again and again, the name of my beloved Eliza, when I occasionally paid the tribute due to her heart and understanding.

The plantation-house was finished on Saturday the 30th of November. The interior appeared to us all we could desire: the floors boarded; the doors and shutters well made: one large door opened in front, opposite the lake, while a second, in the back, pointed towards the mountainous promontory. The side rooms were boarded over at the top for ceilings, the southernmost being fitted up with shelves for stores.

Sunday, 1st December.—Our Sabbath devotions had assumed a deepened character. Our people had been taught to respond to the Litany, and also to the prayers generally, by the "Amen." And the residue of the day was mostly employed in endeavouring to give them various instruction.

Monday, 2nd.—All hands being now at leisure, I determined to open the hold, and set seriously to work to get up the furniture that had been shipped for our house at St. George's Quay. On Tuesday, after clearing away the remainder of the boards and planks, of which there were now

not a great many, we proceeded to hoist up part of the cargo shipped at Jamaica, viz. American flour, Indian corn, biscuits, sugar, coffee, and rum, all of which were in barrels of thirty-two gallons. Skids were fixed from the sides of the brig, by which we could lower the full barrels direct from the tackle, upon land. But it occasioned so much labour afterwards, in rolling the first two or three across the isthmus to the point where they were to be transported by water to the storehouse, that I proposed bringing the canoe and the punt from that point, and embarking them from the brig at once. By the end of the week we had conveyed twenty-six barrels to the plantation, besides three that had been rolled to the other side of the isthmus.

Sunday, 8th.—We observed this day with due solemnity.

Wednesday, 11th.—We got at the cases and packages that contained our household stuff, these packages lying on the top of the heavy cargo shipped in England. The women were delighted at seeing the pots, and pans, and kettles, pewter and crockeryware, and all the truly English etceteras, such as knives, forks, silver spoons, and so forth.

Friday, 13th.—We slept on board that night for the last time, and took our leave next morning, with a mixture of pleasure and regret at a blessed ark, I may call it, where we had enjoyed many months of security, peace, and comfort. On Saturday our trunks and cot were brought on shore, and the dining-table from the cabin, with the two camp stools. In the evening we regaled the whole party with coffee, and I gave each of the men a couple of cigars, indulging myself likewise with the same. When the sun dropped, we rather dreaded a visit from the sand-flies, but were most happy in not hearing or feeling any of those little tormentors. On retiring to rest, we returned thanks to God for our comfortable habitation, and all the blessings His good providence had bestowed upon us. But we did not sleep very soundly; we heard noises we were unaccustomed to, which we afterwards found to be from lizards, some of which we had occasionally seen: but in the morning we were delighted by the song of the tropical nightingale, and rose quite refreshed, and in good spirits.

Sunday, 15th.—The morning of this Sabbath was solemnized in the great hall, with appropriate devotion; and the remainder of the day was passed in the same simple pursuits as heretofore.

Monday, 16th.—Hachinta only went to the weekly washing to-day, while Rota attended with Mira at our new dwelling. I made the men tow the punt round to the brig early in the morning, where I met them after I had breakfasted. About one o'clock I walked over to the plantation-house to dinner. My dear partner received me with smiles, and dressed as when in England. I flew to her arms, as if we had met after a long separation. "My beloved Edward," said she, "how gracious is our God! how much happiness does he bestow on us!" It was the

sentiment that filled my own heart, as I hastened to embrace her. I saw her restored to her former gentlewomanly condition, by His providence, relieved from toil, and all the menial offices of culinary labour. And, may I add, I saw a table covered with a clean damask cloth, laid out with all the conveniences of European comfort, to which my eyes had long been strangers!

While dinner was serving up, my Eliza took me into the store-room, to show me how well the people had arranged the casks; and herself and damsels, the articles for housekeeping. Rota sent in our dinner, as nicely cooked and served as if she had been apprentice to my Lord Mayor's kitchen. A fine fish at the head, a piece of boiled salted pork at the foot, a pumpkin pie on one side, and a roast white yam at the other; with capicums, and vinegar, and mustard, and all the etceteras. After giving thanks to the Giver of all things, we eat our dainty viands with an indescribable satisfaction,—finding gratitude, now as ever, our sweetest sauce.

I made my sturdy fellows get up the seamen's two chests from the storage, and one cask of Irish butter from the hold; then taking two bits of stick of unequal lengths in my hand, with one end of each projecting, I told my two men that the two chests contained clothing; that I did not know which of the two was best; but he that drew the longest stick should have his choice. They were delighted with the prospect of possessing such a treasure each, and at the idea of drawing lots. They drew, and the choice fell to Xavier. "I get big stick, I take big chest;" and he did so, instantly marking it with his knife. Diego's ready couteau soon performed the same operation on the other. The chests were then lowered down into the punt, and also the cask of butter.

On our return home, we met the men bringing up the butter, which they placed in the store-room; after which I gave them their keys; and the whole party went off together to the water-side, to help up with the chests to their own house. That operation detained our domestics a long time; however, about seven o'clock, coffee was served up by Rota, Hachinta getting supper for the men. The evening was cool, and there were not any sand-flies to annoy us. In due time our own eyes drew to slumber: the doors were closed, and we retired to our room, making Mira spread her mattress in the hall; but Fidele shared our apartment, and contented himself with a boarded bed.

Tuesday, 17th. — In the morning I sent for the men, and told Xavier if he and Diego could be satisfied with lodging together for a little longer time, I should wish him to erect a complete poultry-house, with roosts and laying compartments for the hens; the ducks to have their habitation below. Diego promised to mind all I had said; but he took the occasion to observe, that the first tobacco leaves had been pressed together long enough to be mellowed, and he should like to make some

cigars for himself and Xavier. "I will supply you both for a fortnight, returned I; "we shall soon have the rains, when you cannot go to our work: you may then make up the tobacco." He seemed quite satisfied and I accordingly went to the store-room, and divided a hundred cigars into two parcels, desiring him to reserve one for himself, and to give the other to Xavier. This unexpected and welcome present drew forth many profound bows from honest Diego. After breakfast, I began to arrange the fire-arms and boarding-pikes in our bed-room. There were three muskets and six pikes. No one but my wife knew where I kept the ammunition; but it was at hand, if wanted. We thought all these precautions right, although we hoped quite unnecessary.

While I was arranging the arms, my dear Eliza placed the few books we had in due order; and made a fine display of the shells we had collected, from the noble conch, the monarch of them all, used for a bugle down to the rice shells, whose extreme smallness and translucency elicited from my beloved an exclamation, "What would you give for these Queen Mab!" These little beauties were, indeed, like fabled things of a fairyland. The noble Shakspeare was to be found among our books; but the nobler Bible was there also. We had Archbishop Tillotson's works, and the Spectator, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; and one book more, that afforded us never-failing pastime—I mean the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, in which there is, throughout, more than float on the surface of the story. A fable is a foolish thing, if we do not lay hold on the allegory; but that being taken up, no mode of writing can be more delightful and instructive, as evidenced in the works of the late Mr. John Gay.

Every one was industrious in his or her calling, and in nine days Diego had finished his job. But there was no rest for him! For I directed him to quarry some stones with the iron crow-bar, and place them in the rear of the open space, under the rock, behind the two negro houses, and there, with the assistance of Xavier, build a mud kitchen. This was to be done as soon as the pen was up, and stoccado which was not accomplished till Tuesday the 24th instant, but early enough on that day to allow us to transfer into it a colony of our ducks and fowls, twelve of either sort. The goats also were brought, and put into the stoccado, as were likewise the two tame pigeons.

The next day would be the anniversary of our landing on the island of which we informed our friends; but we also informed them, that it likewise was the birth-day of the Lord Jesus, through whose mercy we and they were preserved alive! and that we must keep it as a Sabbath with this difference, that they might dress a feast to celebrate the day for it was a day of rejoicing to all the human race.

Our minds were much excited by the recollection of our deliverance from shipwreck, and by the anticipation of a day which brought up i

our memories the dear friends we had left behind in England, and who, most probably, were sorrowing for us, who were now safe and so happy ! All these emotions were too much ; and we sought to calm our souls, in long and fervent prayer, when we went to our chamber ; and there we indeed found "that peace which the world can neither give nor take away." Thus soothed by the Spirit of our heavenly Father, we retired to our cot, where tranquil sleep, and consequent refreshment, awaited us.

Wednesday, 25th.—After breakfast, we assembled in our best attire in the great hall ; and after singing a hymn appropriate to the day, we read such parts of the Morning service as bore more particularly on it, together with the lessons. The negroes were much interested, and desired to have many things explained to them. I endeavoured to make them comprehend, that Jesus came into the world for the purpose of teaching to men the will of his Almighty Father, the pure and merciful God ; and, by the sacrifice of himself, to atone for the sins of repentant transgressors.

After divine service, we followed the culinary practice of our ancestors, as nearly as we could in the absence of roast beef and mince pies ; so that our friends were regaled still something in the English way. Rota served them up a good dinner, and I added to it a bottle of wine : they had plenty of cigars ; and my dear wife had given them out coffee and sugar liberally. Our own dinner was but a chicken and some cocos, as poor Rota had roasted sufficiently for her party.

At sunset our people came and ranged themselves round the great door, where they sung : sometimes two dancing, sometimes the whole. When all their evolutions were gone through, they advanced to take leave ; on which occasion my dear wife gave to each a large coloured cotton kerchief to wear on their heads ; and they received the present with many demonstrations of gratitude, and said, "Good night."

The three following days the men continued to work at the stone kitchen ; and we kept the Sabbath with all due observance of sanctity ; yet amused ourselves innocently in recreative exercise, after the performance of Divine service, and in the evening.

Monday, 30th.—Xavier and Diego continued to work on the stone kitchen ; and by Wednesday they finished it. I was glad to have accomplished this object, for we looked every day for the breaking up of the fine weather, but it still continued ; so that on Thursday and Friday the men made aquatic excursions in the canoe. On the first day they circumnavigated the western island, and brought back with them some calabashes, several fine conchs, containing their fish, and many other shells in the same living state. On Friday the men visited, before daylight, the rocks and islands to the north-east, where the brig had struck ; and there they succeeded in taking three fine turtles, which they brought home, and placed in the craal. We devoted Saturday to domestic

purposes, letting the fowls and goats out for a few hours and I took them to the southward of our habitations, clear of the planted grove.

Sunday, 5th January, 1735.—Kept the early part of this Sabbath usual, by the performance of Divine service, and by reading and singing to our friends such parts of the Gospel as they might comprehend. Towards evening the sky became overcast, which was suddenly succeeded by torrents of rain, alternating with heavy gusts of wind from the north-west. The wind blew all night a hurricane, which shook our habitation fearfully: my dear wife sometimes thought it would be blown down; and, indeed, if Xavier had not exercised much skill in construction, it could not have stood. All the windows were made tight with sliding shutters, like shop windows, so that they could be either partially open, or quite closed; and during a hurricane, the safe house mainly depends on keeping out the wind. The store-room windows, indeed, were fitted otherwise: they were protected only by inclining one over the other, in the fashion of Spanish blinds; but the boards nearly overlapped each other, throwing off the rain entirely, very materially breaking the force of the wind. Towards morning the wind abated, and we also found repose, on retiring to our cot.

A little before day-break, I thought I heard guns firing. I hurried with the men to the heights, and saw a brig schooner, steering to the south-west. No doubt she had been aground, but had got off and watched her for a couple of hours, until nearly out of sight. My girl Eliza was much moved by the recital on my return; and thanked them that they had escaped, and were proceeding on their voyage. The rain continued daily, at intervals, to pour in profuse torrents, for nine days, but may be said to have subsided entirely on Tuesday the 14th.

From the circumstance of seeing the vessel in distress, the erecting a flag-staff on the promontory presented itself to my mind. I set about putting it in execution. With some trouble, we unshipped the fore-top-gallant-mast of the brig, which was already struck, and took it away; and before night we conveyed it to the summit of the promontory. On Thursday we were all on foot by the grey of the morning, taking the ensign with us; and as the sun rose, I hoisted the flag of colours, and gave three cheers, crying aloud, "King George and England for ever!" I felt that, by this act, I had taken possession in sovereignty for our gracious king.

On my return home, my dear wife regaled me with coffee and chocolate, while I expatiated on the consequences of the measure, perhaps with some extravagance; for we were ignorant of whose dominions we were in, even of the probable name of the spot where we were; for our ship did not exactly answer to any island, or islands, laid down in the charts. I had found in the captain's chest.

Friday, 17th.—Diego put the two women in requisition to-

assist him in the field; while Xavier began the erection of a storehouse for provisions, at a little distance from our dwelling-house; which he completed by the 11th of February, by which time the plantation-work was also nearly completed, although on a much more extended scale than formerly.

Diego had made cigars from his tobacco during the rains, of which from time to time he brought me an offering. And the bad weather gave occasion also to a new species of domestic industry—the platting of narrow strips of the cabbage-palm leaf into a continued extension, called *sinnetto*, which the women sewed together in form, making of it a hat, somewhat rude in shape, but light in texture.

CHAPTER XI.

WEDNESDAY, 12th February.—While at breakfast I heard distinctly the firing of cannon, and hastened to the summit of the promontory. We saw a brig and a schooner in the offing, the former firing at the latter. I could discern Spanish colours flying at the brig's peak; but the schooner did not show any. I immediately hoisted our ensign; and in a few minutes the schooner showed English colours at her fore-topmast head, at the same time shaping her course for the promontory. The brig followed her, firing a bow gun every now and then. I instantly loaded one of our muskets; and at that moment the brig, which was not above half a mile astern of the schooner, fired another shot. This I returned; and was delighted to see the brig heave to. I then hailed the schooner to luff round the headland, and anchor about two cables' length off the house, in the bay. To this they answered "Ay! ay!" The brig again bore up for the passage; I instantly fired another shot, and then another; but he still kept his course. The business had become exceedingly serious; and the poor negroes were almost frightened to death at the sight of the Spanish flag so near to them. I therefore loaded our three muskets with haste; and advancing close to the brink of the promontory, we gave him the contents upon his deck; the effect of which I do not know, further than that he immediately hauled his wind, and stood out to sea for five or six miles, and then hove to again.

I now rowed out to the schooner, and was heartily greeted by the captain and his crew. "If it had not been for your men on the height," said he, "we should have been taken by yon Guarda Costa; but they gave him a dose, I guess, and he is off. What island is this?" continued he: "I did not know that our nation had a garrison on any of these places."—"I am happy to see you here in safety, friend," I replied; "but have

you neither cannon nor musketry?" — "None," answered he. — "Then I hope," said I, "that we shall see the Guarda Costa no more; for you see all my garrison before you; and as to the name of the island, I know no more of it than yourself." The captain and crew were altogether six in number: they got the boat out and accompanied us on shore; whence they proceeded with me directly to the height.

Here we had the satisfaction to see the Spaniard increase his distance: so, leaving Xavier and his wife to keep watch, I desired the captain to warp his vessel as close in as he could to the shore, and afterwards give me the pleasure of his company to dinner. Rota, however, made it rather a feast, presenting us with a Yankee dish of salt pork and pumpkin, I suppose in honour of our guest; to which she added a brace of mullet, and a roast chicken. A decanter of Canary was placed at my elbow. A table served with such prime food, and capital wine too, in so out-of-the-way a place, evidently caused much surprise in the captain, who looked at every thing out of the corner of his eye. I hope he did not see the empty box I sat on for a chair, the stranger and the lady occupying the only two I had. When dinner was finished he told us his story.

He belonged to Norfolk, in Virginia; had sailed to Santa Martha, on the Spanish Main; taking Cape St. Nicholas Mole, in St. Domingo, on his way. He embarked flour, and some goods of English manufacture, from Norfolk, and picked up half-a-dozen slaves from a slave ship at the Cape. For his merchandize, he took payment in bags of cacao: for the slaves, he had received nearly two thousand dollars, with which return he had sailed. A few days after he fell in with the Guarda Costa, which chased him a day and a night, and had run him on a reef just as we hoisted our colours and saved him from capture by our well-timed fire of musketry. I made but few remarks on what he told us, but called Diego, and told the captain it might be well for him to accompany that guide to the height, and there reconnoitre the brig; after which I should be glad to see him back to coffee and a cigar.

During his absence, my dear wife and I took our new position into serious consideration. We canvassed the wisdom of embarking in this schooner, with our money, if she were found sea-worthy; and many other matters, on all of which we came to conditional conclusions. About five o'clock, our guest reported that the brig was still lying to, about six miles off; and probably, he thought, might drop anchor, and stand in with the sea-breeze. "Would you venture to do so, captain?" said I; "not knowing but by so doing you might run into a trap! He will not dare it," continued I, "you may rely on it, without a previous reconnoitre. After coffee, bring your dollars on shore, and hide them in the sand. If you lose the schooner, you will save your money; and if he burn our houses, we shall at least be as well off as you, for we are not penniless. So that, if the worst come, we shall save our lives and our money, and *our liberty too*; for these negroes are as free as I am."

Much of my conversation was to him a riddle; but he had something else to think of just then than the propounding of riddles. After the return of Diego, the captain proposed to wish us "Good night," that all might retire to rest, and so be up early in the morning, to keep an eye on the brig. "That won't do, captain," said I; "we must watch all night. Two of your men shall go with mine, and row guard at the back of the promontory." To this the captain consented.

About midnight we heard the report of muskets, so that we went out on the open ground before the house, where the captain and his remaining four men soon joined us. I had two pikes left, and one musket, and my pistols, which I quickly mustered together, with half a dozen good felling axes: we pulled lustily round the point, the firing being still kept up by a shot now and then. We soon joined the canoe, and saw the Spanish boat about a cable's length outside of her. On our coming up to the canoe, I was glad to find none in her wounded; and the two sailors, all alert, cried out to me, "We want to board them, but your people won't lay us alongside."—"We will do it now," said I. "Give way, lads! but don't fire a shot till we are within boat-hook's length of her; then we will board and carry her." The Spaniard kept on his oars awhile, then gave us a few shot, and pulled away; but we soon gained on him, and were just about to return the compliment, and board, when they cried for quarter. There were six sailors, and an officer and two soldiers, in their boat. The officer gave up his sword; and we took the muskets and bayonets, and all their ammunition. I told our prisoners, in a proud tone, that they might now return to their ship; adding, that, as it was, I hardly knew how I could excuse their conduct in firing on an English vessel, in sight of the English flag, when the two nations were at peace! I had scarcely done speaking, when two of the crew exclaimed, "Massa, take we."—"Who are you?" I replied.—"Sailor negers, sir: we 'Mudians, sir: they take we, sir: they put we in boat, sir, because we row well, sir."—"You come into my boat; and tell them to go, and never come near this place again," returned I.—"Yes, massa," was the answer, as the two black fellows jumped joyously in by my side; but they spoke too little Spanish to repeat what I desired. I had forgot I had an interpreter at hand, till Diego shouted forth some words in his sort of Spanish, which, perhaps, conveyed the meaning of all I meant to say to the Spaniard pretty accurately; for the officer replied, that "the schooner was a smuggler, and his commander had a right to take him." This Diego interpreted; to which I made him reply, "Within the limits of your own shore, but not under the flag of an English garrison."—"I think," said the officer, "our captain will be sorry for the affair."—"Very well," I replied; "so he ought. Good night!" And I instantly gave orders to row towards shore, the Spanish boat taking the opposite direction.

As soon as I could discern my Eliza, as she stood on the shore, I cried out with all my might, "All's well!" Her first question was, "Is any one killed or hurt?" — "No, my angel!" — "Blessed be God," she replied "that blood has not been spilt, even in our own defence!" A candle was burning on the table when we entered. "What have you got there Edward?" asked she, a little flush passing over her cheek. "The officer's sword," I replied. "We disarmed them, and sent them back to their ship." — "That was right," she exclaimed; "that was as it should be." While my soul's dearer part and I were thus conversing, my attention could not help being sometimes drawn aside by the ridiculous gestures of Diego and his ludicrous manner of mixing Spanish and English in his recital of this affair to the women.

It was not long before the captain and his six men, together with the two negro captives, bringing with them the eight Spanish muskets, and our own weapons, arrived. After they were all refreshed, the captain's crew were sent on board, taking the two Bermudians with them for the night. The captain and myself now took some refreshment, and by the time we had finished the day began to dawn. "Up, Diego," said I, "and be ready to hoist our colours, and fire a musket at sunrise; the Spaniard must see we are not asleep." Diego felt what the French call "*l'esprit de corps*;" and exactly as the sun rose he discharged his piece, and as he hoisted the ensign, wished, no doubt, a safe voyage to our enemy, hoping to see him no more.

In about an hour he returned to us. "Well, Diego," said I, "is the Spaniard gone?" — "No, sir," he replied, "not gone, sail all up, wait for sea-breeze." — "I reckon that is just the case," observed the captain. "Now, if you please," continued he, "I will go on board, and turn in." I could not sleep till the enemy was fairly gone. I therefore directed Xavier and his wife to go up to the flag-staff, and sleep turn and turn about; so keeping a sufficient look-out on the brig. After this, I went softly into our bed-room, to sit down quietly near my dear wife; but she was awake, and said, "You need not tread so softly, dear Edward; I am not asleep. How happy I am, you rescued those two poor Bermudian negroes from the Spaniard: I suppose he would have sold them in the end." — "Very likely, dear," I replied; "I also rejoice they are here; for they will add strength to our little colony, whether we go or stay."

In this way we talked until the morning was considerably advanced when Xavier and his wife returned from the flag-staff, bringing with them the happy intelligence that the sea-breeze had reached the guard costa, and that he was going from us with all sail set.

In half an hour the captain joined us at breakfast, — a repast which would not have disgraced a Scotsman's board — flour cakes and butter, plenty of eggs, fish, and coffee! The two Bermuda negroes stood in the hall by the door; and in reply to my question, if they were married, the

answered "No, sir," and laughed. They said they belonged to Master Eliab Tucker of Bermuda, and were taken in a schooner of his on the Spanish Main, some months ago; all the crew, consisting of negroes, had been sold except themselves, who were kept on board the guarda costa. "But," continued one of them, "I tank God, massa, we got away; tem Paniards bad fellows, sir."—"Well, never mind what they are; you strive to be good, and that will show you really do thank God for your deliverance. I do not feel," added I, "that it is my duty to send you back to your master at Bermuda; but if you wish to return to him, I will endeavour to provide you with the opportunity. If you do not like to go back, I think you have now the right to refuse, for you are free men; but I will not venture to tell you that the laws of Bermuda may not think otherwise." They understood me perfectly, and thanked me over and over again, saying they would do any thing I wished. "Very well," said I, "we will talk over the matter by and by." I now called to Diego, and told him to take charge of the men; adding that, for the present, they must live with him and Xavier. "What are your names?" said I.—"Jack Martin, sir," answered the one: "Jemmy Purdy, sir," replied the other.—"Oh, you are Christians, then," returned I.—"O yes, massa, you see we have two name."—"Were you ever baptized?" said I.—"No, sir," answered Jack Martin, "we no more Christian except have two name."—"Oh, very well," rejoined I; "go with Diego, and we will talk more on this too another day."—They made some very low bows, to the great amusement of Diego, who himself was a great proficient in that way, and retired. Jack Martin was a tall young man, with fine features, approaching to the European, but his skin was black as jet. Jemmy Purdy was rather short and ugly, but seemed very good-tempered.

After they were gone, I turned round to the captain, and asked what were his plans, now the coast was clear. "I am bound for the Chesapeake," returned he; "but the schooner leaks so fast, I will not venture to put to sea, without looking at her bottom."—"You shall not want assistance," I replied: "look out for a place that will suit your purpose, and let me know."

After breakfast, he went along the beach in his boat, and in about an hour re-appeared, telling me he thought the best place would be the southern side of the rocky point, near the run of water. "Very well," said I, "set about the work at daylight to-morrow morning." Then giving my wife my arm, and accompanied by the captain, and followed by Mira and Fidele, we walked through the woodland region to the plank-house. "This place," said I, "captain, will do to stow your cargo in. What is it?"—"Nothing but cacao, in bags," he replied.—"Well," said I, "what this house won't hold, you must cover over on the beach with a sail."

An hour before sunset the provision casks were all removed from Diego's dwelling to the storehouse; and then he gave up his house to accommodate the crew of the schooner while heaving down. I wished a good supply of mullet for the men, to be taken that night, and put into the conservatory.

When the stars appeared, Diego began his torchlight fishery. Mullet soon began to spring, and dropped so thick into the pool that Jemmy Purdy, in his eagerness to gather them, fell overboard; in attempting to get in again, he caused her to heel over so that she filled, and turned his companion and Diego, torch and all, into the sea; the lucky fish, the while, made their escape. We laughed at the accident, as the men scrambled out. But the pool would not be so mastered; they stripped off their shirts, lit a torch, and went to it again with equal sport, and more care, by throwing a large supply into the conservatory. We then left, and I desired the trio to call at the house, in their way home, to get a glass of grog each; which they did; and as they drank it, Diego said, "Much obliged to you, Jemmy Purdy." Jemmy, who also was on his way, replied with "Your good health, Don Diego;" and from that time his companions often addressed him so, which Diego always received in good part, and sometimes with no small feeling of pride and consequence.

We then smoked a cigar: when I took the opportunity of telling the captain as much of our history as I thought expedient; mentioning my wish to return to Jamaica as soon as I could find the means. He guessed I should have to wait a long time before I found a vessel going to Jamaica. Here, then, the matter rested; but after he had left, my dear wife said to me, "I perceived you were not pleased with that man's answer to what you intended as an appeal to his feelings; where there is little generosity of feeling, money can generally be got for anything; and if you choose to have his vessel, it is in your power to get it."—"I think you are right, my love," I replied; "but I will say nothing to him on the subject until the schooner is nearly in the sea."

Friday, 14th.—I sent for the captain to breakfast; during which I asked me to assist him with my negroes. I told him they were my men; and, when the business was done, if they helped him, I would settle with them for their labour, at the same rate he would pay at Norfolk. To this, after some quibbling, he agreed. A good deal of cargo was got out, and carried to the plank-house the next day, and the women made preparations for the Sabbath.

Sunday 16th.—The evening before, the captain and myself had a conversation on the subject of his proceeding with his work on the Sabbath; to which I was at last obliged to put my decided nega-

At ten o'clock every one was summoned to prayers, which we endeavoured to make as impressive as we could; but there was little attention, and no devotion, excepting on the part of our old friends and fellow Christians. After divine service, I asked the captain if he would like to go with one of my people to the flag-staff; and I desired Diego to attend him, and show him all civility. It seems, on the way, he swore a little at me for preventing their proceeding with the schooner on that day; but Diego reproved him sharply, and said to me the next day, when speaking of our guest, "That captain, sir, not very good."

To let the Bermudians see how I meant to deal with them, I desired Xavier to bring them to me. "Friends," said I, "it is my wish, if it should be yours, to take you into my family; and if it be agreeable to you to abide here, I will provide wives for each of you at no distant period. You shall each have a house also, and a piece of land, for your comfort and support." They both cried out at once, they believed I was "a good and true man; and a brave man too; and they would stick by me."—"I am glad of it," I replied; "and it will be my endeavour to make you happy." Xavier, who understood very well the purport of what had passed, shook them both by the hand, and said, "I very glad too."

At noon the captain returned, and dined with us. I cannot say we were either much amused or edified by his conversation. He spoke of the blacks, as if they were nothing better than beasts of burden; and ventured some jokes on the sober-minded people of New England, that were not received as he expected. "You call yourselves Buckskins," said my dear wife (after listening with much patience to his nonsense), "and you call your northern neighbour Brother Jonathan, deriding his punctual observance of this most holy day. I will hope, captain," continued she, "that the day may come when an American shall be ashamed of the name of Buckskin." This was rather severe, but he deserved it. While we were talking, Diego was regaling the schooner's crew with some cigars of his making; but unluckily the captain had allowed the men to bring rum on shore without saying anything to me about it; and in consequence they became very noisy. I was not well pleased, and requested the captain never to let them have one drop beyond their allowance as long as they remained here; for intoxicated men could not be governed. "I guess it was no rum of mine," he replied; "some of their own stuff, I reckon. There's no other time for them to drink it," continued he, "but in harbour upon Sundays." I could scarcely restrain my indignation at this reply: this much, however, escaped me—"No one shall drink rum here on Sundays, sir! I tell you that." On which he offered some sort of apology, and soon after took his leave. In truth, my dear wife and myself were so sick of these strangers, that we wished them gone, and safely anchored in the waters of the Chesapeake.

In the course of the ensuing week, the crew unloaded and hove down.

the schooner. They found part of the false keel gone, and the end of a plank in the bottom pierced by the rocks on which she had struck. The captain came to me, in great distress, when it was discovered; for he had neither carpenter nor carpenter's tools on board. "Your bad condition," said I, "would be likely to detain you longer here than the observance of the Sabbath, if you were left to your own resources; but you shall not be left to them; all shall be done for you that you may require." He now seemed rather ashamed of himself. I immediately sent for Xavier, and desired him to take a couple of felling axes, and go with the captain in his boat to the place most likely to afford a long, straight, and hard tree, to make a false keel; and to measure what he might want before he went, and bring away two or more trees, if needed, for the purpose required.

This matter being arranged, I took Diego with me to the ship, to ransack the steerage for some more seamen's clothes, to rig the poor Bermudians. Diego put them into two of the empty chests I had before left in the steerage, and then as briskly conveying them to the punt (for he delighted in the pleasure they would give), he rowed round to the plantation. The poor fellows were very thankful, and, as Diego afterwards told me, overhauled the chests with great satisfaction.

The captain made his appearance a little before sunset, in prime spirits; telling us that he had got two capital sticks, which they had cut on the opposite shore, and hoped he would now soon be ready for sea. "Are you driving for a market?" said I; "or is it for a new freight, that you are so anxious to proceed on your voyage?"—"No," returned he; "but loss of time is loss of money. I am paid by the voyage, and not by the month; the vessel is my own; and I must make as much of her as I can."—"And who does your cargo of cacao belong to?" said I.—"To the merchant Dwyer at Norfolk," he replied.—"And what freight do you receive for that?"—"O! I am to have so much for the run out and home." "Now I understand you," I replied; "I see how it is. Every assistance shall be given to your men, and I will pay my people for doing it, as, perhaps you are not very rich." He spoke in reply with some feeling on this, saying I overpowered him with my generosity; that he had a wife and family; and though, besides the schooner, and the two thousand dollars he had with him, he owned a little farm, yet times were hard. He now seemed a little humanized; and I felt disposed to make every allowance to old habits, and neglected religious education, for his sordid manner of proceeding; and after he had taken his cigar, we mutually wished "Good night."

When he was gone, I said to my Eliza, "You were right; money is this man's idol. I see we may take him to Jamaica, if we please; but I will not start the project to him until the schooner is repaired and reloaded." From this time every thing went on orderly; and on Sunday *the Sabbath* was observed by the new comers with some appearance of

devotion. The captain was in good humour, and after prayers he proposed rowing out into the sound, where he would amuse himself with making some observations on the course of the open channel. He did so; and having taken a compass and a pencil and paper with him, he noted such landmarks as kept it open. On his return, he showed me the observations he had made, of which I gladly took a copy.

The false keel being quite ready on the following Monday, it was fixed the next day; and, on Wednesday, a new piece of plank, which I furnished, was put in, and all well caulked, and payed with our own oakum and pitch before night. On Thursday they were embarking the cacao, which was packed in bags of about a hundredweight each, called a fanega.

While sitting after dinner, as I helped my guest to a glass of wine, I said to him, "How long might it take a good sailing vessel to beat up from this place to Kingston?"—"I can't say," he replied; "I guess three weeks, over or under, as the trade wind might veer."—"Well now, if it is a fair question," I rejoined, "what may you have for the run from Norfolk to Santa Martha, and back?"—"Why," said he, "six hundred dollars: it should be seven hundred, but then I made more than that by the black fellows I bought at St. Domingo, on my way."—"Pray," continued I, "what time did you give yourself for the run, as you call it?"—"Why, I guess," said he, "about three months at most; but I shan't do it now within time."—"Well now," said I, "after all this, will you undertake to give me up your cabin, for my wife and myself, and some money, to be landed at Kingston, and wait there three days? And for this trip I would give you half the amount you would receive for three months' run."—"That would be three hundred and fifty dollars, I reckon," he replied.—"No," I said, "three hundred dollars."—"I will think of it," answered he, "and let you know in the afternoon." At coffee time, "I have been thinking over your offer," said he, "and have a mind to take it; but I am afraid it would break my charter-party." My dear wife, who hitherto had preserved silence, said with energy, "You seem to forget that the Spaniard would have broken your charter-party, and reduced you and yours to beggary, if my brave and generous husband there had not saved you." On uttering this just reproof, she got up, and walked into the adjoining room. The fellow was struck dumb by this appeal. At length he stammered out—"Well, I think I shall run all risks to oblige you; for, as your wife says, it would have been all up with us but for you and your people. So I will undertake to land you at Kingston, with any money you may take in the cabin, on the terms you propose; but we will have a written agreement, if you please."—"Certainly," said I; "two—one for you, and one for me. But, now, if I take one of my men with me, what will you charge for his passage?"—"I don't know," returned he; "will ten dollars be too much?"

—“No,” I replied; “I will pay it if he goes; and ten for a woman, if my wife chooses a female attendant.” I now got pen, ink, and paper, and, without delay, wrote an agreement, which he copied, and we duly signed them both, he taking the one written by me, I the one written by him.

CHAPTER XII.

I COMMUNICATED to Eliza my decisive step, and then told Diego of my intentions; and bade him come to me at sunrise next day, and bring Xavier with him, also the two Bermudians.

Friday, 28th.—My dearest helpmate, as well as myself, was up at daylight, and dressed, ready to receive our people. In a few words I told them I was going to Jamaica for the purpose of buying a schooner to bring back for our use here, and also to collect a crew for the brig, to rest her for my future purposes. I took Diego and Rota aside into the store-room. “You have heard,” repeated I, “what I am going to do; and I think, Diego, we must take one of our Bermudians with us.”—“I think so, sir,” he replied.—“Well, then,” resumed I: “Mira is a comely young woman, and if she would have no objection to accept of one of those clever fellows for a husband, I will marry them before I go, and we will take the other with us, and let him find a wife for himself at Kingston.” Diego and Rota laughed heartily, giving their immediate assent; but my wife desired Rota to bring in Mira, and ask her if she would like either of the Bermudians for a husband. She curtsied, and said she would rather go with her Donna Señora to Jamaica. My dear Eliza thanked her most graciously for this mark of her attachment, but told her it could not be. The poor girl cried a good deal, and we left her and her parents together. While they were communing, I told Xavier to make an account of how many days he and the others had worked on the schooner, and bring it to me after breakfast. In a short time Diego and Rota reappeared in the hall with their daughter, who now looked much abashed. The mother whispered something to my wife, who again whispered to me, that Mira had fixed on Jack Martin. On hearing this, I got up, and called Martin, and asked him, would he like to settle here, and marry Mira? Mira was a pretty negress, and gentle too.—“Yes, sir,” he replied, “would like it. I like you, sir—I like the place—I like Mira; her father and mother very good people, and she very pretty; good little girl, sir: will be very happy!”—“Very well, Martin,” said I; “I will marry you to her on Sunday. And, now that the girl is to be your wife, come in, and you shall accept her in my presence.” The scene was rather ludicrous. Martin entered, bowing as he approached Diego, who returned the bows with a variety of steps and attitudes, and a pretended taking off the hat. Rota

spoke first. "You to be Mira's husband, Jack Martin?"—"If Mira will have Jack Martin," replied the bridegroom. Mira hung down her head, but Rota clasped the son-in-law in her arms, and hugging him very hard and close, and kissing him heartily, said, "So you love Mira!" Martin embraced his good mother in turn, and then saluted the half-averted cheek of Mira, at which our friends cheered; and I, placing their hands together, said, "In a few days you shall be one; and may God bless you!"

The captain came to breakfast, and we talked over the business of our departure. After the meal, I sent for Purdy and Diego. "Purdy," said I, "if you choose to go with me to Jamaica, and can find a freed woman there that will marry you, I will bring you back together: but if you are not so lucky, I will purchase a wife for you—any girl there you may choose."—"Will go, and return with you, sir," replied he: "and will do as please God."—"That is well said, James Purdy," observed my dear Eliza; "I believe thou art a single-hearted, honest fellow."—"Thank you, ma'am," said he; "you very good to think black man good." He made a bow blithely and gratefully, not quite with a beau air, but joy and truth were in it.

After Purdy withdrew, Xavier was ready with the account of work done. Eight dollars were charged for himself, and six for each of the other men; making altogether twenty-six dollars, which I thought very reasonable wages; and I paid them before the captain, out of some money we had brought with us from Jamaica, for our use at St. George's Key. The captain said it was great hospitality, and he always would remember it. But notwithstanding this fine speech, when I told him I intended to take Purdy in his vessel, as well as Diego, he did not seem at all disposed to remit the ten dollars for the extra passenger; and I only pitied the man who might be so unlucky as to be in his grip.

By Saturday mid-day the cargo was nearly re-embarked. Our stores being sent on board, the captain expected to sail on Sunday morning; but to that I would not consent. I told him, I had three days by the charter-party; and on Monday we would weigh anchor with the first of the sea-breeze; to which he made no more objection.

In this short interval, I wrote certificates of freedom for each person in the island, to be left behind with them; and I gave instructions to Xavier and Rota, how every thing was to be conducted in my absence. On Saturday night all arrangements were completed; and nothing remained for embarkation but ourselves, our cot, trunks, and money.

Sunday, 2nd March.—After divine service, I solemnized the marriage of Martin and Mira, and strove to impress them with the sanctity of the vow they took. I ordered a plentiful dinner for the whole party; and though we did not quite approve of any thing like merriment on the Sabbath, yet on this occasion we felt ourselves compelled to allow them to dance; which they did till nearly ten o'clock. Martin and his

bride went to her father's house; Xavier and his wife to the Diego and Rota took up their lodgings in the great hall, as I showed them both before daylight. My dear wife and I sat up in conference all night, and finished the closing of the Sabbath by prayer and thanksgiving to our heavenly Father.

In about an hour after midnight we arranged our trunks, and the bag of doubloons in two strong handkerchiefs. This done, Diego and his faithful helpmate; and, after talking to them a short time on some ordinary matters, I quietly said, "You must go now without bringing my money from the place I have kept it in, ready to be put on board the schooner in the morning." We accordingly set forth to our treasure. We passed into the cave, where we struck a light; and gave a candle to my wife, and another to Rota, I commenced taking out the stones from the side of the place, to the great surprise of Diego. There was nothing to be seen but boxes, and they were all very simple, excepting one, so that no emotions were excited by such an appearance. I proceeded instantly to nail down the large box, and marked it with X. We then corded up the thirteen boxes that held the doubloons. I marked in the same manner, adding their numbers in Roman from I. to XIII. When all the treasure was got out, we replaced the stones; and I desired our assistants never to mention this intention to any one, as it might again serve some important purpose. They gave me their promise.

By daylight we had carried all the treasure to the plank-house, the large chest being the least heavy of the whole. "Go, Diego, and take leave of your friends for a little time; we will stay until you return."

With care on our brow, my beloved and myself now walked on arm in arm, through that woodland region, where so often we had strayed with joyous and light hearts, with no companion but our faithful Fidele, no watchfulness but for the growth of our pumpkin melon beds. Now we were oppressed by riches, and the desire to possess them with prudence and precaution with respect to all the persons previously connected with us. But the assembling of our people aroused our energies; and we paid our compliments to the new couple.

While at breakfast the captain came on shore, and we bade him embark. When we arrived the captain thought all was on board; the weight of the trunks was rather heavy; but I told him the money was brought, and it was for that reason I had wished him not to come. I now sent Xavier and the two Bermudians to Diego, at the plan to assist him in bringing the boxes on board; telling Rota to stay there till all were fetched away. I kept the deck; while my dear wife, who went below, saw the boxes taken down, and stowed com-

the cabin: Rota accompanied the last; with which I went down myself, and counted them: after which I locked the cabin door.

We were now all on deck; and when about to hoist sail, my wife and I took an affectionate leave of those we were to leave behind. The women wept bitterly, while my dear Eliza endeavoured to console them by a faithful promise of our return, should it so please God; and, with a united parting blessing, we enjoined them to keep the Sabbath with all possible holiness. We went out with a fine breeze; and, after rounding the promontory, I requested the captain to proceed under easy sail till we got clear of the reefs and shoals. I took the sketch I had made from my pocket, and carefully noted the landmarks for the channel, as we went along. At twelve o'clock we took an observation, making the latitude $29^{\circ} 30'$ north. We kept away west, and gradually hauled to the wind, on the starboard tack, having the broken water upon the beam till nearly sunset; by which time we saw nothing but sea all around us. The night being clear, and nothing to be seen like broken water, we again hauled to the wind, and stood on till daylight, when we went about on the other tack, and at noon we saw the land again bearing S.E., distant about seven leagues, with a great deal of intermediate broken water. We stood on towards the land for an hour, when we discovered a hummock in the distance, which was our dear promontory. I requested the captain to continue to work to windward by tacks of an hour, all the afternoon, to give me an opportunity of making notes and sketches as to the different appearances of the land; but before the sun set we put her head to the southward, taking leave of the island.

CHAPTER XIII.

I kept our eyes upon our island home while any trace of it could be seen, when suddenly, and unperceived by us, the sun went down, and I saw the little speck no more. In the instant, my Eliza and myself felt as when some dear friend passed away beneath our eye to the world of spirits. We took each other's hand in silence, and sat down upon the deck. Here my sweet partner was not slow to cheer me with blissful words, while her thoughts that gave them utterance warmed her own bosom.

On the following day the breeze was not so favourable, but at the expiration of a week we made the high land above Bluefields. From thence we beat up to windward, taking advantage of the land wind by night; and on the tenth day after our departure from the islands, the schooner dropped anchor at Kingston, as near as possible to Mr. Dickinson's wharf. I now took my pistols from my belt, being again within the

circle of old England's protective rights. This was on Wednesday the 12th day of March.

I lost no time in writing a note to Mr. Dickinson, and despatched Purdy with it. He soon returned with a clerk of the store, who told me Mr. Dickinson was dead; but that his employer, Mr. Green, who now occupied the premises, had a good deal of Mr. Dickinson's business; and would be happy to do any thing for me I should wish. I sent Purdy with him, and in about an hour they returned. He had taken lodgings for me in King Street, not very far up; and if I pleased I might have all the house but one room, which the owner, a brown lady, desired to reserve for herself. To these lodgings we removed with our treasure.

While dinner was getting ready, it occurred to me to procure change for twenty doubloons to pay the captain; for I judged it prudent not to set his surmises a-going by paying him in gold. I therefore went out and changed my twenty doubloons for three hundred and twenty dollars—the exact sum I had to give him; viz. three hundred for his cabin, and twenty for the two men. He was very civil when I paid him the money.

In the course of conversation, I asked him the value of his schooner, or of such another. His answers were rather equivocal: sometimes he guessed, and sometimes he reckoned; but I concluded from all he said that the hull might be worth a thousand dollars, and the masts and sails and cables and anchors, &c. worth another thousand. He soon took his leave, hugging the bag of dollars between his left arm and his breast, while he shook my hand with the other.

After he was gone, I sent for the mistress of the house, and told her that my servants would each occupy one of the spare bed-rooms. To this she instantly objected.—“Those rooms were for gentlemen, not for negro men.”—“My servants are not slaves,” replied I, “although they are negroes; and I will take care they shall not sleep in your beds with a dirty skin or unclean linen.” After much talk, she laughed, and conceded the point, saying, she believed I was only “Johnny Newcome, to be a foolish.”

In the morning we awoke refreshed; and, during breakfast, I arranged with my dear wife that she should remain at home to keep an eye on the boxes, until I could dispose of the money. But there was another matter, of perhaps equal worldly import, that demanded our consideration; this was our mode of dress. There was no time lost, therefore, in sending for a hair-dresser, who promptly came, and as quickly put me under the torture. He rubbed my hair up in front with hard pomatum, till I could scarcely close my eyelids; and he dusted in the powder, first from the puff, and then from a leathern horn, until he nearly blinded me, having previously appended to my hair behind a large false queue, tied with about five yards of black riband. My dearest Eliza pitied me; but it was to be done, or I could not show my face anywhere as a gentleman! My

equipment being thus finished, she felt herself in duty bound to permit her fine and abundant auburn hair to be cut, and disposed in curls; but she would not allow any frizzing or powdering.

When I was pronounced by Monsieur the friseur as quite the thing, I sallied forth, taking Purdy with me; leaving Diego to hold guard with his mistress. I called at Mr. Green's store, and found him there. I told him my business was to purchase a schooner of about a hundred and twenty tons burden, and a variety of things to load her; and that if he would assist me in these matters, I would pay his commission; to which he readily agreed.

After this, I returned to our lodging to write a note to the admiral's secretary, stating that I wished to transmit a considerable sum of money to England. I was soon favoured with a very civil reply, in which it was intimated that an opportunity was about to present itself, but that the admiral would not order any sum under ten thousand dollars to be received in charge of any of his Majesty's ships; he therefore requested to know what sum I proposed to remit to England. I answered, that, if the ship were a frigate, I would send by her about 40,000*l.*; and a reply was brought, saying, the admiral's secretary and the captain of the *Solebay* would wait on me to-morrow morning.

In the evening Mr. Green appeared with a Mr. Finn, a shipbuilder (I suppose he may be so called, although no vessels are built at Kingston), and I gave him the dimensions of the masts, and spars, and sails, &c. and requested he would have them all ready in a fortnight; which he promised to do. After he was gone, Mr. Green stayed and took coffee with us. The only thing he communicated of any interest was the circumstance of a calamitous hurricane having swept over Jamaica last year, on the 1st of September—the very day on which we experienced, at Seaward's Islands, four-and-twenty hours of violent rains, with variable winds, and a heavy gale at night.

In the morning, about ten o'clock, the naval gentlemen made their appearance; and we entered upon business.—“I understand, sir,” said the secretary, “you intend to send about 40,000*l.* to England in gold, if you have the opportunity of a frigate. Captain James will sail in about ten days: and I privately communicate to you, that he goes to Chatham; so, if you wish the money to proceed to London, the opportunity is a good one.”—“It will be so, sir,” I replied: “what is the freight?”—“One per cent., sir,” answered the secretary.—“In full of all charges and considerations?” said I, in return; “the money being in the captain's charge, until delivered on shore by him to my order at Chatham?”—“Just so,” they replied, smiling. Then they informed me they would duly let me know on what day the money should be sent for. The captain invited us to visit the frigate; which we promised to do, before he sailed.

This matter being arranged, I sat down and wrote a long letter to my

uncle at Bristol, detailing all that had happened to the brig and crew and with due gratitude mentioning our extraordinary preservation, adding, that fortune had thrown some money into my hands since a shipwreck; and that I had seized the earliest opportunity to get to Jamaica, where I was now providing a mast, spars, and sails to refit the brig; and by the help of some other repairs, and a fresh crew that meant to take with me, I hoped I should have her at anchor off Belize about a couple of months; and that then I would send him a faithful account of all disbursements. My dear Eliza at the same time wrote me affectionately to her father and sisters, and to mine.

I remained with my dear helpmate all the remainder of the day, which allowed Diego to go out for a walk with Purdy, to buy the different articles they wanted.

Next morning I called on Mr. Green, and told him I wanted to purchase a bill of exchange for 1000*l.* sterling, which I was desirous to remit to London as a deposit. He said he would go with me to the Paymaster-General, who would give me the bill, no doubt; but that would be a premium on it of ten per cent. At the coffee-house I saw a note of Perry, Child, and Co., Lombard Street, the London bankers and then arranged with the Paymaster. I returned to my dear wife, who assisted me in counting out 300 doubloons from the bag, and taking her on my arm, according to the example of our Yankee captain, I went to the Paymaster's office, who told me that the sum to be paid was 48 dollars. I said "That is right, if you take the doubloons at sixteen dollars."—"Certainly," returned he, "if not cobbled." I produced my gold, which was the proper sort, the cobbled money being unshapely and unmilled. I counted him out 289 doubloons, and he returned me 48 dollars, being the change; and then delivered me a set of bills of exchange on the British Treasury, for the 1000*l.* sterling. I asked him what thought of Perry's house in London, to make a deposit with. "No better," he replied: so I took my leave.

I now lost no time in writing to Perry and Co., enclosing them the first of the set of bills, and advising them of a shipment of 12,000 doubloons to be made in a few days in his Majesty's ship *Solebay*, Captain James, which said 12,000 doubloons would be consigned to their house; and that they were to receive them from Captain James at Chatham, paying one per cent. for freight; after which they were to make the best of the market for converting the gold into stock, in the name of Edward Seaward, reserving in their hands 1000*l.* as a deposit to my credit. I bade them take care of the Bank receipts for the money, and to send me their acknowledgment for them, with the accounts, by the first packet followed by duplicates in the next.

Diego and Purdy had been out all day with permission; and after dinner I called them in. They had seen a capital boat or two, and were

excellent canoes, to be sold; and Purdy had heard of a new Bermudian schooner, sent to Kingston for sale. I was particularly pleased with this last part of their information, and told them that next week I would look at the schooner.

Sunday, 16th.—We dressed ourselves in our Sunday clothes, which we found had not become quite unfashionable, excepting my waistcoats; so that I had ordered a couple of genteel vests to be made, one of which I now put on to-day; and the flaps being to the mode, reached half-way down my thigh, with pockets sufficiently large to hold a week's provision. We desired very much to go to church, but we thought it prudent not to leave so large a sum of money in a place so insecure; we therefore determined on having prayers at home. Our two men attended, and by invitation, the brown lady made one of the congregation. Diego was, as usual, truly devout; and Purdy behaved very well: but our new friend sometimes laughed, and sometimes yawned, and seemed heartily glad when it was over. After service, the men had permission to go out, but I enjoined them to keep away from all revelry, and to hold in mind that this day was the Sabbath, to be kept holy to the Lord.

About one o'clock Mr. Green called on me. My dear wife expressed her regret that we had not been able to go to church, but hoped we should have that happiness next Sunday; and concluded by asking him how many churches there were in Kingston. He replied, "One, I believe; but I have never been in it."—"Never in it!" repeated my Eliza, with an emotion of surprise. "Oh no," resumed he; "scarcely any one here ever thinks of going to church. We have too much to do, and have only just shut up the store." Mr. Green sat a good while; and I thought in that case it was incumbent on me to invite him to dinner. He accepted my civility, and returned by two o'clock; but when at our wine, he ventured to make some satirical remarks on saying grace before dinner, which drew from my dear wife a rebuke that I think he never will forget. "It has been said, Mr. Green, that ingratitude is so base a crime, that the man was never yet found who would acknowledge it. He that omits thanking the Creator and Giver of all things, for the good he receives at his hands, I think fairly deserves the imputation. And this is my apology for that grace before dinner, which you have endeavoured to make a subject for ridicule." Our guest was quite confounded; he could not make any reply for some time: at last he said, "Jamaica has a pestilential atmosphere; and that while in England he was sure he never would have ventured to say what he had said." My dear wife mildly answered, that she hoped he would not suffer all his early good habits to be destroyed, and that she might see him at church before we left Kingston. To this he gave a smiling promise, and we passed the rest of the evening in general conversation.

Monday, 17th.—I called on Mr. Green early in the morning on

business. He very soon alluded to what my wife had said to him, and he really felt much obliged to her. After finishing this conversation, I told him I wished him to make some inquiry about a Bermudian schooner that was for sale. At noon he sent his clerk to tell me the owner of the vessel was at the counting-house, and if I would go with him I could see her. She was a fine vessel, built entirely of cedar, and fully equipped for sea—the admeasurement, one hundred and thirty tons: we were all much pleased with her. The owner named four thousand dollars as her price: she was complete, and there were two suits of sails. I thought the demand too much, and told him so at once: saying, "I will not give anything like that sum;" and went away. He called on me several times during the week, always coming down a little; but I would not negotiate with him at all. "What is the most you will give, then?" said he.—"Three thousand dollars," said I, "if the report of a ship carpenter be satisfactory, and I am content myself with the inventory of the equipment, with which you must furnish me." No, he could not take such a sum as that. But before the week expired he consented to do so, and also brought an inventory of the equipment. I told Purdy he must take charge of her; and I shipped two free New England negroes, at five dollars a month.

On Wednesday morning, the 19th inst., Captain James, and the admiral's secretary, and the master of the *Solebay*, called on me; and eight of the boxes were brought out by Diego and myself into the saloon. I then delivered them to Captain James; taking his receipt, and signing a memorandum of agreement, the counterpart of one he had signed and given to me. The master went for the boat's crew, who lugged away the cases of treasure down to the boats in waiting for them, as lightly as if they contained so much ballast. Captain James took his leave, again expressing his hope of seeing us on board the *Solebay*. "You must come and see my little ship," he repeated; adding with an emphasis, "My *royal* little ship, for it was she that brought King William to England."

Towards the end of the week I called on the Paymaster of the Forces again, and asked him if it were convenient for him to draw on the Treasury for any sum within 5000*l*.? He replied it was quite convenient, and delivered me the bills, at thirty days' sight, on the Treasury, for the money.

In the course of the week I bought an iron chest, into which we removed the twelve bags of doubloons from the boxes that remained, and also the contents of the big one, of which we now took a correct inventory; viz. *gold*—crucifixes, thirty-six; sword-handles, twelve; chains, large and small, forty; triangular pieces embossed with Scripture figures, having a hole at one angle for a chain, eight: *silver*—candlesticks, two pairs; ewers, two; salvers, four; crucifixes, fifty; chains, fifty; cases with perfume, two; shoe-buckles, twelve pairs: *tissue*—of gold, four pieces; of silver, six pieces. This being done, we locked the new depo-

story; feeling, as I put the curiously wrought key into my pocket, a great relief to my mind, and to the mind of my dear wife also.

Sunday, 23rd.—I sent Diego to the schooner, for Purdy to accompany us to church: and we left *mammon* in the chest, to take care of itself. There were but few people attending divine service, compared with the population of the place; and the greater part of that congregation consisted of officers and soldiers; yet we ventured to hope a day would come, when the Sun of Righteousness should rise on this benighted land, and both bond and free join in the worship of the God that made them.

Monday, 24th.—I desired Purdy, who was in waiting, to be on the alert for a crew for the brig, eight hands; and bring them to me as he found them.—“Yes, sir,” he replied: “I will get crew for brig, but wish to tell you something, sir. You said I should have Jamaica wife, to go with us. There is young woman, sir, will have me, sir; but if she go, sir, father and mother, and one brother, want all to go too, sir; I tell them, say, sir, can’t marry every one of them, sir.”—“Well, Purdy,” I answered, “bring them all to me; or bring the father and mother, and I will talk to them.”—“When they shall come, sir?” he asked.—“To-morrow evening, Purdy,” I replied, “before sunset, let them come.”—“Thank you, sir; thank you very much, sir,” said he; and, making several scrapings with each foot, and a merry turn of both arms, retired. As he went out, Diego respectfully observed, “Good fellow, that, sir; honest fellow, him, sir.”—“I am glad to hear you say so, Diego,” I replied: “for I believe thou also art an honest fellow thyself.”—“Thank you, Señor Don Edvardo; good master to me, and friend! thank you, sir,” said he, with much emphasis and emotion, bowing his head low and slowly to the ground.

Having told Diego to purchase whatever was necessary for the increased numbers of our colony, I asked my dear wife if she was inclined to pay a visit to Port Royal, and the frigate; to which she readily assented. By ten o’clock, we found ourselves in one of the wherries, which are large sailing-boats of eight or ten tons; and, the breeze blowing strong and fair, they disembarked us at Port Royal in an hour and a quarter. The ships-of-war looked nobly, as we passed ahead of them, lying at anchor off the town. On landing, we were shown to a lodging-house kept by a brown lady and her daughter. The latter came smiling up to us; and, rubbing her white teeth with a piece of chew-stick all the time she stood by my wife, spoke to her every now and then, “How you do, ma’am;—hope you don’t sick, ma’am;—hope you get better at Port Royal, ma’am;—season don’t very sickly, ma’am.”—“I am very well, thank you,” replied my Eliza. “You seem a nice girl; you can read and write very well, I suppose?” The girl tittered; “Read ma’am! Buchara read! me no read.”—“You sew, then, I suppose?” continued my wife. —“O yes,” replied the girl; “can sew—but no more than hem handkerchief sometime.”—“What do you do, then, with your time?” replied

Eliza.—“Plenty for do,” she returned; “all day sit down, and talk sometime.”—My dear wife smiled, and the brown young lady resumed the rubbing of her teeth, which was done in a manner not to fatigue her, and walked out of the room with a peculiar movement, that swung her petticoats from side to side at every step.

In the meanwhile I wrote a note to Captain James, and asked our hostess to despatch it on board the *Solebay*; but she said she had no doubt he was on shore; and in about a quarter of an hour he waited on us, with another captain of the navy, whom he introduced as Captain Denny. Captain James was very glad to see us; but before we sat down, he sent off a note to his ship.

After we had finished our repast or second breakfast, a midshipman came in, to say the barge was in waiting; and Captain James then repeated his invitation to Mrs. Seaward and myself, to do him the honour of visiting his ship. We were struck with the elegance of the boat, and the neatness of the crew, who were all dressed in white shirts, and trousers like petticoats, and small straw hats. As we approached, the bowsman tossed up his oar into the air, and caught it again; while at the same instant the crew placed their oars regularly within the boat, and she was laid alongside with the greatest ease and exactness. A large chair, fitted for the purpose, was lowered down to the boat, into which the captain placed my dear wife, covering her limbs with a flag, and, in one moment she was hoisted up, and placed on the quarter-deck in safety. The captain and Captain Denny were received with presented arms. He then introduced his officers to us; they were all dressed in dark blue coats with white linings, but the lieutenants, only, wore white facings; and every fighting man of them had a short curved cutlass slung horizontally at his side. I made a few complimentary remarks on the dress worn by the lieutenants, but more especially on that worn by Captain James himself. He said, in reply, that the navy was indebted for it to his present Majesty; that it was but a few years ago he had given them the white lapelle, and double rose upon their button: previously the coat was single-breasted, like that of a landsman; the junior officers wearing nothing but jackets, with sugar-loaf buttons, and a bit of gold lace edging the rim of a round hat.

After this ceremony, we walked down into the captain's cabin, which is on the main deck, where he showed us increased courtesy. “You see your cash there,” said he; “but I am more careful of it than you were, for I have caused the carpenter to make a great coat, of oak plank, for each of your deal boxes; I wonder you could trust gold in such trumpery cases.”—I thanked him, smiling, saying, “If it were nails, we should think deal boxes safe enough; and perhaps we sometimes add little to our security, by too evident precaution!”—“Well,” returned he, with something like an oath, which rather startled my dear wife; “I really think *you are right*.”—And then he told us a story about his smuggling some

valuable things, when he came from India as a lieutenant, by merely putting them into a seaman's chest, for which he gave Jack five shillings, and which he sent on shore by a common waterman, directing it to a waggon office in London; where it arrived safe, when all those who bribed custom-house officers, and took every precaution, had their whole collection of things seized the moment they were landed.

Our chatty host now invited us to see the ship; after which we found it very pleasant on the quarter-deck; the awning being spread, we walked under its shade with great comfort, the cool breeze from the sea blowing freshly over us. Ahead of us were the remains of a once proud city; over the ruins of which, perhaps, we now stood, on the deck of the frigate! My dear wife made this reflection. Captain Denny assured her he had seen the chimney tops; and that he had heard of their being hooked sometimes by the fluke of an anchor. "I do not know how to credit that!" said she, smiling.—"O! there was not a word of a lie in it, I do believe," cried he.—"Well, but," added his gentle antagonist, "where did the chimneys come from? I have not yet seen any in Jamaica; and if ever there were any in Port Royal, the climate must have been strangely altered by the earthquake!"—Captain James laughed heartily at Denny's exposure: but he himself joined in the laugh with great good humour, crying aloud, "What an infernal ass I am, to be sure!"

Dinner was announced, by a drum beating "The Roast Beef of Old England," when Captain James handed my wife down to his cabin; Denny, at the same time, giving me a slap on the shoulder, said, "Make sail, my boy, and keep in the commodore's wake."—There was no other company. There were a couple of roast ducks, and a dish of pancakes made on board without either milk or eggs; the last dish proving very good, was a great mystery to my wife. They were made with sea water! The table-cloth being removed, we drank the King's health; after which, my dear wife said, "Now, with your permission, Captain James, I will go and walk the quarter-deck for half an hour; by which time I think Mr. Seaward will thank you for a boat, as we are desirous of getting up to Kingston to-night." He very politely requested the officer on deck to give her his arm, where she enjoyed the fine air: and after we had sat an hour, during which we were abundantly jovial, I pressed my host to allow me to go also; and we soon joined Mrs. Seaward on deck.

On landing, I asked the officer if he would permit me to give the boat's crew some money? to which he answered, "Certainly not; but your offer is not less kind."—"They are going to sea," said I; "allow me, then, on that ground, to beg the favour of you to buy some vegetables for their mess? There can be no objection to this."—"Well, sir," he replied, "I think there can be no objection; and I will tell the captain." I put ten dollars into the coxswain's hand.—As we walked away, the men cheered us with "Long life to you, sir, and to your lady!"

The day was too far advanced for us to think of proceeding to Kingston that evening; so we amused ourselves walking about Port Royal, enjoying the cool hour before we retired for the night. It is a miserable place now. The piazzas were occupied chiefly by mulatto women, (brown ladies, as they call themselves,) sitting with their feet placed on a chair, or cocked up against a post,—no very modest attitudes for the female sex; but my candid Eliza rather pitied than found fault with them. With some of them we saw naval officers, standing and joking, or smoking a cigar; but all was quiet, and nothing indecorous in conduct presented itself to our notice.

Diego received us joyfully on our return, saying all was well. In less than an hour Mr. Finn brought a respectable man, named Taylor, who had been mate of a London ship, and whose captain had behaved somewhat brutally towards him. Finding that he had been at the Bay of Honduras, I engaged him as captain for the brig, and I desired him to bring such men to me as he could procure for a crew, taking care not to engage any of bad character. In the course of the week he had got his crew together; and, having received from me a very minute statement of the condition of the brig, he took care that every thing should be furnished by Mr. Finn, that might be required for her re-equipment.

My dear wife and myself had for some days past made our beloved friends at Awbury the subjects of our conversation, and I had resolved that she should send a present of 500*l.* to her father, and I would at the same time remit an equal sum to my sisters and brother; and for this end I procured two sets of bills on the Treasury, for which I paid, as before, 288 doubloons 12 dollars for 1000*l.* sterling. The letter written by my dear Eliza, was full of tender duty to her most worthy parent, and of affection to her sisters; but it overflowed with grateful love towards myself. She told them as much of our story as I thought might with prudence be at present disclosed. In the same strain I wrote to my brother at Awbury, telling him that 100*l.* was for each of my sisters, and 200*l.* for himself; and if he chose to marry, and he and his wife should come out to Jamaica, I would provide for them; and that he need not be uneasy about leaving his sisters, as I would allow each of them 50*l.* a year. Our letters to Awbury, with their enclosures, were ready; and another letter to my uncle, informing him how I was getting on, as far as respected the preparations for re-equipping his brig. Likewise letters to Perry and Co., with the first exchange for 5000*l.*, ordering them to invest it; and also duplicates of the letter written by the packet, with the second of exchange for 1000*l.* remitted by that opportunity.

The midshipman who had landed me from the ship, called on me to-day and amused us much by his droll phraseology. He said the captain had desired the purser's steward to lay out the money I had given the men *in vegetables* for them. "But," continued the boy, laughing, "*they would rather have had the cash to bouse their jibs up ashore.*" When

ng came, I gave him my letters, together with a superb gold hilt for rd, which I took from my reserved store, and sent with a separate o Captain James, begging his acceptance of it. When the midship- took these things, I said to him—"My young friend, don't be ed if I offer you a doubloon, to lay in anything you like for your " but he objected to receive it, until my dear wife remarked—" cannot refuse it, because it is a present to your messmates as well yourself." He then said, "You are very kind; and as we hear e very rich, I will no longer say no. When you went on shore," ued he, "the captain said to our first lieutenant, 'There goes a worth more than his weight in gold!' Some took the speech one nd some another. Now, sir, I would take it both ways—a good and a good purse! and they are two good things; that is, when lie close aboard of each other." So, shaking me cordially by the and my dear wife offering him hers, which was not her custom, he his leave of us, apparently much delighted; perhaps more with he had said, that from what he had received.

dy and his nuptial friends were punctual on the appointed evening. uth and mother of the girl were both mulattoes. The man said uld give his daughter to Jemmy; but, as he had heard from him had a good settlement where I could employ him, and give him a and grounds, he and his wife, and his son, wished to go too. He ae he was a carpenter, and so was his son. I consented to take but it was on condition that the son should bring a wife with him. swered, there would be no difficulty in that; so he would promise

SON.
ly the next week, a fine new boat was fixed on with lugsails, mea- quite twelve tons. She was half-decked, and therefore safe in the ea. I paid 300 dollars for her complete. I called her the Avon, the beautiful river down which my Eliza and myself sailed on g England, and on whose admired banks we had walked delightfully er before we embarked on our eventful voyage. I had wished to r schooner the Severn, in honour of that noble river, near to which ative village stands; but she had been registered by name, and s it was to our ears, it could not be changed; she was called the ee, after a fish much esteemed at Bermuda.

g the middle of the week, the schooner began to take in her cargo, g the spars to be stowed upon deck. A few thousand bricks were y placed on the floor of the vessel; she then took in spare anchors rself and the Avon, and also a long 12-pounder, fitted with a sing carriage, to mount on the promontory, and nearly a ton of or the gun. Then, *in barrels*, came American flour, rice, biscuit, xef, pork, butter, sugar, salt, suet, coffee, raisins, gunpowder, pitch, sin, kegs of paint, kegs of ball cartridges, and a keg of flints: in

boxes, Russia duck, English stripes, checks, linens, coloured handkerchiefs for the head, soap, candles, refined sugar, tea, &c.: *in cases*, ironmongery; as knives, locks, hinges, nails, &c.; ship carpenters' tools; house carpenters' tools; twenty stand of arms, with their appointments, and blank paper cartridges for the 12-pounder: *in crates*, kitchen utensils; as pots, pans, kettles, &c., with a large quantity of yabbahs, or earthen pots, used for cooking in Jamaica; also wooden trenchers, and coarse crockery, as jugs, brown dishes, delft plates, &c.: *in packages*, implements of husbandry; as pickaxes, spades, shovels, hoes, axes, hatchets, bill-hooks, &c.; sawyers' saws, leather, canvass, cordage, oakum, a quantity of slop-clothing, including shoes; a large and small Union Jack, with spare bunting for other flags; two mahogany bedsteads, with mattresses and moscheto nets: *loose*, spare cables for the schooner and Avon, sails and rigging for the brig, a timber carriage, wheelbarrows, handbarrows, square timber for erecting habitations, boards, planks, staves, shingles; a great handmill, with a wheel for grinding maize; two mahogany tables, twelve mahogany chairs, wardrobe, and two chests of drawers. There were besides, a few hams, and a cheese; six dozen of Canary in humpers, and a quarter cask of the same; a large box of Spanish cigars, jars with oil, and spirits of turpentine, two looking-glasses, two spy-glasses, a speaking-trumpet and bugle horn, a pair of glass-shades for the candles, and some other things not herein enumerated; however, the whole did not make more than three-fourths of a cargo; the planks and boards being stowed above all, so as to make a platform fore and aft in the hold, with room enough above it for the accommodation of such people as we might think fit to place there; as well as for the stock that Diego was to bring on board.

While they were engaged in thus loading the schooner, I procured a letter of introduction to the Governor's secretary at Spanish Town; and hiring a calash on Thursday morning, I waited on the secretary, and told him that I understood he gave commissions for island appointments, and that I wanted a commission as Captain-commandant over a place where I was settled with some negroes and free people. It was a small island or two, among some rocks and shoals off the Mosquito shore, on which there were no inhabitants when I landed there, about fifteen months ago; that we had built some huts, and I was now going back thither with a schooner; that we had prevented a Spaniard, about three months since, from taking a Virginia vessel; and that I hoisted the English colours; but was afraid to protect them without a commission. The secretary asked me what the islands were called. I said it was not laid down in any chart that I had seen; I therefore had called the group '*Seaward Islands*,' after my own name. "Well, Captain Edward Seaward," said he, "you shall have the commission; but you must pay *twenty* doubloons for it." He then requested me to sit down, while he

to settle the business. He returned in about an hour, with the commission, signed by the Governor. I read it over, and found it every way to my wish; but I strongly suspected, that when the Governor put me to the commission, he knew no more of the nature of the appointment he was signing, than he did of the rocks and islands over which he unconsciously placed me: however, I had obtained the important result: and my wife rejoiced with me, on my return to the inn, at the quiet manner in which the thing had been done. "Now, Captain Purdy," said she, smiling, and taking my hand, "we will have dinner; and shall have the honour of drinking your health; and we will then go to Kingston."

Friday morning, I consulted with Diego and Purdy, as to the expediency of purchasing two new negro boys. "I will bind them for seven years after that they shall be free. And my dear Eliza," continued I, "would it not be well for you to take three or four girls on the same terms for you will require them." She acquiesced; and we went all the way to the wharf of a merchant, who had just disembarked a cargo of African human beings, for sale. My wife remained in the counting-house; and I, with my attendants, proceeded to the enclosure. Some poor creatures were young, and some in the prime of life; some were gay, and some were sad; but all exhibited a black and glossy skin, having been anointed with palm oil for the occasion; and all their vestiture might have been supplied with a fig-leaf. My men picked out two nice clean-limbed girls about eighteen, whose price was 50*l.* currency each. The merchant's clerk told that Mrs. Seaward wanted two or three girls, half-a-dozen years of age; and my wife was selecting three from the crowd, when one of the young new negroes I had purchased, evinced remarkable restlessness and emotion. My dear Eliza said to me,—"I am sure that lad has a mother, or wife, or sister, among these people." Diego took him out to see if it was so, by leaving him loose, and telling him to go to whom he would run. My Eliza proved to be right: they parted with his sister: and when my wife selected her, which she did, the youth fell upon his knees before her, kissing her feet. I paid 50*l.* currency each for the three girls; and Diego then conducted them to our lodgings.

That afternoon, the captain of the brig called and said he would be ready to sail on Saturday night. "Very well," I replied; "but do not sail on Tuesday."—"That is very well, sir," he said; "but I suggest to you, that it may be a very bad business to send Purdy's boat in the Avon. We may want that boat to look out among the shoals and rocks for a passage; and if she should take the ground with these in her, there will be horrible confusion."—I thanked him for his advice and would abide by it. "But," said I, "Finn was to get me a schooner, and it is quite time I should be suited; he has

not done it."—"I know a proper fellow I could recommend," returned the captain: "he is rather young, but he is a nice lad, and a prime navigator, born and bred at sea."—"Then bring him," said I.

In the morning, the captain called on me with his young friend, "Francis Drake."—"I like your name, and your countenance, sir," said I; "but you are very young."—"I am twenty-two," he replied, "and have been at sea all my days. I was born on shipboard; my father was master of a man-of-war: I was a midshipman for some years; but could not get promotion. I have been on this station six years; and I think, without flattering myself too much, I know as much about it as any man now sailing out of Kingston. I would not have said so much," continued he, "only a man must say something for himself, when he is taken for a brat of a boy." I smiled, and stretching out my hand, asked his pardon, saying, "I doubt not, Mr. Drake, we shall in time be better friends. I engage you, if you please, at the same rate your friend there is engaged, to command the brig. Now, gentlemen, sit down, and let us consult together." After some time, it was agreed that Captain Drake should go in the *Avon*, with three white seamen belonging to the brig, and Purdy and the two New England blacks; while Captain Taylor, of the brig, should navigate the schooner, with his mate, and the four other white seamen.

I found it would be necessary to get a regular ship-carpenter to go out with me; I therefore asked Mr. Finn if he knew of any one that would dispose of a ship-carpenter negro, whom he could recommend; and, as an inducement, I would buy wife and children, if there were any. In the afternoon, he brought a person to me, who was as much disposed to sell as I was to buy; for he was going home, he said—that is, to England. He seemed an honest man: for he said he would leave the price of the negro to Mr. Finn, or any one else. "No," returned I; "it shall be left to yourself. Has the carpenter any family? how old is he?"—"He is old, sir," was the answer; "I suppose nearly forty; he has no children with him; he has a wife, and she is nigh as old as himself." They appeared healthy, and did not seem at all the worse for wear, if I may so express it. "Give me," said he, "100*l.* sterling for the man, and you may have the woman for what you please."—"I think, sir," said I, "if I give you 100*l.* sterling I should have man and wife; that is 100*l.* currency for the one, and 40*l.* currency for the other; and I will give you no more: take that, and I will pay you on delivery." He mused some time, and at last consented. The bill of sale was made, and the money paid; after which I called in Allan Derrick and his wife Priscilla, and told them I had purchased them; and that I would treat them with the greatest kindness, and in seven years give them their freedom. To this promise, my faithful Diego bore testimony, by saying—"Yes, indeed, sir; you indeed, sir, all like one our father." I asked Allan if he had any property. He

replied—"Not too much, massa; have pig and goat, and few fowls, and some lilly tings in house."—"Well," I answered, "you may carry them all with you." I now told Diego to go home with these two people, and to put them in the way of being ready to embark on Monday.

We had nearly dined when Diego came back, with a very satisfactory account of our ship-carpenter and his wife; who were also, he said, quite happy in all he had told them of their new home.—"Get your own dinner, Diego," replied I; "then go on board the schooner, and say, I wish the two young negroes to come ashore with you to see their friends."—Diego was glad of the errand; and in a couple of hours we saw him return, with the two lads neatly dressed in white jackets and trousers. I desired him to leave them standing near us; then to bring in the girls. It was truly delightful to see the meeting: there was no ecstatic burst of feeling; but all the evidence of joy their degraded condition was capable of.

As I sat smoking my cigar after coffee, my dearest Eliza gently said—"Edward, I feel that we are chosen vessels for the mercy of God to others. Hence, I do not repent our taking all this trouble. I own my natural inclination was to go to England; pay your uncle for the brig altogether, if required, and so be done with it; and then enjoy our fortune. But to enjoy," continued she, after pausing a little, "is the gift only of God; to possess may be his gift also, or it may be the gift of him who said 'I will give thee all the kingdoms of the earth, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'"—"True, my own best gift!" I replied, "I should be the most ungrateful of all men, to the good God who has bestowed all this on me, if I did not feel that this money, so wonderfully belivered into my hands, was for some especial purpose of stewardship. The providential arrival of the poor cast-away negroes, and then of the schooner, — all seems to me as so many signs from the Divine will, that it is our duty to fulfil a task allotted to us in that unknown island."—Tears stood in my Eliza's eyes, when I said this: and, oh! how like an angel she looked!

Saturday, 5th. — I went immediately after breakfast to Mr. Green's counting-house, where I received a statement of the money he had laid out, and made the payment; and in the course of the morning I settled with Mr. Finn.

After this business, I waited on the Paymaster, to inquire if he had any bills on England: he told me he had not, but referred me to the agent-victualler. This gentleman was very glad to see me on my errand, as the cash would be convenient to him: and he quite chuckled when he heard that I could let him have a large sum. But I complained of the premium, and told him I would not take bills for any considerable amount, at any thing above five per cent. He replied, that all government bills had fetched ten, for some time back; but if I could accommodate him with 10,000*l.* sterling, he would give the bills at five. We struck the bargain;

—and he handed me over a set of bills of exchange on the Treasurer of the Navy, for the 10,000*l.* sterling, approved by the Admiral.

Monday, 7th. — After negotiating for the bills, and paying for every thing, I found I had four bags of doubloons still untouched; and about 100 extra doubloons, from the last bags we had opened. Of these, I converted 150 into dollars; for which I received 2400. I placed them in bags, in the iron chest, beside the gold; reserving as much as I thought necessary for present use. I now wrote letters to Perry and Co., inclosing them the first of exchange for 10,000*l.*, with orders to fund the amount; sending them at the same time the seconds of the former bill and also inclosing my Will, which I endorsed—"Not to be opened, but by myself, or in the event of my decease."

Before dinner, I visited the vessels, and was highly pleased with their appearance, and all the arrangements that had been made: every thing necessary had been provided; and I paid a month's wages in advance to the captains, and also to each of the men.

At my fond wife's request, a handsome suit of uniform, blue and gold with a hat looped and handsomely laced, had been made for the Captain commandant. "If those Spaniards," said she, "should ever intrude themselves into our bay, which they may do as friends, without an imposing uniform on your person, they might pay very little respect to your commission." I saw the force of the observation, and therefore the uniform was made.

At the last visit of my hair-dresser, he recommended me to purchase of him an Adonis, a new-fashioned wig very much in vogue, instead of having my own hair tortured into the mode. "But," said I, "I do not want any thing of the kind, where I am going." My dear wife thought otherwise, and smiling, desired him to bring the wig. As it was for Eliza's pleasure, I made no more demur, but took it, and paid him 2 dollars for it. When he was gone, I said to her, "What am I to do with this mophead, Mistress Commandant, at Seaward Islands?"—"It is for my Captain-commandant," she replied, "when he has occasion to appear in state!"

My kind wife, meanwhile, had provided herself with some presents for those left behind; and having finished the day in prayer to God our Father, we rose next morning in health and spirits.

CHAPTER XIV.

TUESDAY, April 8th.—We embarked at seven o'clock, where nothing but *happy faces* met us. I felt I had no need of pistols here! All hands

cheered us; and the women crowded round my wife, kissing her hand. Indeed, she smiled so sweetly on them, and had already done so many kind things to them, they could not but love her. We did not receive our clearance from the custom-house before nine o'clock, which gave us time to inspect the dispositions made on board for the people. We were in all, on board the schooner, fifteen in number; and in the Avon, there were altogether seven.

The sea-breeze having set in, and the pilot being on board, we set sail; and with the fine little lugger in our wake, ran down to Port Royal in little more than an hour. As we passed the men-of-war, I perceived the Solebay had gone; so, wishing her, as well as ourselves, a good voyage, we stood out to sea, and dismissed the pilot. We now kept away S. W., and having run about one hundred miles by Wednesday at noon, we observed in $15^{\circ} 48' N$. At noon on Thursday we observed in $14^{\circ} 46'$, having run little more than eighty miles during the last twenty-four hours. After some consultation, we agreed to steer west; and, by four o'clock, breakers were discovered right ahead; we in consequence hauled up to the northward, bringing the breakers on our beam to leeward. We continued to stand to the northward for about an hour, when we were enabled to keep away N. W.: at this time something like land was discerned to the southward of us, but it was too late in the day to endeavour to close with it; we therefore stood off and on all night, holding a pretty good offing, for fear of encountering calms or currents, while among so many unknown reefs and shoals. At daylight in the morning we again descried the land to the southward, and stood in towards it under easy sail, till we found ourselves embayed within a horse-shoe reef, and were thus compelled to stand back again to escape from our perilous situation. Being at a loss how to proceed, I thought it expedient to bring the schooner to an anchor for the present, under a low small coral island that lies on the eastern extremity of the breakers, and there remain until the Avon should make out the passage. I hailed Mr. Drake to that effect; and as soon as we dropped anchor, he made sail along the northern edge of the broken water, until he at length rounded its western extremity, and entered into that harbour, which on my first arrival I had mistaken for a lake, and which I have so called more than once in the early part of this Journal.

As soon as Mr. Drake ascertained a clear channel, he hoisted a Union Jack, as was agreed on. On perceiving his signal, we got under weigh; and quickly rounding the reef, hauled up to windward of a high rock. Here the Avon met us, and took her station on our weather quarter; and we sailed hence together, with a flowing sheet, and colours flying, through the strait that separates the two main islands on the north, into the open harbour, where at once a thousand well-known objects burst upon us. Xavier had caught a glimpse of the Avon from the shore, whilst she was

exploring the channel, so that we had scarcely passed the strait when we saw the colours go up on the promontory. In half an hour more, we brought up in Woodland Bay, with our dear mansion and silk-cotton tree in full view before us; and at the same instant the anchor dropped, Xavier and Martin were alongside in the canoe. They were almost out of themselves; they embraced my knees, they danced about, they hugged old Diego almost to death, and bowed to the Señora Donna with all their heart. The boats were quickly hoisted out; and we landed on the silk-cotton-tree beach, where Rota, with her daughter Mira, and Hachinta also, were standing to receive us: my dear wife had scarcely put foot on the shore, when they all, with one accord, threw themselves at her feet, embracing her knees; and when they arose, the new negro girls thought they must do the same, so they prostrated themselves also. But my Elise raised them instantly, saying, "No! No!" She was affectionate herself, and loved every demonstration of it; but anything that could tend to give worship, where it was not due, she utterly abhorred.

After this scene, my beloved took my arm; and we felt as our first parents would have felt, had they been permitted to return to Paradise after their expulsion. Rota had prepared coffee for us, as soon as Xavier reported the appearance of a vessel; after which I ordered all the people to be landed, excepting the white sailors, who were to take up their quarters in the schooner. Arrangements being made for the people, we all retired to our respective lodgings, as soon as every body had been refreshed; and then my dear wife and myself, after shutting our door, lifted up our hearts to that God whose mercy and goodness had attended us by land and by sea.

Saturday, 12th.—I sent for the captains early in the morning, and told them they must move the schooner within the black rock, and there discharge the cargo; but as to-morrow would be the Sabbath, there must be no work then;—that we should have prayers at ten o'clock in the hall, and that dinner would be provided on shore for all hands at one o'clock. I promised Purdy he should be married the ensuing day, which gave him great joy.

My dear wife undertook to manage all the provision arrangements, for I found I now had a great deal to do in writing. I therefore set about opening books, in a regular way, for all purposes connected with money transactions. In the afternoon we paid a visit to the pen, which, with its new inmates, was like a fair. We were happy to see the armadillo and our two pet pigeons among the number. A large dog we had brought showed no signs of a savage disposition, but, on the contrary, was placid as a lamb, and lay down very peaceably in the hall, allowing Fidele to play with him as he pleased. In the evening the captains and myself smoked a cigar, and we talked over our operations, doing, and to be done.

Sunday, 13th.—At ten o'clock everybody assembled in the great hall

dressed in their best, to prayers. We were thirty-two in number; and looking round upon them, I blessed God for the sight. My dear wife opened the sacred duty with a hymn, and I read the whole service of the church, which finished with another hymn, and the prayer for grace. Some were devout, some only orderly; but every thing in God's good time. After service, I performed the matrimonial rite,—David Allwood giving his daughter Cornelia in marriage to Jemmy Purdy; and at one o'clock dinner was set out for all hands, under the great tree, on a table of planks raised about a foot from the ground; round which they all sat, squat fashion, at meat, to the great fun, as well as gratification, of the white sailors, who partook of their good cheer. Having plenty of limes, I tapped the rum cask, and gave Diego sufficient to make the whole company as much punch as would do them good. They were supplied with abundance of melons; and I allowed them to amuse themselves with dancing, for fear, if unoccupied, they might do something less innocent. About three o'clock, Rota served us up a fine fish, with other meats, flesh and fowl. Our guests were rather astonished at our hospitality and abundance; the very sight of which produced a cheerful influence on every countenance. At an early hour, every one retired to their respective quarters; the bride and bridegroom taking up their habitation with her family in the plank-house.

On Monday morning all hands went manfully to work, so that by Wednesday afternoon the schooner's cargo was all landed, and placed under the side of the promontory; having a temporary covering of planks and boards over all, with the exception of the spars and sails for the brig.

On Thursday morning the people erected shears on board our shipwrecked brig, to serve two purposes: first, to take out as much of the cargo as would be requisite to lighten her, so as to get her afloat; and, secondly, to afterwards enable them to raise the fish of the mainmast into place. Xavier had kept her dry, so there was no water to pump out. By Friday morning, the Avon was brought round with an anchor and cable which was laid out astern, and by which they hove the brig off presently into deep water, drawing her back about twenty yards from where she had laid with her fore-foot aground.

The vessel being now fairly afloat, it was desirable to ascertain the state of her bottom. One of the white seamen volunteered to dive under the keel, stripping at the same instant, and plunging under her bows. He soon re-appeared, reporting a piece of the false keel off forward; but, after making several voyages of discovery under water, round and round the vessel, could not spy out any other injury. A consultation was now held with Captain Taylor, in which we agreed that if the brig did not leak more than usual after replacing the cargo, and bringing her round the promontory, he should proceed to the Bay of Honduras, without

delaying to make further repairs here, the run not requiring more than three days.

Sunday, 20th. — We observed the Sabbath of to-day by attendance at divine service, and in innocent recreations, there not being any excess for dancing or other noisy mirth.

Monday, 21st. — They began to fish the mast of the brig; and as there were about seven or eight feet of stump standing above board, we were of opinion that it could be made perfectly strong and secure. By Saturday I had the pleasure to see all the yards across, the running rigging rove, the sails bent, and every thing in place, and the brig towed round by the boats, and anchored off the plantation. So that it was now resolved she should put to sea without loss of time.

Sunday, 27th. — There was a general muster to prayers at ten o'clock; and at one all hands were regaled with a dinner under the cotton-trees, as on the Sunday after their arrival: devotion, with contentment, and good order, being our combined object, under existing circumstances. At noon the brig hoisted her colours; those of the schooner and the Avon were flying also; so that, altogether, we looked very grand, "low and aloft," as sailors express it.

Monday, 28th. — It was determined that the brig should not sail until the crew had assisted to get the 12-pounder up to the flag-staff, which was a formidable undertaking. Early in the morning the gun was landed from the schooner; after which, by means of planks, and tackles, and parbuckles, they succeeded in dragging it up to the flag-staff. That mastered, its carriage easily followed, and the gun was mounted before sunset.

The captain of the brig and myself had not been idle at home; we examined all the accounts, with the invoices, and prepared the duplicates I had previously made out. Of the duplicates we each took one. I next handed him what are commonly called the ship's papers, and with them a narrative of the shipwreck, with a protest in form as to the accident. I then gave him letters to my cousin, and instructions how to proceed, if he did not find him at the Bay of Honduras; and also a letter to my uncle at Bristol, containing a detail of proceedings, as far as regarded his business, up to the present time.

Tuesday, 29th. — About nine o'clock in the morning, I gave Captain Taylor the marks for going out of the southern channel, and he took his leave: Purly leading out in the Avon. I congratulated myself on this event, and looked forward with pleasure to be able now to attend to the immediate concerns of the colony. In less than a month we might expect the rains; the crop was ready to be taken from the ground, and the schooner's cargo must be housed. Diego was to have the two negro lads for a few days, and Xavier's wife and Derrick's wife permanently; and two of the negro girls, to assist him in taking up the crop.

Captain Drake completed a platform for the gun-carriage by Thursday evening, having carried up sixty rounds of shot, and twelve rounds of powder; and he asked permission to fire it to-morrow evening, at sunset, with blank cartridge, and then load it for service.

At sunset, therefore, on Friday evening he fired the gun, to the great terror of some of our people, and therefore to the great amusement of the others. But I was glad to hear the *bull-dog* bark; who might, by the same token, keep an intruding Spaniard, or pirate from our door.

Till the end of the week no change was made in our arrangements. From the day of our return, I kept a regular day-book, in which every one's employment was noted down, and the amount of wages carried to their credit; so that every one now felt it to be his or her interest to labour with industry. Rota was cook to the colony, as well as to ourselves; and she and the washerwoman were paid by contribution. In the way of polity, the machine was thus set going.

Sunday, May 4th.—The bell brought from Kingston rang for prayers at ten o'clock; and our congregation numbered twenty-four. Before the service commenced, I said a few words on the gratitude we owed to the God that made us and the earth on which we tread; and by whose goodness every thing grows, that we eat for food. I then added, that he had ordered one day in seven to be set apart from labour, that we may worship him, and give him thanks. Those who could understand me bowed their heads at this; and, after divine service, I told them that we intended to devote part of this day to teach some of them to read, and that such as chose to learn, might remain with us till dinner-time—one o'clock. My dear wife brought out her large wooden-mounted alphabets;—the men being placed on one side of the hall, and the females on the other; she taking the charge of these, and I of those. I pointed to a big A made on one side of the wooden book. After they had pronounced it, imitating the sound I gave it, I turned the other side of the board, exhibiting the letter B; and as I proceeded with my squad, the mistress went on with hers, *pari passu*, as we should say at school. After which we tried their recollection of both letters shown together; and then one after the other, in a dodging manner, assisting them when they were at fault. They took the lesson good-naturedly: sometimes laughing at one another's mistakes, sometimes at their own. We dismissed our school a little before one o'clock, desiring Mira, who could now read pretty well, to go over the business again under the cotton-tree in the evening. It was curious to observe, as well as satisfactory, how quickly the five young new negroes caught the sounds of the letters.

After the people dined, Captain Drake took as many as chose to go with him for a sail in the Avon; amusing them by coursing about in every direction, on the noble sheet of water that lay open to view before the house. At three o'clock he came on shore with his company, and

sat down with us to our comfortable dinner. I felt particularly happy to-day in the company of our guest, who seemed a gentlemanly young man, and well-informed. In the evening, we took a walk, and visited Mira with her disciples under the shade of the great tree, now become "the Academic Bower;" and after looking on awhile, we strolled through the woodland region; and returned to coffee, well pleased with all we had seen and done; and retired soon after to our night's repose.

Monday, 5th.—Orders had been issued for every one to rise at daylight. As we crossed the streamlet, we found all the females of Allwood's family already at the general wash; and on quitting them we called to mind the days, not very long passed, when we ourselves were cheerfully employed at the same labour. Captain Drake met us at the cave; and it was here determined that as much soil as could be got, should be dug out, and wheeled away for other use, and so the bottom be completely cleaned; after which a foot thick of sand should be laid over the whole surface of the place on which the storehouse was to be erected.

The men were assembled to begin the work; and having given out particular orders, we returned to the plantation, where we found Diego with his party getting in the Indian corn. My dear wife had given Anna, one of the negro women, charge of the poultry, to feed them and collect the eggs; and on visiting the pen, we found her with an immense flock of feathered creatures round her, ducks, geese, turkeys, fowls, and Guinea-hens. The pigs were grunting in a corner; and the goats, ten in number, including Derrick's, just let out, were making their way to browse among the bushes on the side of the hill to the southward. The sheep had been conveyed to the opposite island, where there was some good feed for them.

I now gave orders to announce the turn in and turn out of all the parties, by the blowing of a conch-shell at eight o'clock; which had been prepared by Diego for the purpose. At nine the shell was again blown; and Captain Drake repaired, followed by the people, to his station. But I determined that Diego should learn to wind the bugle instead, as the shell rang sounds in my ears I did not like to hear again.—"This makes my people slaves!" said I to myself, as the deep hollow intonations of the shell fell upon my ear—sounds I well remembered to have heard in Jamaica every morning at daybreak, when sleeping at Mr. Dickinson's pen, to turn out the slave population to task labour.—"I will no more of it," said I to my dear Eliza, who readily entered into my feelings on the subject. "You are right, my Edward," she replied; "let us have nothing here, to make any of our people feel that they have been bought with our money."

At twelve o'clock Diego blew a blast from the bugle, and at one the people dined where they had breakfasted; and at two they resumed their work. We dined at three o'clock; and at six the bugle desired the

our of the day to cease. And thus we continued our arrangement, and tied on our work during the week.

Sunday, 11th.—This Sabbath was observed like the former, in vision and teaching; but with some little variation in the afternoon sements.

Monday, 12th.—Great progress had been made with the storehouse; as many hands make light work, it was expected to be finished by end of this week. But quick as this promised to be, we feared we expect the heavy rains before it could be completed. However, as of the utmost importance to secure the fruits of the earth, I offered hall of the mansion for a temporary store; reserving only a corner for dinner table. We had run a race with the weather. On Friday the storehouse was boarded over, and the remainder of the things red. The following day the rain came down in torrents; so that had much reason to congratulate ourselves on our activity and foret. The rain fell in heavy sheets of water for two or three hours, ng which broad streams of it ran round the house in every direction, withstanding the thirstiness of the ground. The sky cleared up lenly in the afternoon, and the ground appeared as dry on the surface it had not rained a drop. During the weight of the torrents, every was made prisoner in the place it caught him, so that Captain ke did not make his appearance to dinner till half-past four o'clock. as the wet had put the cooking fire out, we, and all the people, were red to make the best sort of repast we could.

As the season now stopped work of one sort, I sent for Diego, and him to serve out some dried palm-leaves to the people, to be ready Monday; and employ them during the rains in making hats and sets.

Sunday, 18th.—The bell rang for prayers at the usual hour, and the ol was dismissed by twelve o'clock; just time enough to escape risonment from the rain, which fell soon after the people had been away.

Monday, 19th.—It had poured in torrents nearly all night, with some nder and squalls of wind, but the vessels had not driven. The weather inued in this way for five days, but cleared up entirely on Thursday 22nd; not half the space of time the rains lasted the preceding year; but ink they were heavy in proportion, and that quite as much water fell. go now advised that the whole stock of poultry should be allowed to t large over the plantation grounds, to pick up the grubs that soon ld be in swarms on the ground. Of ducks and fowls there were more a hundred of each kind; and it was the intention of my dear wife myself to divide them among the people, as soon as we could locate r families in separate habitations.

he carpenters resumed their work as soon as the boards of the store-

house were sufficiently dry to put on the shingles. My cares meanwhile went to the agriculture; and my trusty bailiff, Diego, told me that the yams, and most other things near us, had not sun enough at our plantation: he therefore recommended a plantation to be made on the opposite island. Accordingly, he and the Bermudians were sent there with felling-axes, to clear away such trees as might stand in the way. Captain Drake and his crew gave two days of their time, to remove the provisions in the plantation storehouse, round to the great storehouse of the cave, previous to a serious commencement of his survey of the islands. The plantation storehouse being thus cleared, all the corn and roots, fruits and tobacco, were immediately transported thither from the hall of the mansion, to the great improvement of our comfort.

By Saturday, the 31st, Captain Drake completed his survey, and presented me with a chart, of which he kept a duplicate; both being remarkably well done. I asked my dear Eliza if she would like to make a visit to the opposite island, and dine there under a tree; that Captain Drake and myself might have an opportunity of seeing the place. Without delay, we marched down to the boat; in which, with a fine, fair light breeze, we ran across in little more than fifteen or twenty minutes. Having landed, Captain Drake and myself visited the woodmen, who had nearly completed their work; they had cleared about twelve acres: some of the trees cut down were of considerable size, and many of them prime timber, mahogany, cedar, tamarind, and yellow wood; but, on the whole, the ground had been little encumbered. My dear wife desired that I might allow her to proceed with our faithful Diego, so that Captain Drake and myself might have plenty of time to inspect the work done by the wood-cutters. When the lady and her damsel were seated, Diego returned to us; and together we then visited every part of the cleared grounds, and saw that the soil was good. After this exploration was finished, we betook ourselves to join in the *fête champêtre* under the shade of the wide-spreading tamarind-tree; the contents of the basket were spread forth; and we sat round them on the ground, taking what there was, with an appetite and an enjoyment not felt at a regular dinner-table.

Sunday, June 1st.—We were able this day to give ample time to the church service; also to our Sunday's teaching: it was like the dew of Hermon on the Land of Promise, and we saw, with delight, our people improve in knowledge and in devotion.

Monday, 2d.—The moisture from the ground was quickly exhaling, so that I feared we should be late in putting in our yams and cocoas. Afraid of losing more of the season, I sent for all the people early in the morning, and told them, so much were we pressed for time, that every one, without distinction, must lend a hand; all other business being suspended: and I requested Captain Drake to head the party to the opposite island, to see that the grounds were laid out with some regularity for the different crops

to take the advice of Diego about the places best adapted to each. His orders were cheerfully acquiesced in by all. After breakfast, they took the boat, with their implements; eleven men, besides women, with Captain Drake to superintend their operations; leaving Rota alone with the women to cook their provisions and ours.

On Wednesday, my dear wife, Fidele, and myself, joined Drake and the agriculturists, leaving Rota and Lion to take care of the garrison. The situation of this new plantation was altogether beautiful. "My own dear wife!" said I to my dear Eliza, "I hope to see a comfortable house built here, at no very distant day, and inhabited by some of your dear friends come from England."—"We want nothing else, dearest Edward," replied, "to complete our happiness."—Then pausing a little, she said, "No; I should be ungrateful to God to allow that wish to pass. I do not want even that to complete my happiness."

Monday, 8th.—We observed this day with little deviation from the ordinary Sabbath.

Tuesday, 9th.—Having accomplished every thing that required the assistance of the strength of the settlement, I proposed to Captain Drake that he should undertake a voyage to Kingston in a week or two, to bring us supplies; and, I suggested that he should endeavour to catch some turtle, among our small islands on the north of the eastern reef. He did not seem to comply with my request; indeed, I could not have found a man so well suited, by talents and disposition, to do the various things of his peculiar situation and ours required.

The carpenters were now directed to build a house on the N. E. of the station, corresponding in site and size to the plantation storehouse; and marked out the ground for it, which was immediately set about. In the evening, Captain Drake set off with the canoe to try his skill in turtling. On Tuesday morning, they returned with five turtle, and had succeeded in securing six more: these were put into the craal. But Drake said he would take the Avon at the next trip, with the canoe in tow, there being no anchorage for her between two small islands.

On Thursday morning, Drake made his appearance round the point, and alongside of the black rock, near to which the enlarged craal was situated. My dear wife took my arm, and we strolled to the landing-place to meet our friend, whose success far exceeded my expectations. He had brought eighteen fine turtle in the Avon, and five smaller ones in the canoe. After dinner, the party set out again; and returned on Friday morning, with the same number in the canoe, and twenty-two in the lugger.

Early on Saturday morning, my dear Eliza and myself visited Diego's field; in the schooner's small boat, rowed by Diego and Ned Hall, one of the New England blacks. The field did him great credit: it was well dug; the divisions, planned by Captain Drake, regularly planted. There

seemed to be good herbage for three miles beyond the place on which we stood. On our return we stopped to admire this commodious spot. Each side of the pass was bounded by a wall of rock: on one hand, that which stretched into the sea as a rock; on the other, the rocky base of the Sugar-loaf Hill, wooded to the summit; at the foot of which, the fine spring of transparent water ran with a full stream into a little harbour of the sea, formed by the lateral projection of the rock that forms one side of the pass, on which we had just turned our backs. We returned home just as the Avon was entering the harbour, and had the pleasure to see the turtle landed and put into the craal.

Our late exertions deserved a little extra rest and recreation; so I proclaimed a half-holiday, and a turtle feast for all hands under the great tree. A calipee was dressed for ourselves, such as was never seen at the mansion-house of the mayor of Bristol, nor even at a Lord-mayor's table; the green fat being nearly three inches thick on the white meat: whereas by the time these creatures reach England, after fasting nearly two months, the fat, if not quite gone, is reduced to nearly nothing; and, instead of it, the greenish gelatinous part of the fins and calipash are palmed upon the epicure for that delicious substance, which they only know by name, and taste in idea. After dinner, the chart which Captain Drake had made was laid on the table. After looking attentively over it for some time, my dear wife requested to give a name to the islands. "The group," said she, "we have already called Seaward Islands: but in honour of our good king, and old England, let us name this on which we are, as being the principal, *Saint George's Island*—and the one opposite, after my dear husband, *Edward's Island*." Captain Drake applauded the nomination; and she wrote the names on Captain Drake's chart, and on my duplicate. "Now, dear Eliza," said I, "before the ink is dry, let us call this majestic point under whose shade we have dwelt so long in peace and security, *Drake's Promontory*." She smiled, and instantly wrote down the name, for which he expressed himself as highly honoured. We then drank the King's health; and, finally, "Prosperity to the settlement:" concluding the day in witnessing the hilarity and mirth of our settlers, round the great tree, in dance and song, enjoying their coffee and cigars.

Sunday, 15th.—We assembled at the usual hour to prayers; and it was delightful to perceive the increasing intelligence and devotion of our motley congregation; also the variety of intonations falling on our ears, from their united responses to the several portions of the Litany. However, I must own, some were almost too ridiculous to hear with gravity; especially "Spare us, good Lord;" as few of them could articulate the S. But they were in earnest, and anything else was of little consequence. In the afternoon, Mira held her school under the cotton-tree, the sight of which never failed to afford us inexpressible delight.

Monday, 16th.—Captain Drake set off again on his turtle expedition; and returned on Tuesday, with twenty-six, and on Thursday with twenty-nine: so that we now had one hundred and five in the craal. Soon after their return, the schooner was hauled to the rock, and ballasted with sand: and on this bed of wet sand the turtles were laid on their backs; in which situation, buckets of sea-water would be thrown over them, two or three times a-day, during the passage. On Friday evening the sails were set, and the vessel ready for sea. No work was done on Saturday. I settled accounts with every one in the island up to the day, allowing them reasonable wages according to their respective situations, and charging moderate price for their subsistence. This being done, the people were told the schooner should bring from Kingston, free of charge for the eight, whatever they chose to send money to purchase. This announcement created a great stir among them; and poor Drake soon found enough to do to make their respective memorandums, and receive their moneys. The following day being the Sabbath, we dedicated it, as heretofore, to the more especial observance of moral and religious duties; permitting every one to indulge themselves in innocent amusement, after duly performing the duties of the day.

CHAPTER XV.

Monday, June 23rd.—The men began shipping the turtle at break of day; and soon after, Captain Drake waited on me for orders. I gave him letters to Mr. Green, at Kingston; and letters for Messrs. Perry and Co., and for my uncle; and also letters from my dear wife and myself, to our friends in Gloucestershire. "Put those in your pocket," said I; "and let me look over the list I have made out for supplies required from Kingston." It embraced all sorts of lumber, that is, squared timber for building, planks, boards, shingles, &c.; then followed other items:—two canoes; marble muller and slab, to grind our cacao into chocolate; a coffee-moaster; glass cut in squares for the windows; Spanish whiting, and linseed-oil, to make putty. Then, one ram and six ewes; a basket-cage of twelve pigeons; some plants of grafted fruit in tubs, bespoke by Diego in April; also a further supply of plantain-suckers; kernels of the Avocado pear, and of the Barbadoes palm; and some other vegetable propagants. As many bricks as could conveniently be stowed under the cargo were to be brought. I estimated the cost of this cargo at 1200 dollars; and calculating on the turtle as averaging eight dollars a-piece, I took credit on their account for 800 dollars, and gave Captain Drake 50 doubloons, which were equivalent to 800 more, so as to secure the supplies re-

quired. At sunrise our colours were hoisted, and at nine o'clock the gallant *Porghce* sailed out of harbour through the northern passage, with a fine breeze from the east.

The carpenters had now completed the house on the N.E. of the mansion, of the same size with the storehouse on the opposite side, but considerably larger than the houses of Diego and Xavier. Meanwhile the women were set to various occupations; none being permitted to be idle. The palm-leaves were worked into hats, the stems into brooms and baskets; besides, there was washing, and sewing, and cooking, and the grinding of maize, when nothing else could be found to do. Diego reported every evening on the state of affairs. Of all these matters, I and my dear help-mate kept our registers, and our accounts likewise. And sometimes, in a leisure hour, we strolled out together along the beach, or through the trees, with one of our favourite numbers of the *Spectator* in my hand; and how often did we thank, over and over again, in our minds, my Eliza's kind father, for having given to her the few sheets he had preserved of that invaluable paper. We dwelt particularly on the parts where Mr. Addison points out so movingly to the reader, the poet John Milton's description of the sweet innocence, and perfect felicity, of our first parents in the garden of Eden, with no other human society than themselves. We read over and over again these passages, comparing them with our own extraordinary lot.

Thus we went on, and by the 7th of July the two huts or houses were boarded and shingled; and Diego and Xavier took possession of their respective dwellings again. I now told Allwood, and Manus his son, that they might occupy the new house for a time, if they pleased; but it was my intention to give them both land, on which they were to build for themselves. The next day Allwood and Manus accompanied me in the canoe, rowed by Diego and Xavier: the former my privy counsellor. After a little consideration, I marked out the site of their respective houses, on two contiguous allotments of land, part of the ground that had been lately cleared and cultivated. The father and son were highly pleased, and immediately set about erecting a temporary shed for themselves.

Xavier and Derrick were now employed in putting a coat of paint on the storehouse, at the cave's mouth, and on all the buildings at our plantation.

Day after day, week after week, we went on with these every-day avocations; without anything particular occurring, until Wednesday the 16th of July, when we had the pleasure to see the schooner enter the harbour from the northward, which welcome appearance was greeted by hoisting our colours. At two o'clock she came to an anchor, and in a few minutes after, we had the happiness to receive letters from England. My Eliza, after desiring Rota to get Captain Drake some dinner, had already gone into her room, with her dear letters from Awbury in her

hand, to read and enjoy them unobserved by a stranger ; and the board being now spread for Drake, I took a chair aside to the further part of the hall, and commenced on my own budget: Perry and Co.'s first. The treasure and bills had arrived safe, which was announced by a more than business-like letter. They had paid Captain James 400*l.* for freight ; and after defraying other charges, and paying a trifling commission, they had funded 56,000*l.* money in the three per cents. South Sea stock at 88, being in stock 67,424*l.*, leaving in their hand 1092*l.* at my disposal ; having made nearly 2000*l.* more by the doubloons than I should have done by converting them into bills at Jamaica : which shows that the bills should have been given at a very trifling premium, not above 2½ per cent. After I had read this letter, I hastened to my dear wife, and communicated its contents, which in their way were altogether gratifying. But she was not long in directing my attention to a letter from her much loved, and deservedly revered, father ; which commenced by giving praise to Almighty God for our deliverance from shipwreck, and for his wonderful Providence towards us since that event. He received the report his beloved child had sent him with the same feelings that she had a giving it ; but he hoped before his eyes closed on this world to embrace her once more ! Her sisters also wrote most affectionately, and concluded by saying, she must not be surprised if one of them were to take us at our word, and pay us a visit. My letters from my family, which I now opened, and read, were equally gratifying. In one of these, my brother expressed himself as determined to join me as soon as possible. But here was yet another letter, and that was from my uncle, which I just glanced at, and then put by for a while ; however, we read it attentively in the evening ; but for his sake I will not repeat it. Had he been made acquainted with the freight I sent to England, in the frigate, his brain would have been completely addled.

Captain Drake, in the meantime, left the mansion, but returned by five o'clock, with four fine young negro lads, clothed decently in sailor's jackets and trowsers. The poor youths stood before the door, perhaps wondering on their fate, careless or reckless of the future ; but I desired Anna to give each of them a small wheaten cake, and to tell them to behave well, and they should be kindly treated. They all understood her, being from her own country ; and they leaped for joy when she spoke to them, and at the mark of future kindness they received from her hand.

When they went away, Captain Drake handed me Mr. Green's letter, which was short, but enclosing the invoice and receipt for the cost. Our captain had made his passage to Kingston in the short period of six days, and did not lose a turtle. On his arrival he found a ready market for them, at something more than we had anticipated ; having received for one hundred and five turtles 850 dollars. He paid 600 dollars for the four negro lads, and 70 dollars for the seven sheep ; and the two canoes

cost 50 dollars each. So that our turtle cargo covered all these charges and something over. The amount of the invoice was 304 dollars: so, paying all this, and some other incidental expenses, he brought me 25 doubloons out of the 50 with which I had entrusted him.

We had a great deal of interesting conversation over our coffee and cigar; amongst which he told us, that Mr. Green had been very civil to him, but very inquisitive; that he observed we were "the strange people he ever had met with!" And he threw out many hints, in joke, that he suspected we were carrying on a contraband trade with Spanish Main, if not some other game he would not name. Drake humoured this idea, by a mysterious manner and equivocal answer, saying, however, with a laugh, "that if at any time he chose to pay pirates' nest a visit, we should be happy to see him, and would give him hospitality." This account made my dear wife and myself quite merry. We could not refrain from laughing outright at some parts of our friend's detail; particularly when he repeated a remark that he said was said in Mr. Green's mouth, when talking to him on the subject, — "But what was that large gun for, then?"

On the following morning, the seven sheep were conveyed by boat to the Long Bay pasture on Edward's Island, to join the other flock; and soon as breakfast was over, I requested Captain Drake to deliver all the little commissions to the people, which they had sent for by him, before we should begin to unload the general cargo. He lost no time in complying with my request: and a curious scene it was, especially among the women: but they were all more than satisfied; they were well pleased also with what "the good massa Captain had done." As to their commissions, many were useless, and others foolish; and, as all were to be mired, it may readily be imagined, there was no work done to-day, as the sheep had been transported to the opposite side.

The new house, lately finished on our plantation, was allotted to David for the present; that his former dwelling might be occupied by the four new negro lads, to whom my dear wife had given the patriarchal names of Abel, Noah, Jacob, David.

On Friday we began to unload; and as a first-fruits from the voyage the clock I had sent for was fixed up in the great hall. Rota was glad to see the coffee-roaster; for hitherto it had been a tedious operation. Sixteen fruit-tree grafts, planted in little tubs, were for the present brought into the hall of the mansion. By Saturday night, the lumber was all ashore, piled up in due order; and as the bricks served as ballast to the schooner, they were allowed for awhile to remain on board.

Sunday, 20th. — When the bell rang, we all assembled at prayers. The four young patriarchs attended; and while they did as they saw others do, they seemed happy in finding themselves in a situation of equality with all around them. After prayers, the business of teaching commenced, and

these new scholars were turned over to Martin and Purdy to be taught their alphabet.

Monday, 21st.—The fruit-trees, eight in number, were now put into the ground, tubs and all for the present, near the sugar-canes, to remain there until they could be transplanted. The whole side and bottom of the little dale looked delightfully. The variety, the beauty of the several parts, now covered with culinary vegetables and Indian corn, produced a generally pleasing effect, as viewed from the door of our mansion, or from the grounds immediately adjacent. In the afternoon, we visited the new plantation on the opposite island, attended by Captain Drake and Diego, and were well pleased to see one of the houses completely finished, and the other in progress; and all the plants of every description greatly forward.

On Wednesday evening I sent for Purdy, who, as has been stated, had married Allwood's daughter, and asked him if he would like to have a house and grounds near to his kinsfolk on Edward's Island. The question pleased him; but he did not seem quite sure that his wife's father and brother "would like to make a house for him."—"They shall do it for you, Purdy," said I; "if they will not do it for love, they will do it for money." But I must do Allwood and his son the justice to say, when I spoke to them on the subject, they did not hesitate a moment.

As we were now somewhat at leisure, I determined to commence building on the Peccary Field, for any of our relatives that might join us; and I requested Captain Drake to superintend the work. He promised all grace in his power to the fierce little natives; but after he had heard my story he did not choose to go unarmed.

On the following day, taking four men in the boat, with Lion, a couple of muskets, and four pikes, thus prepared, we set forth to fix on the spot most eligible for the contemplated building. A space of forty-eight feet by thirty-six was marked out, so as to allow four bed-rooms, two on each side, with two saloons, for sitting-rooms, between. We had nearly finished our business, when a herd of peccaries intruded themselves: they showed no disposition to attack us or Lion; rather, indeed, seeming disposed to make acquaintance with us, and particularly with the dog; but one of them being somewhat rude in his caresses, Lion gave him a turn over, and a battle instantly began. The dog was engaged by three or four of them at the same instant, one of which he pinned to the ground; but the others, finding themselves unmolested, attacked him so furiously and effectually with their tusks, that the blood was seen streaming from his sides and shoulders: so that if we had not quickly run to his assistance, large and powerful as he was, they soon must have destroyed him. The blacks were desired to charge the little desperadoes with their pikes, yet not until many of them were killed, did the rest make off. After having satisfactorily completed the object on which we went,

the party returned before sunset, with a cargo of live and dead peccaries.

During a period of some weeks, the respective parties pursued little variation the employments heretofore stated. Sometimes our former haunts in the cocoa-nut grove, which was the only place where we could sit as formerly, quite by ourselves, with our dog at our feet, and repose our spirits without the chance of interruption. Sometimes while there I took off my coat, and climbed a tree gaskets, and brought down a few fresh cocoa-nuts to regale my companion. Now and then we conversed on what we had heard of whether religious history, or only amusing story; or talked scenes of our first days in this Bethel of the desert. We seem to cast a glance on the subject of our wealth: but it happened that my Eliza asked me how much a year the money which was placed in the funds would produce?—"About 2000*l.* a year," I replied.—"Then, my honoured husband," said she, "surely never again send a hundred poor turtles to the butcher, to save 300*l.*!" The rebuke was just: few but herself would have made use of the information she had required; and I took shame in promising I never would repeat such an act again.

Friday, September 5th.—Allwood reported the three houses on Edward's Island; and Diego stated many articles of the harvest for getting in. Early in October the whole produce of all our plantations was got in and housed; that from the opposite island being brought in this gathering, to my great surprise, there were three floads filled with pressed tobacco leaves, of excellent quality. There was no want, certainly, of that article heretofore; but, till now, it had been well cured. And for the same reason, a few of my Havans given to the men, had always been considered as a treat; Diego saying that his cigars were only "Cabana," alluding to their manufacture.

Tuesday, October 14th.—It was now the time to fulfil my engagements to Allwood's family; and to this end, I told them the wood and materials that had been used in building the houses, I should credit them with a set-off against their labour in erecting them, for an occupation of five years. "And now," said I, "let your wives come to the storehouse and furnish themselves with kettles and earthenware, knives and every other thing requisite to make your homes comfortable: as for beds and chairs, and such like, you can make those yourselves, at your own expense. These propositions were well received, and the women lost no time in making their demands upon the storehouse in consequence; but, other people who have an account with a tradesman, their orders are rather large: however, I desired they should have whatever was required; and accordingly they fitted up their three houses very

ably. Within a few days, I paid a visit to the new hamlet, and without any difficulty subdivided the twelve acres into three equal allotments. By Saturday the 25th of October, all was in due order at Allwood's Plantations; for so we now called it.

My Eliza now sent for the wives of old Allwood, and Manus, and Purdy, and gave to each of them six young hens and a cock, and as many ducks apiece; also to each a young she goat, and one male amongst the whole party. The women expressed much gratitude; making many professions of the warmest attachment. Their kind friend then said at parting—"Remember, nothing but sickness must ever prevent your attendance here on the Sabbath! and on that day, a dinner will be provided for you after divine service." They took their leave, loaded with their poultry, and dragging their goats along with them, well satisfied with my gracious Eliza, and her kind and useful presents. On the same evening, their husbands came to thank her also; so they were all made happy, but she the happiest of the party.—"Mercy is twice blessed!" says our inspired Shakspeare; and I say—so is every act of kindness:—"it blesses him that gives, and him that takes;" but most the giver.

CHAPTER XVI.

SUNDAY, October 26th.—We were much pleased with the improved devotion of all our people this day; and afterwards, with the great progress many of them had made, in reading words of one and two syllables, in sentences conveying sense and meaning.

Monday, 27th.—At sunrise, Martin reported a brig in the offing; and, with the glass, we discovered a union jack flying at her fore-top-gallant mast-head. I despatched Martin with the information to my wife, desiring him at the same time to tell her not to be alarmed, as we intended to fire the gun, when we hoisted our colours. Having given Martin plenty of time to deliver his message, the piece was fired, and the colours hoisted; which was answered from the brig. From this moment I had no doubt of its being Captain Taylor, returned to us in our own ark, and perhaps bringing with him some of our family. I hastened to apprise the dear partner of all my cares and joys of my anticipations. A thousand fond ideas flashed across her mind, the moment I spoke; and in her transport she threw herself on my breast, saying, "Oh, my dear Edward! if——" then pausing, added—"but just as it may please God! I will not venture to say more. He is our gracious God, and kind Father."

The Avon was quickly under weigh, having Captain Drake on board, with the schooner's crew; and by the time we had placed ourselves under

the colours, we saw her go alongside of the brig, as she lay-to, with the main-topsail aback. They both quickly made sail, the Avon leading, and soon we had the pleasure to see them approach near to the promontory, when I perceived a female on deck. I put the glass to my eye, and now saw distinctly my brother, and my Eliza's sister, Amelia, looking towards us.—“They are indeed there, my best beloved!” I exclaimed, “your sister Amelia and my brother!”—“Blessed be God!” said she, and sunk into my arms. In a little, she sighed deeply, then by degrees raised up her head and smiled, looking earnestly towards the vessel. The schooner's best boat had been manned; so that the moment the brig dropped anchor, we stepped in, and rowed alongside. My dear Eliza, with the agility of a kid, sprung up on deck: I quickly followed her; and we each flew into the arms of the children of our fathers.

Our people waited to greet our coming friends, upon the beach, with every testimony of respectful attachment; but our domestics alone followed us to the mansion. Here we welcomed our dear guests with a new embrace; my beloved wife saying, “This is indeed a happy day to us.”—“And to us also, my dear Eliza,” replied her sister.

They now expressed their surprise at every thing around them.—“And is it here you were wrecked, brother?” said James.—“Yes,” I replied; “here; we will point out the exact spot to you by and by.”—“But this island is not the uncivilised, half desolate place, in which we expected to find you,” returned he.—“No,” replied my Eliza; “our God has made the wilderness to blossom as the rose! and when we were thrown on this coast, Edward and I, and Fidele here, were all our company.”—“O Fidele!” cried Amelia, “come here.” The fond animal, on being spoke to, raised its fore-feet on her knee, and devoured her hand with caresses.—“You know me then, Fidele?” continued she. On which the kind little creature redoubled its fondness, as much as to say, “I do indeed remember you.” The ladies now soon retired; and I requested my brother to walk down with me to the beach. We met Diego by the way. “Hark you,” said I, “lodge the four lads in the plank-house, and remove all the stores out of our store-room into the house on the north.” Diego bowed more elegantly than usual, but without speaking a word, and retired to execute the orders I had given him.—“Is that a negro?” said my brother; “I should say he is a very well-bred man.”—“How can it be otherwise, brother,” I replied, smiling; “is not he at court? He is my minister for the home department.” This made James smile in return; but he evidently did not know whether to consider me in jest or earnest.

During dinner, Mrs. Rota had many commendations for her excellent fare, and still more exquisite cookery; but our dear relations, as they sat at table, were more delighted with the fine view through the open doors than with all the cunning of Dame Rota. When alone, we now

talked over family affairs, and read the letters they had brought with them from Awbury, which afforded a heartfelt pleasure to us both. After the letters had been perused, and many a kind word had passed from the lips of my Eliza, her sister took occasion to say,—"So you perceive that we were determined to lose no time in joining you; for as no one would have me, and nobody would have James,—is it not so, James?" continued she, "we cut the matter short, and followed your example." "You little monkey!" cried her husband, "you know I had long pined to make myself happy with you, but only wanted those means which our kind brother here so unexpectedly afforded us."—"All is well," rejoined my Eliza; "and that same brother will do every thing in his power to make you both comfortable here, now that you have confided yourselves to his friendship." On her saying this, I took my brother's hand, which was the best speech I could make on the occasion. Our conversation next turned on my uncle, whose letter by them I had not yet read, but which I begged leave now to open. I read it to myself, and smiled:—"This is a very different letter from the last, my dear Eliza," said I, putting it in my pocket. "And there is a little postscript in it, from my good old aunt, telling me the Virginian nightingale is well; and if I have any other pretty thing to send her, Captain Taylor will take charge of it."

Tuesday, 28th.—Captain Taylor waited on me early in the morning, telling me, he wished to proceed to the Bay of Honduras without loss of time, as my cousin would be expecting his arrival with anxiety; and, therefore, forthwith he would land the supplies which had been shipped for me by my uncle's orders.

The amount of the invoice was 480*l.*; but my uncle had not counted without his host; he had learned from Captain Taylor that I had brought an iron chest well filled with money from Jamaica, although he could not devise how I came by it. The story of our attack on the *Guarda Costa's* boat, having been magnified so as to throw a wonderful light on the subject, my uncle, in his letter, says—"Eh, Ned! 'tis well thee didst not lose either life or limb in the attack on the *Galleon*; how much did come to thy share?—'Tis a secret, may be! thee must have got a pretty penny; did hear thou hast a large iron chest full, besides the schooner thou bought and what didst send to Awbury: well, thou art a good-hearted fellow, Ned: and now thy brother and his wife wish to join thee, I will let Taylor take them out for 20*l.* a head, in his way to the Bay; as he tells me he can pop in on you, without going much out of his way; and I take upon me to send thee out an investment by him, of which thee mayest take much, or little, or all; but the goods are shipped purposely for thee; and thou mayest make good profit on them, if thou knowest how; but if thou wilt not take them, I may be loser. The amount, to be sure, is large, but if not convenient to pay ready money (for which will allow five per cent. discount), thee shall have credit for twelve months,

till Taylor makes his next voyage." My uncle enclosed in his letter a counter-statement to mine, contriving to make the balance considerably more in his own favour than I had done; however, I resolved to let it pass, without objection or comment, and pay agreeably to his own statement.

Our dear friends from Awbury had not burdened themselves with many matters beyond their wardrobe, so that all their moveables were soon conveyed into our mansion. During my counting-house occupations, my wife and her sister, with James also, were busily employed in writing long letters to England, in which I interrupted Eliza, saying—"Go, dear, and put up a piece of the silver tissue for my aunt, and tell her it came from China—which I believe it did, some how or other, and write her a few lines with my love." I then sat down and wrote my own letters to England; and next dashed off a civil one to my cousin at George's Key.

During dinner, Taylor often expressed his great pleasure in the progress every day produced in the comforts of our little colony. But he added—"I don't see how you are to get any trade here."—"O!" I replied, with a grave air, "we can board a galleon now and then; that will do."—James and he glanced at each other.—"My dear brother," said Eliza, "you look like Gil Blas, when he saw Captain Rolando! Do you really think my husband is a pirate?—he is only playing off a joke at your uncle's expense; who says, in his letter, that *he hopes Edward had a good share of the galleon he boarded!* Now that impression must have arisen from something you told him, Captain Taylor," added she, addressing Taylor, "about capturing the Guarda Costa's boat, with the two Bermudians; and that is the galleon floating in his brain." James and his wife now laughed, and Captain Taylor began to explain; but we soon perceived, by his confused apology, that he had said rather more to my uncle than had been quite correct: however, it was of no great importance, and we passed it all over as a matter of pleasantry.

It was dark when the coffee was served this evening, so that the glass shades were placed over the candles. Amelia admired them very much. But did not seem as pleased with my cigar; and openly expressed her dislike, when James discovered an inclination to join me.—"Amelia," said my dear wife, "we must lodge you in the plank-house, for a few evenings, and you will soon be glad to get enveloped in this delicious smoke, to protect you from the myriads of sand-flies."—"Very well," she replied, "when the sand-flies bite, he may smoke! But gentlemen never smoke in England, till they are half a hundred years old, and then they use a handsome pipe, which certainly in an old gentleman's hand looks something respectable; like a justice of the peace!—but as to these cigars, they remind me of dirty boys, trying to smoke a piece of stick." At this moment our captains came in, and they joined me in the fumation, to the

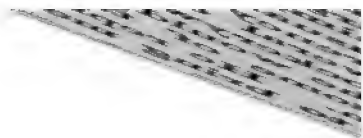
great amusement of my dear wife, who wished to see her sister smoked out of her prejudices.

In the evening, after we retired, my Eliza told me that her sister had taken a clandestine peep into the iron chest, during the minute or two it was left open, when she was bringing the tissue to me. My dear wife owned herself vexed at the spirit of the action, and therefore had gently rebuked her; telling her she was welcome to look into any of her sister's drawers, but never again to attempt to pry into anything that more specially belonged to her husband.—"I, too, am sorry for this, dearest," returned I; "for doubts between relatives are ugly things."—"O never mind, we shall be as good friends as ever," she replied; "and now the round is made sure."

Wednesday, 29th.—Captain Taylor took his leave as soon as the sea-breeze freshened. After breakfast, James and I went out together to visit the several houses on the plantation, and to show him other parts of my little domain. I took him to the inlet, where the kind providence of God had placed the brig, after delivering us from the reefs and rocks; then into the recess where once the thicket stood, and showed him our extensive storehouse, and the spacious cavern within it, which much excited his astonishment. "Now, James," said I, "you must take charge of all these things, and keep books of them regularly, as I have done; and I will allow you a hundred a year for doing it; and as soon as circumstances may permit, you shall commence trading as a merchant, and all the money you can make shall be your own."—"My dear brother," he replied, "I will be guided entirely by you; and, I hope, I shall not be ungrateful for your kindness."

We then proceeded in the Avon to Peccary Field, where the carpenters were at work. "That is a capital looking house," observed James, as we drew near the little bay.—"I hope, my dear brother," I replied, "it will be a commodious one. It is in the best situation on George's Island, and it is intended for you."—"Indeed!" he said; "but why not for yourself?"—"O, no," was my reply; "we should always treat our friends better than ourselves. In a couple of months you will be able to inhabit it, if you please. But I advise you to remain with us till the latter end of February; by which time I shall be able to fit up the interior, and to furnish you with a suitable establishment." After perambulating the adjacent shore and grounds, we returned, bringing Drake along with us to dinner. James was full of what he had seen; so that during dinner he continued to talk of nothing else; and our sister was quite agog to go over he ground again with him, which I promised she should do to-morrow.

Thursday, 30th.—Captain Drake was desired to send off the Avon, with the men and their requisites, to the creek; and to attend on my father and his wife with the schooner's large boat, and row them to Peccary Field. My dear Eliza took care to put up a basket with refresh-



you, and thus I will deal with you as long as we are brothers." Amelia said—"It is no wonder, Edward, you are so rich, if money comes in like this."

Captain Drake dined with us; and we laughed heartily, over a good bowl of punch, at our grand display of a flag, a cannon, a fine coat, a wig, and a sentinel, to our Spanish visitors. We had not sat long over our glass, when I told Captain Drake I found it expedient to send him to Jamaica. "Therefore," said I, "get the schooner ready for sea to-morrow; then take in the dye-woods we bought of the Spaniard, and you shall sail on Saturday morning."—"It shall be done, sir," he replied; and before the people dispersed, he went out to them, and informed them of his intended speedy departure. When my soul's partner and I retired to our own room, I explained to her the objects I had in view by sending off the Porghee so suddenly. And then endeavouring to dismiss all worldly care, we resigned ourselves to the welcome influence of sleep.

Friday, 7th. — We were all busily employed this morning, in writing to England; my wife, and her sister, to our friends; I transcribing duplicates of letters, with bills, given to Captain Taylor, for my uncle, together with an order for goods by the Mary next year. I wrote also to Perry and Co., and to Mr. Green, at Kingston. These done, I desired Drake to procure two sawyers, and one bricklayer, all free people, if he could find them. Also, to buy seven young negro men, and four young female newly arrived from Guinea; and to take in bricks, planks, boards, &c., agreeable to memoranda of items, and one chest of tea; also twenty stands of arms more, with accoutrements; and to procure fifty suits of soldier's clothing, if possible.

Saturday, 8th. — Early in the morning Captain Drake came to take leave, when I counted him down 225 doubloons, equal to 3500 dollars, which is about 860*l.* sterling; but desired him, with a smile, to bring back as many of the gold pieces as he could. He got under weigh about nine o'clock, and passed through the northern channel, with a fine breeze, S. E. by N., carrying the good wishes of the settlement in his wake, for him and his crew.

Three carpenters were still kept on at Peccary Field house, to finish the interior, in doing which they required no extra assistance. One of the two poultry girls was added to the washerwomen, in lieu of Mira; a single "henwife" (as my father used to call such a person in his farm being found quite enough for the business, since its management had become better understood. Still there was plenty to do, notwithstanding the late abstraction of poultry for Allwood's plantation; for the young broods of geese, turkeys, ducks, and fowls were numerous, and the whole flock, taken together, quite a swarm.

Sunday, 9th. — We enjoyed our assembling together on the Sabbath in happy quietness; no hurry of spirits, no distraction of thought; and

school, after prayers, was strictly attended to; in which duty our mother and sister cheerfully lent their aid, and I was happy to see their aid in the business.

Monday, 10th. — We now found leisure to enjoy ourselves with our friends, in personal recreations. Sometimes we walked abroad in the cool of the morning on the beach, collecting shells; or, when the sun high, reposed under the shade of one of our numerous fine trees, and we read books of amusement, — *Gil Blas*, or the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, or *Swift's Gulliver*. But my dear Eliza's favourite was the *Edise Lost* of Milton, which, with a few other choice books, her father sent to her by Amelia. From this sublime work she would sometimes read a fine passage to us, and always with great pathos; for her father was in the subject, and she therefore did the author justice. I will however, dissemble, that my evening cigar, a gratification not quite elevated, in which now my brother heartily joined, afforded great pleasure both to ourselves and to our wives; as one or other read out to us the shades on the table, during that ceremony. Thus we passed our day, observing faithfully the Sabbath, as it came round.

Tuesday, 1st December. — The carpenters reported the house at Peccary almost completed; we therefore visited it in the Avon on the same day, and were highly pleased with it altogether, — its commodious size, the beauty of the situation, and the excellent workmanship and materials.

There was, however, a business hanging over us to be done, in which my dear wife took a lively interest. The pigeons must be shut out from their ancient domain, the cave; for we found they soiled the packages laid there. After many consultations, it was at length determined to construct a large pigeon-house round the sides of the natural shaft of their entrance. But as time must pass, before it could be completed, it was also resolved that the pigeons should be allowed quiet possession of their former home, till the new one was ready for them. This reminds me to notice that the pigeons which Captain Drake brought from Jamaica three months ago, had taken kindly to a tea-box we had stuck up at the end of the fowl-house in the stoccado; but our own two little wild ones would not associate with them, but left us when their wing-feathers were allowed to grow, no doubt to join their old friends.

Early in December, we became anxious for the arrival of the schooner; as the weather continued fine, I attributed her delay to Drake's difficulty in executing some of the commissions without a great sacrifice of money.

On the morning of the 19th, we received the unexpected intelligence that Xavier's wife, Hachinta, had brought forth a male child in the night. I could scarcely believe Rota, who gave the information; for we did not even suspect Hachinta's pregnancy, she having continued her work as usual. My dear wife and her sister lost no time in visiting the little

stranger, administering every thing necessary to the mother ; and on return, they set about making baby-clothes, with which, I after understood, the mother would gladly have dispensed. But he was first-born ! and there was of course a great fuss about him ; a honour him as much as possible, his name must be George, a good king. "Very well," said I, "be it so : and if he take his name as a patronymic, it will sound altogether nobly, 'George Xav. But alas ! the peculiar pronunciation of the Spaniards was not favourable to the name of this "august infant ;" for both father and mother Diego too, when speaking of him by his name, called him "Shaver," or "Corky Shaver," which, in a great measure, destroyed the sublimity of my intention.

CHAPTER XVII.

MONDAY, 22nd December.—I was preparing to go out in the *Avon*, a schooner was discovered from the flag-staff by Diego, and was promised to be our anxiously expected vessel. She had now approached enough to allow me to see distinctly with the glass everybody and thing upon deck ; and the sight a good deal confounded me. "Diego said I, "Captain Drake has brought all Kingston with him, I betake the glass ; and see what a crowd is there ; what am I to do with those people ?" We were all filled with wonder ; but the more so considering that many of them, men, women, and children, were white. However, as soon as the anchor was down, Drake came on shore ; I welcomed him heartily, as one found that had been lost, exclaiming at the same instant, "But who have you got there ?" "I don't know," returned he, "whether I have done right or wrong ; but I have brought four families I saw in distress at Kingston. The men had belonged to the temporary corps that was raised, you may remember, for putting down the Maroons ; but being found useless, it was disbanded. The four families, being foolishly advised, remained in Jamaica ; and greatly found themselves in no better condition than the free negroes, who were bad enough."—"Go and tell them," said I, "they shall be well received but where to lodge them, Drake, I really do not know. Who else you got ?" "Every one," he replied, "you desired me to obtain." "I have done well !" returned I. "Go and tell them also they shall be kindly treated ; but for a little time they must put up with great inconveniences."

When they were brought in I received them courteously ; and my wife, who never could bear to see even an insect in suffering, spoke

women. The men were beyond the prime of life, and looked the for wear; their wives were slatterns; and the children looked

mes," said I to my brother, after they were gone, "there is nothing I perceive, but to convert your house into a barrack, till we can ourselves round, for these people."—"It is yours, brother," he said; "do with it as you please; but if it were not, you should be welcome to it for the purpose wanted."

black strangers were next brought on shore, and introduced in. The sawyers had been purchased at 400 dollars each; a great but they were fine fellows, and unencumbered. The bricklayer next; a mulatto free man, named Hart, with a wife and two young an, male and female. The new negroes were now mustered; and joking young people they were, decently clad in Osnaburgh; seven and four girls. That my embarrassment might be more complete, so New Englanders had brought wives with them, who were present to us in their turn. "Dame Rota," said I, "what are we to do here?"—"Let them be with Derrick and his wife, if it please" she replied, courtesying. "But then," I rejoined, "Derrick and his must take their husbands also."—"But they not married yet," retorted Rota, looking with no inconsiderable importance, as she made the—"You are quite right, Duenna," I exclaimed; "we will see about a Sunday; and you may now tell them so."

tain Drake handed me my letters, and gave me an outline of his and expenditure, while snatching a morsel. He merely told me sold the dye-woods well, but that the proceeds and all the doubting-excepting ten, had been expended; and these he now gave me. In my sangaree, my good fellow," said I; "and take the soldiers their families, and whatever they may have brought with them, to my Field house, in the Avon; take the seven new negro men also, at the New Englanders into the boat to work her; it may be as or the present to keep them out of the way." Drake made no reply than, "Very well, sir;" quickly after, moving off to carry her into execution.

day, 23d.—Early in the morning, I took my dear wife and Diego, my brother and sister, into council on the subject of providing permanent accommodations for the people, but most immediately for our negresses. We all seemed puzzled. After a considerable pause, the minister at last spoke as follows:—"If it so please my good I will go back from big small house to my own house, after Hall and Mockett take away their wives; and then Derrick go to live again with us. Martin and Mira stay with us will be four—and will only be and child at Shaviers; then, you, master, sir, can give big small house anybody; black girls can be made to lodge there, if it please my

and now and then we heard the bleating of the goats, and the mixed noises of the frightened poultry. As the sun rose, the gale abated, but the rain continued to fall in torrents. The wind came now only in squalls, but these squalls were bad enough. This dreadful weather continued with scarcely any intermission, for five days; clearing up suddenly, and permanently, on Monday at sun-rise.

Monday, 12th. — Notwithstanding our care of the lime, the rains had got to it; and some of the planks were nearly consumed by taking fire. We found the beach covered with sea-weed, and broken reeds, and shells. The turtle craal was knocked in pieces, and the staves scattered in every direction. Our tub conservatory was also thrown on the strand. The sugar-canes were broken off short above the roots, or knocked down; and the pine-apple plants much injured. All the buildings stood secure; but the stoccado of the poultry yard was blown down, and part of it carried to a considerable distance, and some of the poultry killed. Early in the day, we were visited by Captain Drake, who reported all well at Peccary Field; and we had the pleasure to receive the same tidings from Edward's Island.

Tuesday, 13th. — Diego now took the field with all his strength—his own four patriarchs, and the seven negro men; to which the two New Englanders were added; commencing operations at my brother's plantation. In a few days, they did their business here, planting the fourteen acres that had been cleared. Cuttings of our broken sugar-canes, and cassava cuttings also, were planted. But the bulk of the grounds was occupied by yams and cocons, maize and guinea-corn, and tobacco. What may be called garden ground, was sown with Indian kale, calaloo, corn, pumpkin, and melon seeds; and in a choice spot, offsets from our pines in the dell, formed an infant pinery. The grand agricultural operations being finished, we had now time to attend to minor matters. On taking a survey of our vegetable stores, after planting the thirty-six acres of ground, besides our own little plantation, we found very few yams and cocons remaining; and from the great consumption of corn by the poultry, the maize also was brought to a low ebb; so that it was well we had a hundred bushels of that grain in the schooner; and by way of a finish to the day's work, the second grindstone was set up close by the duck-hatch, near the spring.

The following Sabbath was observed with due reverence, as I hope every former one had been since our landing on the island; and the Sunday teaching was conducted this day upon an enlarged scale.

Monday, 26th. — We were now looking out rather expectingly for the Spanish schooner on her return to Santa Martha, the time being expired at which he promised us a visit. And having judged it expedient to make a display of our little force on the occasion, I sent for Corporal Craig, and his three comrades, and signified my intention of devot

Saturday to military exercise; to which end they must accustom en about us, as soon as possible, to fire with blank cartridges, and ards to try them with ball at a target placed on the isthmus. They quite delighted with this information; and the clothing chest being i, they managed to pick out a tolerably good fit; looking well with broad-flapped red coats and cocked hats, quite like brave musque- as they were: but when they put on their broad belts, and ered arms, I felt a glow within me I cannot describe.

Saturday morning, we had a grand muster in the shade, to the of the promontory; in all, thirty-four, including ourselves and . The arms were brought to the ground, and the men were put in g. We kept them at it till noon, when dinner was served to the party on the field; after which they recommenced the drill, and at clock returned to their respective habitations.

day, February 1st.—Our new associates began to show something evotion at prayers, which afforded us much satisfaction. I entered on this occasion, in a few plain words, to impress on them lependence on Almighty God; also the duties he required of us, s to himself, and to each other, and to all men of every country olour. And I took the opportunity of stating to them, that, gh some of them were my slaves, bought with my money, I should them as the white indentured servants in Jamaica were treated; i, after a service of seven years, every man and woman should be and that every child born on the island of slave parents should be ered as free from the moment of its birth, excepting that, in com- ion for the support the master gave to such children in their child- they should be bound to serve him until the completion of their eth year. All this was explained particularly to the new negroes; ich the whole assembly poured forth a joyous acclamation.

day, 2nd.—Mr. Allwood reported the three houses finished at r's Town. In consequence, I desired him now to set about the g of three similar dwellings at Edward's Island—one on each of r-acre lots lately cleared and cultivated. During the week, some people were employed in procuring turtle; some in transporting all wood lately cut at Peccary Field, to our own settlement, and building it into stacks for firewood.

Saturday we had another day of drill; and, on Sunday, the sabbath pt with due solemnity. During the two following weeks nothing able occurred.

day, 24th.—Martin reported a Spanish schooner off. We an- l his signal, by hoisting our colours, and with a gun; on which gle was sounded, and all the men hastened, by boats and canoes, to quarters. The soldiers were dressed in their regimentals, and a d planted at the pass between the black rock and promontory, and

another before the mansion. The captain of the schooner landed, escorted by Drake to the mansion. I had dressed for the occasion; and was sitting in state, with Corporal Craig, in regimentals, standing on one side, and Diego on the other. The Spaniard said he had again come from Santa Martha, but had missed the islands in his return from the Havanna; adding, that he had been so well treated the last time he was here, that the report he had made of it, he was sure, would occasion some other Spanish vessels to visit the place. I assured him of my protection, and hoped he would have no reason to complain of any treatment he might receive at the island; and I hoped I should not have any complaint against his people, all of whom must be on board every evening at gun-fire. He bowed, and took his leave of me; but went to the storehouse, accompanied by Diego, where my brother awaited him.

Fifty per cent. on the invoice was the ratio of sale, so that James could tell him the price of every article in an instant; and as he fixed on things, they were turned out. He took nearly all our refined sugar: two boxes of linen; several boxes of stripes and checks, and coloured handkerchiefs; some bales of negro clothing; and, to our surprise, most of the blankets, and all the candle moulds, which he said were for the Cordilleras, or mountainous country, to the westward of Santa Martha. He took also a quantity of our hoes and bill-hooks, some barrels of salt beef and pork, a few hampers of cheese; a large quantity of copper, both in pigs and sheets; some brass and tin, also in pigs; almost all the crockery we could spare, and several chests of ironmongery and nails. The articles fixed on, amounted to 570*l.* sterling by invoice; to which 50 per cent. being added, to cover freight, insurance, and profit, gave 855*l.* sterling, which is 1197*l.* Jamaica currency, viz. 3591 dollars. We took from him in return, dycwoods to the amount of 300 dollars; two tons of bees' wax, 296 dollars; one hundred bags of cacao, at 16 dollars each, 1600 dollars; and twenty boxes of cigars, 160 dollars; amounting in all to 2356 dollars. By Thursday evening, the one cargo was out, and the other shipped; and the necessary papers being exchanged, he paid the difference in hard dollars, amounting to 1235.

On Friday, Captain Drake took in the goods purchased of the Spaniard; with which he sailed on Saturday for Kingston, taking with him 2000 dollars in addition, to purchase an assortment of merchandise, such as the Spaniards were most likely to require.

On Saturday, while the men were at drill, I adjusted the books with my brother James, and, agreeable to my promise, paid him over the profits of the sale just made, which amounted to 987 dollars, after deducting ten per cent. for freight and insurance; and I now told him, that from this day forward, I would have nothing more to do with the trade. He was to charge himself with the amount of the whole, and what should arrive either from Jamaica or England.

Thursday, 11th March. — The buildings at Edward's Island being finished, I sent the wives of the two New England blacks to occupy one house destined for themselves and their husbands; and the two sawyers, and four of the new negro men, were to take up their abode provisionally in the others. There now only remained with us Diego and Rota; Martin (when at home) and his wife Mira; Derrick, the carpenter bondman, and his wife; two new negro men, and two of Diego's patriarchs; Anna and Martha, my wife's maids; with two other negro girls, and the corporal's family.

After these arrangements, drill-day came; and when the men had fired half-a-dozen rounds of blank cartridge, the orders for the operations of the ensuing week were issued, liable to interruption only from casualties; and this was adopted as a rule of procedure in the colony. In the evening, when the people and our brother had returned to their respective homes, my dearest Eliza and myself felt once more to live and breathe in freedom. "You have now put the machine together, my dear Edward," said she, "and have set it going, and I do think the arrangements you have made with our brother may be calculated on to continue it, without harassing yourself almost to death, as you have of late done." "Indeed, my love," I replied, "I hope things now will go on pretty smoothly without much trouble, and with great pleasure to ourselves and to the people; and I bless God for making me the instrument of so much good." She leaned over me, as I smoked my cigar, while thus we talked; which imparted to me a happiness all my wealth could not have purchased.

Sunday, 14th. — After prayers, the four patriarchs were baptized by their respective names, also Anna, Mary, and Martha, and the children of Hart; but we did not consider the seven young negro men, and four young negro women, who arrived last amongst us, sufficiently advanced in Christian knowledge to entitle them to the rite of baptism. Our school, too, was duly attended to: but from the great increase of persons requiring tuition, little could be effected with each individual; however, as our only object was to enable them to read the Scriptures, we hoped in time to accomplish it.

Monday, 15th. — I now found time to put a favourite plan of my intelligent helpmate into effect; which was, to construct an underground conduit of brick from the great fountain, through the woodland region to the grounds below the cotton-tree; there to empty itself into a reservoir covered from the sun; from thence to overflow, and irrigate the planted grounds in the dell between it and the lake. The bricklayer and his apprentice were forthwith set about this work.

Corporal Craig took the look-out at the flag-staff permanently, and charge of the gun; and the regimentals and arms for his three men were lodged in his house. In fine, he became my day-orderly for government arrangements, while Diego attended for domestic concerns; and therefore,

and judged rightly; and in a few days after, we convened the people, and told them of the necessity of my absence for a few months. I then gave my brother a commission as my lieutenant, which was read aloud to them; and I expressed my hope that the people would be governed by him, as they had been by me, who, I was sure, would do every thing for their welfare: and, having appointed the following morning for a complete settlement of accounts with every individual of the colony, they were permitted to retire. I sent for Allwood, and told him I wished the mansion to be exactly doubled, by running up its counterpart at the back, so as to give us two halls and four bed-rooms as at Peccary Field; and when these were done, to surround the house with a lofty piazza, and to paint the whole a lemon colour, except the pillars of the piazza and window-shutters, which were to be green; and to let Manus prepare window-sashes, and glaze them, ready to put in after my return.

After drill on Saturday, the 5th of June, accompanied by my brother and Captain Drake, and Allwood and Hart, not omitting my faithful and intelligent Diego, we walked down towards the rocks that form the sea line of the open ground before the mansion. Here I pointed out a position within forty yards of the shore, where I proposed to erect a ten-gun battery *en barbette*. And after a little consultation with Drake, we marked out a line of 120 feet, nearly parallel to the beach, flanking it at either end with a line of sixty feet at an angle of 135 degrees. This work being planned out, I took the occasion of the presence of these chief men of the colony, to impress them with all I expected from them in my absence; and to do them justice, my address was met by a good spirit on all sides.

Sunday, 6th.—We had a solemn festival to the Lord. And on the following day, my dear wife and myself, with our faithful little dog, together with our trunks, a box of fine shells, and the iron chest (containing 1930 doubloons and 3800 dollars, besides the contents of the Spanish box of gold and silver articles), embarked in the Porghee; attended by our brother and sister, followed closely by Diego and Rota, and all the people, who crowded round us, before we could step into the boat; our older friends embracing our knees, or kissing our hands; and thus, with the blessings of our people, and the blessing of God, we sailed out of the Northern Channel, with a fine breeze from the east, for Jamaica.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE had a long passage, owing to light winds; so that we did not arrive at Kingston until the 21st of the month. Our former lodgings having been sufficiently agreeable, and our brown landlady remarkably obliging, we were glad to find them unoccupied, and took up our residence as before. I was not now perplexed and overpowered with business, as on our last visit, and therefore sat down very quietly with my dear wife, after our landing, to make ourselves comfortable. I invited Captain Drake to dinner; and we dressed with some little attention to the prevailing fashion of society: but I would not again submit to the torture of a friseur; and therefore, after arraying myself in an embroidered waistcoat, popped on my trusty Adonis over my father-Adam-like curls, and looked sufficiently, I suppose, like a modern fine gentleman. Drake was an excellent fellow, but had no pretensions to modish attire; indeed, he despised it, and never could see me in my wig without a smile: I also could laugh at myself when alone; but I had too much mother-wit not to have observed how much influence a grave countenance, under a well-dressed wig, has on society.

On the following day I took our passage in the *Phoenix* for London. And after having arranged the matter, by paying Captain Tracey 500 dollars for our passage, I sat down with Drake, and exacted a promise from him, that he would not quit the command of the *Porghee* without my consent, to which he gave me a hearty pledge. I desired him to look out for a young man, to go with him as mate; so as to be an available person to put into another vessel, or to go any distance in the *Avon*, or to take the command of the *Porghee* in case of his being ill, or any other casualty. I then recommended him to have the schooner and the *Avon* and all the boats overhauled under the smartening brush. "Yes," said my Eliza, gently interrupting me, "and let the venerable old punt be painted, Captain Drake; it is a much valued relic."—"It shall be done, ma'am," he replied.—"I admire your feeling on this occasion, my dear Eliza," I rejoined; "it reminds me of an heroic people who were applauded by posterity for endeavouring to keep the old timber of some famous little ship together for five hundred years! I think I have heard of it from your worthy father."

I next proceeded to direct our friend to have the barricadoes and the gun and gun-carriage also painted. "Now, Drake," said I, "there is but one point more in which I must take a concern. My brother being my lieutenant, I will thank you to purchase cloth and lace, to correspond as nearly as may be with the soldiers' clothing; and that all may be handsome, get him a proper sword and hat. And, before you sail, equip your-

self with a midshipman's new suit." Drake liked these demonstrations of military array; and said he would accept of my present with much pleasure; and also take care that my views and wishes, now expressed to him, should on all occasions be complied with.

On Wednesday, the 23d, I had a visit from Mr. Green, from whom I learned that at present much sickness existed in Kingston; that the fever was prevalent everywhere in the low lands of Jamaica, and the mortality considerable. This information made me very uneasy for my beloved wife, and for our colony. We had not known what severe illness means, at Seaward Islands; and I confess, I never till this moment contemplated the probability of such an event. After Mr. Green took his leave, my dear wife and I talked over the subject. But in the course of the afternoon, my anxiety and fears were a good deal allayed, by conversing with our hostess on the subject. She explained to me that the fever took newcomers only, chiefly soldiers and sailors; that native white people, and such as had been seasoned to the climate, escaped it pretty generally; that people of colour, and negroes, seldom had anything more than an ague now and then; and that the fever was never catching, unless it might be in ships and barracks, where many people were huddled together, and the fresh wind kept from blowing on them. I was happy to find her statement corroborated by others.

On Friday I embarked the iron chest, together with our trunks and other things. And having received from Captain Drake an account of the money required for his disbursements, I paid him the amount; having done this, I presented him with a capital gold watch purchased for the occasion. "This is a valuable present, sir," said he; "but, either as a token of regard, or a mark of approbation, from you it is doubly so."—"Drake," I replied, "you deserve it, and my approbation and regard along with it. Take care of your health, and we shall meet again."

Saturday, 26th.—Early in the morning, I embarked, with my dear wife and our faithful little dog, on board the Phoenix. After this, we were introduced by the captain to a gentleman and lady of the island, who, with their family, were our fellow-passengers. As we were heaving up the anchor, Drake came alongside, and springing on deck, told me—"The men desired to see me again before I sailed, and that, indeed, he had the same wish!" Martin and Purdy, and the New Englanders, and the two lads, soon followed him up the side, showing every demonstration of affection to us in their power.—"We all pray to God for you, good master, sir, and our lady," said Purdy. Captain Tracey and the creole family looked at each other.—"Did you hear what that negro said?" whispered the wife to her husband.—"God bless you all, my good fellows!" I exclaimed; "I hope soon to return to you! and tell all the people, when you go back, that I shall think of them as my children."—"God bless you, sir!" was the reply all in one voice.—"And may He bless our good

and kind lady," added Martin,—"all our wives bless her!" I then bade them adieu; and they rowed for the shore.

The sea-breeze set in about nine o'clock; the ship was under sail, and passed out of the harbour in gallant style. The weather continued fine, and the sky bright, until we got into the Gulf of Florida, where we were much annoyed by mists and variable winds. However, no accident nor circumstance occurred during the passage worthy of remark; and on Tuesday morning, the 17th of August 1736, the ship arrived off Gravesend. Our fellow-passengers instantly started for London, in a coach and four; but I contented myself by sending off a note to Messrs. Perry and Co., with information of my arrival; and requested them to despatch a clerk on board to meet me, and to take charge of the iron chest.

We proceeded up the river the same afternoon; and before the ship came to her moorings, Mr. Child, one of the partners of the bank, came on board, and introduced himself to me. He asked me if the articles I had enumerated were in the ship's manifest; and when I answered in the negative, he said he was afraid they would be seized. "What am I to do?" said I, "I have no desire to cheat the revenue. Can they touch the bullion?"—"If they find it in the same chest, they may; and I am not sure that they may not seize the ship also." I now became uneasy, and proposed to throw the gold and silver articles overboard, rather than risk any of the possibilities he had suggested. My dear wife said, "Send for the captain instantly, and state the matter to him as it is." Mr. Child opposed this measure; but Captain Tracey and I had preserved a good feeling towards each other, and he was an open-hearted, single-minded man; I therefore hesitated the less in confiding this matter to his discretion. "Put the gold and silver muslin, or whatever you call it, in your trunks," said he: "and I will clap the rest down at the fag-end of the manifest, as the property of Edward Seaward, Esq., passenger: they will admit every thing to entry but the gold and silver cloth." I acted under his advice, disposing of the tissues as he directed; and without loss of time, packed the other articles in a large box, putting a card on the lid, endorsed, "Gold and silver articles, belonging to Mr. Edward Seaward, passenger, Phoenix; to be entered at the Custom-house, London." After the arrangement was completed,— "Well, madam," said Mr. Child to my wife, "I think this may do: Mr. Seaward is happy in such a counsellor; and Mrs. Child will be happy in such an acquaintance." In the evening we disembarked, taking one trunk, in which was the tissue; and which the officer on board allowed us to do, on receiving a fee of 5s. Mr. Child very politely accompanied us to Mrs. Osborne's hotel in Durham Yard*; then taking his leave, promised to send a clerk to bring the iron chest to his bank, who should act with Captain Tracey in passing the gold and silver articles through the Custom-house.

* Now the *Adelphi*, which was built about 1768.

About the middle of the next day we received our trunks, with a note from Captain Tracey, saying he had much difficulty in getting the gold and silver articles admitted to entry; but he knew the demur was set up chiefly to exact *douceurs*. I was well satisfied with this account of the matter; but it did not end here: a plea was brought forward, upon some old act of parliament respecting popish relics, and I know not what; in consequence of which I had to swear that the crucifixes did not belong to Jesuits, and that they were not for the use of the Pope, or his emissaries, &c. The more oaths, the more fees: however, in about a month after I landed in England, I obtained the things, having paid in fees and duty upwards of 200*l*.

We remained within all day (Wednesday), walking out only a little in the dusk of the evening for exercise; it being almost as hot as in the West Indies. On repacking our trunks on Thursday morning, we perceived that our wardrobe would not do. The mode had changed considerably, even from what we had seen amongst the best dressed persons in Jamaica. While we were conning over this matter, Mr. and Mrs. Child paid us a visit; and my dear wife, with her usual ingenuousness, told her visiter how much she would be obliged for a little counsel; adding, "When we make ourselves look like other people, I shall be happy to return your kind visit."—"My dear Mrs. Seaward," replied our new acquaintance, "I shall be too happy in assisting you to ruin your husband in any way!" My Eliza, looking planet-struck, asked what she was to understand by such a declaration? "O nothing," replied Mrs. Child, laughing; "*c'est une façon de parler*:" you shall go with me now in my carriage, and we will order whatever you wish." My sweet Eliza thanked her, but said, if she would have the kindness to send a milliner and mantua-maker to her, that was all the trouble she could think of putting upon her. Her visiter pressed her much to accompany her, but in vain; and after rather a longer stay than ceremony required, the lady finding her importunities unavailing, at length rose, and they took their leave. "Many thanks to Mrs. Child," said my dear Eliza; "jest and earnest not unfrequently are like the shadow and the substance. I must be on my guard I perceive with that lady." I smiled, but endeavoured to convince my Eliza that nothing was meant; that it was an idle flourish of the lady, and ought to be passed by as such: but she smiled in her turn, reminding me of my own maxim in other matters, as to the excellent quality of caution.

On Sunday morning we prepared for church, a happiness looked forward to by us with pleasure, ever since our arrival. My dear wife found great difficulty in walking with high heels, not having worn any for more than two years, and those were low compared with the present mode. Her farthingale too was cumbrous, and altogether she felt very uncomfortable; a *little black hat with feathers*, being the only tolerable part of her attire.

My suit was a plain one; deep ruffles at the breast and wrists, knee and shoe buckles, a morning peruke in tie, and a plain hat, with a silver loop and button. Thus attired, we attended divine service in a hired carriage, at the church of St. Martin-le-Grand; and on our return to the hotel, endeavoured to keep alive the good habit of reading the Scriptures.

On Monday, we returned the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Child, and left our names, they not being at home. I then proceeded to Lombard Street, where I met Mr. Perry. He proceeded immediately to business; said he had to congratulate both himself and me on his judgment in vesting my money in the three per cent. South Sea transferable stock; that the threes had advanced from 83 to 99; and although the fours had also risen from 105 to 114, yet whenever the ministry found themselves able to do it,—which they might accomplish this day, if they knew how to go about it,—they could pay off every hundred, with a corresponding hundred in money; that is, with a 100*l.* three per cent. stock, and the additional bonus of 1*l.* or 2*l.* “But,” continued he, “men in office too frequently sacrifice principle to a momentary expediency, which to me is no small evidence of poor talents.” The truth, I believe, was, he had taken some pains to advise the minister on the subject of paying off the four per cent. stock; and his good offices having been treated rather negligently, he was piqued, and could not suppress his indignation.

I thought the present a favourable opportunity to mention my wish to purchase a grant of the islands. “There will be some difficulty in it, I suppose,” he replied; “yet it is not three years ago since grants of land in the island of St. Christopher’s were given, to the amount of 40,000*l.*, to portion off the Princess Royal, on her marriage with the Prince of Orange.”—“But how shall I set about it?” I asked. He paused a little, then said, “If there was but the King’s highway, I should not then hesitate to point out the road. Excuse me, Mr. Seaward,” continued he, after another short pause, “but would you object to wade through dirty water to accomplish this business; or is it your intention to go to it simply as a man of business?”—“As a matter of business,” I replied. “I will not approach the minister through any dirty channels. The truth is, Mr. Perry, I desire to accomplish the business with no other view than securing the poor people already there, in their little possessions; but with regard to my own advantage, I would freely bind myself to give all the money I may ever derive from it to the minister’s lackey.”—“Give me your hand, sir,” said Old Perry; “I will endeavour to negotiate for you; but until Sir Robert Walpole can be induced to see it as it is, he will suspect it to be something of more importance than you are disposed to admit; and so withhold the grant, until he be satisfied in some way or other on the subject.”

This consultation being brought to a close, he urged me to invest the doubloons and dollars I had brought with me to England, in the three

per cents. "Send it to market; it will never bring a better price; and I will then place the amount to your credit, and allow you two per cent. for it." I did not hesitate, and then shook the old gentleman cordially by the hand, and took my leave,—a favourable impression being made, I believe, on both sides.

My Eliza was not tired waiting for me, but she was glad to see me again; and as I stepped into the coach, my eyes were met by her endearing smile. While dinner was getting ready, I detailed the banker's conversation, with which she was much pleased; observing that it had been conducted quite in the way she liked; she was "glad Mr. Perry showed his colours," and she ventured to hope, from what had passed, that through his agency the business would be done, if it could be done at all.

After dinner, Mother Osborne, our hostess, came in, with many courtesies and apologies, saying there was a tirewoman without, she could recommend, and if the Lady Seaward would see her, she should feel obliged. (Mrs. Osborne was an unconscious prophetess.) Madame Filibert was introduced, and proceeded for a considerable time with the complimentary prologue, in which "*milady*" and "*beaucoup d'honneur*" were repeated twenty times, until my simple-minded Eliza told her she did not understand French; and therefore would only trouble her to show some of the head-dresses. Two women were now called in, carrying a large covered wicker-basket, out of which were brought indescribable things: and, to my great amusement, Madame Filibert took them up one after another, putting them on her own head before the looking-glass. One was *charmante*, another *magnifique*, a third *superbe*; but the fourth—"O *milady*, *regardez celle-là; c'est une tire tête unique. J'avois faite la même pour sa Majesté la Reine.*" It certainly was handsome, and after some parley my wife purchased it. "Now," said she, "Madame Filibert, is this the richest tissue of gold that is made?" The tirewoman answered in tolerable English, that nothing in Europe could surpass it; if she did not speak true, she would give it for nothing. "I will not tie you to your word," returned my Eliza, "but I will show you a piece of tissue, with which it cannot be compared." She then went up to the bed-room, and brought down a piece of the plain gold; two of the four being richly wrought. The tirewoman, at sight of it, expressed her astonishment, exclaiming, "it was all gold! there was never anything like it seen in Europe! it was certainly from Persia, or China, or the gold mines." The business concluded with her, by paying for the tire she had chosen; on which Madame, with her women, made their obeisance and departed. This scene afforded us abundance of pleasantries for the evening.

The day arrived for our dining with Mr. and Mrs. Child; my dear wife's brocade was rich, and no doubt highly fashionable; the hoop large;

the ruffles were of blonde, and she wore the tire purchased from Madame Filibert. I had presented her with a diamond necklace and earrings, the price of which is the only secret I ever kept from her in my life; but she placed it to the right account. My suit was embroidered velvet, with white silk stockings, and a peruke in the best mode. As I took her hand to lead her to the carriage, she looked up at me with her own sweet smile, saying, "My Edward has given me a diamond necklace and earrings,—will he stop at the jeweller's, and give his Eliza a diamond ring also?"—"With the greatest pleasure, my beloved," I replied. The coachman was then ordered to stop on Ludgate Hill, at Harding's, where we both got out; and I was proceeding to choose for her a ring. "No, Edward," she said, "I must be selfish for once; it must be of my own choosing, and the finest brilliant I can find." In a little time she fixed her eye on a splendid gem, elegantly set, but not a lady's ring; then taking my hand, she put it on my finger, saying, "It is here I shall always love to see my brilliant;" then raising my hand to her lips, added to it a mark of her affection more precious than the gem itself.

The company were numerous, and somewhat gorgeously attired; the dinner was sumptuous; and the liveries of the servants vied with their masters in the richness of the lace on their coats. The subjects of conversation were low, and some of the expressions worse than low: the ribaldry of Fielding seemed to be the standard of wit, and some of the coarsest jokes of the Dean the signal for a general laugh; the ladies drank rather freely, and few of them were without a snuff-box. I soon perceived how much my dear Eliza was disgusted with the society around her, although the ladies commended her fine taste, and more than one gentleman told her she was an angel. In the course of the evening a gentleman, Mr. Powis, who with myself had refused cards, engaged me in conversation. He talked on a variety of political subjects, with the merits of which I was totally unacquainted; I however listened with great attention, now and then adding a short, but, I hope, pertinent remark. He told Mr. Child the next day, I was one of the most sensible men he had conversed with for many years. The truth is, he went on from subject to subject, without my ever crossing his path; and therefore, forsooth, I was the most sensible man he had conversed with for many years! A moralist might adduce a maxim by no means contemptible from this man's folly: *It is easier to listen, than to talk, yourself into some people's good opinion.* However, Mr. Powis took a fancy to me in consequence, and afterwards, interested himself to serve me.

At ten o'clock we returned home. My dear wife delicately observed, blushing while she made the remark, that there seemed to be a frightful looseness of thought amongst them all, in every way; and she would not conceal from me, that she had no doubt there was cheating at the card-table. "I will play no more cards with such persons, my dear Edward."

she continued; "and, unless it be to oblige you, or to forward our views in getting the grant for our people, I would desire to avoid all such company in future."

During the remainder of the week I was engaged in business. My first object was to ascertain the state of my finances. I had called at the bank agreeable to promise, and counted out 1900 doubloons and 3000 dollars from the iron chest, reserving 30 of the gold pieces and 300 of the dollars which remained, for my own use. The doubloons had sold for 6650*l.*, and the dollars for 675*l.* I now received my account current, in which I perceived 67,424*l.* in three per cent, S.S.T. stock, purchased at 83 in May of last year; and 2105*l.* in the same stock, bought in January last at 95; the whole cost in money being 58,000*l.* After the statement of other items, *pro* and *con*, there appeared a balance of 9554*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* to my credit this day, viz. the 28th of August, 1736. So that without taking the value of the contents of the box at the Custom-house into consideration, or my brother's debt to me, I could estimate my fortune at nearly 68,000*l.* sterling, and my income from government securities upwards of 2000*l.* a year; each half-yearly dividend being 1074*l.* 2*s.*

Early in the week we had the pleasure to receive letters from dear Mr. Goldsmith and my sisters. They hoped to see us soon; and we as sincerely hoped and desired to escape from the vortex we saw gathering round us, to the peaceful retreat of our virtuous, gentle, and dearly loved friends.

Mrs. Child had been teasing my wife to take a house, and set up an establishment. She said I was as rich as a Jew; that Child had told her so; she insinuated that husbands did not let their wives into the secrets of their wealth, or their amours; and that she would bring her out with *éclat*; and if I said a word about it, she and the ombre party would teach me better manners! My dear Eliza felt too indignant to take any further notice of this wicked counsel, than politely to reject the advice.—"No one will visit you here, my dear Mrs. Seaward," replied her visiter.—"If that be the case, Mrs. Child," rejoined my wife, "I perhaps may have reason to be glad that we have concluded not to take a house during our stay in town."—"Well to be sure," exclaimed the banker's wife, with a giggling laugh, "that is the funniest thing I ever heard said in my life! I heard something like it on the stage the other night;—you surely picked it up there." My Eliza made no answer. Mrs. Child continued the giggle; then rising suddenly to depart—"Well! *bon jour, charmante!*" she exclaimed, "I hope soon to have the pleasure to see you again, *chère amie.*"

These attempts of Mrs. Child were extremely disagreeable; so that we agreed to mix with her society as little as possible, and that I should strain every nerve to obtain the grant, that we might escape from the pestilence of London. Sir Robert Walpole was at present out of town; the King was at Hanover; but the Queen-Regent was reported to be a kind-

hearted lady, and might be more readily disposed than his Majesty to accede to my request.

However, early in September, the murder of Captain Porteus, by the Edinburgh people, brought the minister to London to hold a cabinet council; and very soon after this, Mr. Perry contrived to solicit an interview for me, and procured a card with my name written on it, bearing Sir Robert's initials in one corner. "Now, Mr. Seaward," said he, "I hate bribery and corruption in all shapes; and I have reason to believe you are of the same mind: but when you take this card, you must give a crown to the porter at the gate, another to the warder in the great hall, and half-a-guinea to the servant in waiting, who will show you into the secretary's room. And when you give him, I mean the secretary, the card, put a couple of guineas into his hand, wrapped up in a piece of clean paper, saying, 'Sir, I will thank you to give this to those to whom I have given so much trouble.' I soon got my lesson, and thanked Mr. Perry for the trouble he had taken in the business.

The next morning, I went to the minister's residence, at the hour appointed; and passed the porter and the warder with "silver keys," the servant in waiting with a small "golden key;" and next, having delivered my card to the secretary, and put two gold pieces, neatly wrapped up, into his hand, saying the precise words dictated by Mr. Perry, he made a gentle inclination of his head, and dropped the offering into one of his waistcoat-pockets, a pouch ample enough to contain a peck, Winchester-measure. He took my card away, and, returning in a few minutes, desired me to wait. I was at length again summoned; and found the minister sitting before a large round table, in an old carved oak chair, with a pen in his hand, surrounded by papers; and the moment I entered he began to write.—"You must not speak, sir, till he is at leisure, and speaks to you," whispered the attendant gently in my ear. In a few minutes, the great man laid down his pen, and without farther preface or ceremony, he addressed me, and the following dialogue ensued verbatim; for which I am not indebted to my memory, as will afterwards appear.

Sir Robert Walpole.—"I understand, sir, you want a grant of some island, or rocky islands, on the Spanish main: I wish to know upon what grounds you make this request?"

Mr. Seaward.—"I was shipwrecked, sir, nearly three years ago, on those rocky islands, when on my passage from Jamaica to the Bay of Honduras, and I with my wife were the only persons saved. In about six months afterwards, two negro men and three women, who had escaped shipwreck from a Spanish schooner, were also cast upon the island. We then laboured industriously, to propagate yams and maize, with some other seeds and roots I had taken on board the vessel, for my use at the Bay of Honduras. Some months after this, I heard guns in the offing, and, on ascending the height, saw a Spanish armed brig chasing an

English schooner, and firing at her with her bow-chases : I immediately hoisted the colours, and the schooner made for the inlet. Sir, I could not stand by and see the Spaniard firing at an English schooner directly under our flag without making a return upon his decks ; on which he hauled his wind and stood off. The schooner, which was of Norfolk in Virginia, came then safely to an anchor, and the Spaniard came to, in the offing. In the night, however, he sent in his boat to take the schooner ; but we met his boat with all the force we could collect ; and succeeded in not only repelling him, but in taking from him ten muskets, with his ammunition, and two Bermudian negroes, his prisoners, that he had put in the boat as being good rowers. The officer gave up his sword ; and I sent him and his crew back to their commander with a message, saying, that the conduct of the captain of the *Guarda Costa* was unpardonable, and it should be represented.—I am afraid, sir," I continued, "I am tiring you with a long story ; and, if you please, here it shall end." Sir Robert replied — "Go on, sir." I resumed, "After repairing some damages the schooner had sustained, I took a passage in her to Jamaica, and there purchased a Bermudian vessel, in which I carried to the rocky island, a captain and a crew for the brig in which I had been stranded ; and also some artificers and negroes, with stock and implements, to settle a little colony where Providence had placed me. I applied to the governor of Jamaica, for a commission as captain-commandant of the islands ; and having obtained this credential, I took a twelve-pound gun to the island, which is now mounted on the height near the flag-staff ; and I have trained the people to arms for defence, and have taken possession of the group of rocks and islands in the name of our most gracious Lord the King. I am, therefore, desirous to have a grant of all those rocks and islands, under the seal of his Majesty."

Sir Robert Walpole. — "This is a very serious business, sir ; I have heard your version of it : the court of Spain may have occasion to represent it very differently. When the necessary inquiries have been made, my secretary shall have directions to require your attendance."

Mr. Seaward. — "Sir Robert Walpole, I should despise myself, and the God I desire to serve would abhor me, if I could lie to you or to any man, or in one tittle deviate from the truth. If I had not loved and honoured my King, I need not have taken possession of those unpeopled rocks in his name. And in what way can I more substantially show my allegiance, than by offering to pay for a *grant* of that which is, in point of right, my own ? As I am not a courtier, I hope you will pardon my free declaration, that if I am to be pushed by, and put off with the answer you have now given me, I will immediately go to Madrid, and try how the matter will be received there."

Sir Robert Walpole. — "You are very warm, young man. If you were to go to Madrid, they would send you to the Castle for firing on

their *Guarda Costa*, and in all probability you would be executed as an uncommissioned pirate. Call on me to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and I will see what can be done."

I called on the minister the next morning, according to appointment, but instead of seeing him I got no further than the secretary. This gentleman was abundantly courteous, telling me I could not see Sir Robert; but he insinuated, that Sir Robert was rather displeased with my freedom of speech, and that he (the secretary) feared, unless we could make a friend of a person who has the ear of the minister, that he saw no end to my difficulties. "Then, sir," said I, "you have no instructions to arrange this business with me?" "O, bless you, sir," he replied "business is not done in the kind of way you anticipate. At present, I can do no more than promise my good offices; and I have done so, relying on your good sense to make a grateful and proper use of them." "I don't understand your way of doing business, sir," I rejoined; "and I have, therefore, only to beg you will accept my best acknowledgments, in the same spirit you have offered me your best services." The secretary stared at me; and each bowing very low to the other, I retired.

On the following day, I had a visit from Mr. Powis. After the usual complimentary conversation, he said, "Well, I knew how it would be; you had an interview with Sir Robert, and it terminated just as I should have anticipated." "And how do you know what turn it took, or how it terminated, Mr. Powis?" I replied.—"On your honour, Mr. Seaward, you will not disclose, while I live, any communication I may make to you; and I will tell you more than you could suppose. I told you, that the minister has two ears, which, perhaps, you think a very foolish observation. You did not speak to him through the right ear; although I understand you were very impressive; so much so, that he said—'I must know something more of this young man; I should not like him for an enemy.' But this sort of Puffendorff reasoning, my friend," continued he, "with a prime minister, won't do. Therefore, if you desire to gain your point, be advised by me; lower your tone, and get the right ear of the minister; which, by the by, he does not wear on his own head; only having there the left and t'other ear." Mr. Powis appeared to be so fond of this joke about the right ear, and seeming to lay so much stress on it, which being coupled by what the secretary had said about making a friend of a person "who had the ear of the minister," that I really began to believe there was an auricular pivot somewhere on which only this business, and perhaps all others of a similar kind, could favourably turn. "But," resumed Mr. Powis, "you have not promised to preserve inviolably, during my life, whatever I may impart to you."—"I faithfully promise," I replied. "Do you remember," returned he, "what passed between Sir Robert Walpole and you at the interview?"—"I certainly do remember the substance of it," I replied.—"Is that anything like it?"

he resumed, putting a sheet of paper into my hands. It was the dialogue itself. After reading it attentively.—“The very words,” I replied; “you have astonished me, Mr Powis; how is this? there was not any person in the room.”—“You are right,” said he; “there was not any person in the room, but Sir Robert and yourself; but there is a listening door, or rather a person within hearing behind a door, that takes down correctly the conversation held with every one admitted to an audience; and this is one of the minister’s vouchers, for the uprightness and integrity of his conduct, which he always preserves in person. And I do believe he is an honest man, and means well,” continued Mr. Powis, “but he is so beset that he has been necessitated to establish a sort of fund, for the purpose of securing votes from that quarter of the world ‘from whence,’ the Psalmist says, ‘promotion cometh;’ and the treasurer of this fund is the person who has his right ear. Do you understand me?” I thanked Mr. Powis with much sincerity for the disclosure he had made to me; but I did not feel that I could act upon the information he had given me; it would be a direct violation of my principles. He endeavoured to laugh me out of my resolution, but it would not do. “Why is all this, my good friend?” said I; “there is no absolute favour asked. A grant of some barren rocks in the Carribean Sea is desired; and an equivalent ready to be paid. Lands were granted on the same principles, the other day, I may say, in the island of St. Christopher.”—“You don’t understand it,” replied Mr. Powis; “there is always in these cases an abatement in the ostensible and visible price which is to be accounted for to parliament, in consideration of a secret sum, or invisible influence, to support the minister in power.” The problem was now solved; and he had nearly talked me over into the necessity of compliance, if I would carry my point, when my dear Eliza came in. He appealed to her, and went over his arguments again. She reflected a few minutes on what he had said, and then replied—“It is altogether morally wrong, Mr. Powis, the path is crooked; and to my mind, those considerations are quite sufficient to decide against all indirect overtures, whatever might be the result.”—“Pardon me, madam,” he replied, “if I say, it appears to me, you and Mr. Seaward are too fastidious to accomplish any point of importance in life.”—“There is no point, Mr. Powis,” she replied, “of sufficient importance to call for the sacrifice of singleness of intention. And if Sir Robert Walpole cannot manage the parliament in any other way than you have explained, he is a foolish and a wicked man.” Mr. Powis was not prepared for this honest eloquence, and here the subject dropped: but I felt I could not do less than ask him to dine with us in a friendly way, which he courteously accepted.

After dinner, the subject turned again upon obtaining the grant; and as the conversation I had had with the minister served to let Mr. Powis into a good deal of our history, I took care to make him comprehend that I *had no pecuniary interest* in the success of my application; and as I had

an ample fortune, and should have nothing else to do, I possibly might get a seat in parliament, and trouble the Right Hon. Baronet in a way not quite agreeable to him. "I am, Mr. Powis," continued I, "a Whig in principle; but I feel that all the honour I bring to my king is reflected on myself; yet, loyal subjects and faithful servants must not be treated like dogs."—"As this is the case, Mr. Seaward," said he, "I might leave you to fight your own battle; for it is odds you do not beat the minister." A smile of inward worth and strength passed across my dear wife's countenance; and putting claret in her glass, "Come, Mr. Powis," said she, "we will drink the King's health, and all his true friends." Powis and I filled a bumper, and we drank the toast, like honest and true men. Mr. Powis was a good-hearted man, at least I thought so, and believed he had taken a fancy to me; so, notwithstanding the issue of his kindly intended visit, I was not surprised he took leave of us in perfect good humour.

On the 23rd I had a call from Mr. Powis, who told me, as I liked straightforward business, he thought he could not please me better than by putting the declaration I had made at our last interview, in a train to reach Sir Robert Walpole, to try its effect; and he knew the minister had in consequence written a note to Mr. Perry, to inquire whether I were the man of property I represented myself to be; and that Perry had replied, "he knew nothing more of my property than that I had a very handsome balance in his hands, and held upwards of 60,000*l.* in three per cent. stock." I thanked Mr. Powis for his information, and told him that he and Mr. Perry both had acted perfectly right.

On Sunday, we visited Greenwich, and, after attending divine service at the chapel, had the gratification of seeing the beautifully painted hall, finished a few years ago by Sir Christopher Wren, now no more. It is all very fine, or rather imposing, excepting what I might call the altar-piece; in which two miserable portraits of his present Majesty and the Prince of Wales are introduced. Here, to my joy, we met Captain James and his wife; with whom we had the pleasure of dining, and passed altogether an interesting and agreeable day.

On Monday the 4th of October, being still without hope of procuring the grant, we began to pack up for quitting London, to revisit our dear friends at Awbury. While thus engaged, a lady called, and sent up her name,—Lady Sundon. My dear wife was soon ready to meet her with that courteous ease and dignity that ever flows from a noble and ingenuous nature. The stranger said she had called by command of the Queen; who, having heard that Mrs. Seaward possessed some very rich gold tissue, superior to anything ever seen in Europe, Her Majesty had honoured her (Lady Sundon) with a command to purchase it at any price, if it were indeed what it was reported to be.—My dear wife smiled. "That cannot be, madam," said she; "but I shall be most happy to pre-

sent some pieces of gold tissue, or anything else I am possessed of, to her Majesty."—"I fear," replied the lady, "the Queen cannot accept of it from Mrs. Seaward."—"Then," rejoined my wife, "I shall have to regret for once in my life, that I am only Mrs. Seaward." After a pause, the stranger requested to be gratified with a sight of the gold web. She was struck at once by its incomparable richness, and could not restrain her admiration, observing, "This, truly, is fit for a Queen." I now left my dear Eliza and the lady together. My well-judging wife profited by the opportunity, to give her an outline of our shipwreck, and of our little settlement; and also told her, that our business in England was to purchase from the Crown a grant of the islands, so as to secure our people in the possession of their grounds and habitations; but as we could not succeed in obtaining it, we were going away, and would try to establish them as well as we could without it. She did not, in the course of this conversation, omit to mention how we had trained them to the observance of divine worship, and to reading on the Sabbath-day. Lady Sundon was a kind-hearted, and somewhat pious woman; so that she took great interest in the detail, and, on taking leave, promised to endeavour to persuade her Majesty to allow Mrs. Seaward to present the tissue for acceptance. "But, at any rate," added she, taking my wife's hand, "I hope you will not leave town immediately. I am desirous of cultivating your acquaintance, and I would say your friendship." My dear wife returned her a suitable compliment, and I had the honour of handing her ladyship to the carriage, which bore the royal arms.

After the departure of this lady, my Eliza and myself turned the matter over, and, in consequence, we determined to wait the issue of this adventure.

On Tuesday, my wife had a second visit from Lady Sundon, who imparted to her the pleasing intelligence, that the Queen would receive her at the palace on Thursday; and that her Ladyship, who was Mistress of Robes and Lady in Waiting to her Majesty, should call in a royal carriage for Mrs. Seaward, and accompany her to the presence. The dress she was to wear was then settled, and the etiquette to be observed was pointed out; but there was a point, on which her Ladyship had directions to be informed. "What is Mr. Seaward?—is he a merchant?"—"He was a merchant," replied my wife: "he is no longer one. He is now in the possession of an ample fortune."—"I wish he had rank of any kind," replied Lady Sundon.—"The only rank he has, that I can mention," returned my wife, "is that of Captain Commandant of Seaward Islands; and I think I can show your Ladyship his commission, signed by the Governor of Jamaica." "That will do," said she; "I am glad to know this; it may be of some importance to you, at least in your introduction to her Majesty, if nothing more."

The next day, I was surprised early in the morning by a visit from Mr.

Powis. "You will have a message this morning," said he, "to attend the minister; be therefore in readiness. He says you are like Cassius: he must be wary of such like men." He had scarcely finished the sentence, when the note arrived from Sir Robert's secretary, desiring my attendance at ten o'clock.

Mr. Secretary was superabundantly courteous on the occasion; so that I was admitted at once into the library. The minister came in presently, by a door that led from it into some other room or passage. "I am glad to see you, Mr. Seaward," said he: "draw a chair by me, and we will talk over this business of yours. Show me where the rocks and islets are situated, for which you want the grant." I looked on the chart of the West Indies attentively a little while, then said, "They are not laid down here, Sir Robert: unless the Serranhas are intended to represent them." I then drew cross lines through the latitude of $14^{\circ} 30' N.$ and longitude of $81^{\circ} W.$ saying, "This is as near the spot as I can tell you. The latitude is correct, but the longitude has not been ascertained by observation."—"Now," said he, "tell me honestly what is your object in seeking to obtain this grant?" I told him. He shook his head. "I am not surprised, sir," said I, "that you do not credit me; but I speak the truth; and I will bind myself not to appropriate rents or profits to myself in any way, from the grant, beyond freely bestowing its privileges on such persons as I may approve, under the penalty of forfeiture of the money I may pay to the Crown, and of the grant also."—"Well," returned he, "I perceive you understand the strong side of an argument—the *argumentum ad res*; and I will take you at your word. Now," continued he, "who is to estimate the value of this place?"—"Any one you please to name, sir," I replied, "if you will have the kindness to settle a principle on which the valuation is to be made."—"Will you favour me," said the minister, "with a principle?"—"I know of none, sir," I resumed, "that will apply; but, for want of a better, I would take the average price of the uncultivated lands of St. Christopher's, sold three years ago on account of the Crown."—"That will do, I think," replied he; "but how shall we estimate the extent?"—"I can supply that, sir," said I, "as I have a rude survey of the rocks and islands, which can be measured; and I should wish my map, such as it is, to be copied, and appended to the patent."—"Mr. Seaward," answered the minister, "it shall be settled in your own way; I am happy to meet your wishes. My secretary shall wait on you, with proper persons on the part of the Crown, within a few days; and the business, shall be done." I thanked him for his kind condescension, and ventured to express a hope, that I might find an occasion, at some future period, to show the sincerity of my professions. Sir Robert bowed, and I took my leave.

On my way home, I ruminated on the great change I had witnessed in the manner and conduct of the minister towards me, but could not satisfy

myself as to the cause. However, said I to myself, "if the thing be but done, and honestly done, it is of little consequence to me how it was brought about."

My beloved wife was rejoiced at my success. She now entered on the subject of her *presentation*, to take place to-morrow; and told me she had ordered a white satin dress, with a Spanish hat of the same, which was to be surmounted by two ostrich feathers, agreeable to Lady Sundon's arrangement. "Dear Eliza," said I, "you ought to wear pearls with this dress; and I shall be highly gratified in presenting them to you."—"So I thought," was her reply; "but as her Ladyship said nothing about them, I made up my mind to say nothing either; therefore, I am content to go to Court in perfect simplicity of attire."—"Ah! my sweet pet," I replied, "thy neck is worth more than all the pearls of the Pacific, and all the diamonds of Brazil! we will go together to the jeweller's; and I shall be happy, indeed, in contributing so small an addition to your innate value." Before dinner-time we made our purchases; necklace, earrings, and a pearl loop, with a diamond star for the hat, and a pretty little brilliant ring besides.

On Thursday at noon, the royal carriage called with the Lady Sundon. My lovely wife was dressed, and ready to receive her. "Dear Mrs. Seaward," she exclaimed, "you look like an angel just dropped from heaven."—My Eliza blushed, and taking her by the hand, said, "Then I must apply to my husband, and to you, the words of Dryden to Timotheus and St. Cecilia." Her Ladyship paused, and my beloved, and peerless one, repeated the lines, turning first to me, and then to her —

"He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

Something beyond the ordinary tone of feeling followed this, in which our noble visitor bore a part; and she finished the scene in perfect keeping (as painters express themselves), by quoting from our new but admirable poet, Thomson —

"Oh, happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite!"

"I will tell the Queen all this," continued she; "I am sure her Majesty will be quite delighted."

The two pieces of embossed gold tissue had been wrapped in a piece of white satin; the original curious paper wrappers being previously folded round each piece; and my dear wife then taking leave of me, whispered, "Do not be uneasy about me; I feel quite collected, and assured under the protection of this kind lady." After their departure, I received a visit from Mr. Powis. He met the carriage just as it turned up into the Strand, and had recognized Mrs. Seaward. — "Well, my good friend," said he, "I

am come to congratulate you on your success with the minister; but do tell me how you think it has been brought about?"—"I cannot tell you, my kind friend," I replied; "you know quite as much about it as I do; therefore, if you cannot explain it, I have not a ground to surmise on."—"It is very strange," cried he; "no *ear-tickling*—no *palm-tickling*; if he was not talked into it by what you said to him, or alarmed into it by what you said to others, backed by the result of his inquiries to Perry, I cannot account for it. But," continued he, "I saw Mrs. Seaward in one of the royal carriages; there may be something in that I don't know." He tried many indirect questions, to elicit from me where Mrs. Seaward was going, and who it was that he saw with her in the royal carriage. I told him I did not deem myself at liberty to speak of Mrs. Seaward's movements, to my most intimate friends; there was a delicacy connected with every action of a woman that forbade it; he felt the rebuke, and here the subject ended.

At three o'clock my beloved returned. I received her with open arms. "Dear Edward," she exclaimed, "we are met again!"—"But tell me about the Queen, dearest," said I, "and how you got through your part of the interview."—"O, quite well," she replied; "but it was all ceremony. On our arrival at the palace, we were received by a gentleman in waiting, who escorted us to the ante-room. The parcel was brought up by some one, and placed on a marble table with gilt legs, which stood between two of the windows. In a few minutes, another lady in waiting came to us; when Lady Sundon introduced me to her as the wife of Captain Seaward; this second lady took my hand; and while my friend (as I think I may call her) walked by my side, I was led into a room, where her Majesty was seated:—'Courage!' the lady whispered in my ear; and almost immediately after, letting my hand drop, courtied gracefully to the Queen, saying, 'I have the honour to present the wife of Captain Seaward to your Majesty.'—'You are welcome, Mrs. Seaward,' said the Queen; 'I am happy in seeing you here.'—'I am too happy,' I replied, 'in finding myself in the presence of our illustrious Queen: I shall be happy in the recollection of this day, until the latest period of my life.' I had scarcely finished the sentence, when Lady Sundon put the parcel into my arms; and, agreeably to previous arrangement, I then approached quite near to her Majesty, and, dropping on one knee, laid the parcel at her feet, saying—'If your Majesty will be graciously pleased to accept this small tribute of affectionate loyalty, from the hands of your most devoted servant, your condescension will leave the deepest impression of gratitude on her heart.'—"Well done, Eliza," I exclaimed; "Lady Sundon could not have played the courtier better herself."—"Dear Edward," replied my wife, "it was a set speech, dictated by her Ladyship for the occasion: but I certainly did feel what the words said.—*Her Majesty* merely replied, 'I have much pleasure in

accepting anything from your hands, as a proof of my esteem for a good wife in trying circumstances.' My friend Lady Sundon now took my hand and raised me, for I was a little affected by the compliment; then courtesying together before the Queen, her Majesty made a sign that we might retire; so we obeyed; but keeping our face towards the royal person, until we got out of the presence, into the ante-room. Here my kind friend immediately kissed me, saying,— 'Dear Mrs. Seaward, you have acquitted yourself nobly: the carriage is in waiting for you; hurry home to your husband, who will be made happy by the account you have to give him.' And now, here I am, my dear Edward, with the sovereign of my heart."

It was soon known amongst our acquaintance, that my wife had been introduced to the Queen; and she was in consequence pestered with visits from Mrs. Child and her friends, now doubly pressing in their invitations, and not very delicate in their inquiries. But, strange as it may appear, the object of my wife's presentation was never known beyond the circle then present, all of whom were freemasons in petticoats. And, indeed, I have reason to believe that not even Sir Robert Walpole himself, nor the prying Mr. Powis, could ever ascertain the precise matter, whatever suspicions might be entertained on the subject.

On Sunday, the 12th, we attended divine service at St. Paul's; and on Monday, one of the minister's secretaries made his appearance at my hotel, with two gentleman on behalf of the Crown, to settle the conditions of the grant; and I produced my chart. As there was a scale to the chart, the royal surveyor very soon measured and calculated the area of the islands. He made the peninsular promontory to contain two square miles; George's Island, beyond the isthmus, nine square miles; Edward's Island, six square miles; in all 7880 acres, which, at 5s. per acre, the average price of the lands granted at St. Christopher's, came to 1970*l*. An observation then fell from one of the gentlemen as to the detached rocks, and the long sandy isthmus, not having been taken into account: "Well," said I, "let us put down the odd 30*l*. in consideration of these, and all others in, near, or belonging to the said islands." After a little demur, my proposition was agreed to. The deputy surveyor-general requested the loan of my chart, to have two copies of it taken: one to append to the deed; the other, to lodge in the office: and the business being now quite arranged, they took their leave.

On the following day, my wife received a visit from Lady Sundon; and the meeting was cordial. My Eliza said to her noble guest—"If I had not feared it might have been an intrusion, I would have come to see your Ladyship when you were sick."—"Come now," replied Lady Sundon; "if Mr. Seaward will spare you one day to me, I should be most happy!" My dear wife looked at me.—"Will you spare me, Edward?" "*You will not think strange of this hesitation on my part,*" said my Eliza

to her friend, "when I tell you that we have not been separated a whole day, at any one time, since I became Mrs. Seaward! I am so happy where every woman ought to seek her happiness, that I have no desire, except in such a case as this, to be absent for a moment." I took my Eliza's hand, and put it to my lips. She then begged permission to go and dress, which she would soon do; and left me with her Ladyship. The first words of this excellent women were like sweet music to my ear.— "She is a divine creature!" said Lady Sundon; "so unlike all the women I see of the present day! and I assure you the Queen is quite charmed by her beauty, and her manner, and her propriety: and I rather think she will see her Majesty before we return; but not being certain of it, I do not like to say so to her, lest my sweet friend should be disappointed." Her ladyship then asked me if I had accomplished my business as to the grant with the Crown officers. I told her it was definitively arranged yesterday, and would soon be made out. "Now, Captain Seaward," resumed the lady, "I will tell you a secret: the Queen has not been very well pleased with a certain person, for the course he intended to pursue with respect to your affair; she spoke to him on the subject, and soon became peremptory; and it is only in consequence of this, that the business has been done. You therefore now know to whom you are obliged: and do take care," continued she, "not to throw away your money on persons who may endeavour to persuade you the obligation is in any other quarter. The Queen knows all that passed between the minister and yourself, and between you and other persons, on the subject, and expressed her admiration of your spirit, and of the sentiments you avowed on the occasion. He was a good deal piqued," added Lady Sundon, "when her Majesty gave him her commands; and he ventured to say, with a smiling bitterness, 'Perhaps your Majesty would approve of our sending him as envoy to Madrid,'—to which she drily replied, 'Cassius is not to our liking, Sir Robert:' then receiving his leave to retire, he bowed, and withdrew; evidently a good deal nettled. I believe, however," continued her Ladyship, "you have nothing to fear from him; he has nothing to gain by annoying you, but may risk the royal displeasure: and I am quite sure you may count on her Majesty's protection and his compliance."

Fidele was the representative of his mistress to-day. "Well, poor fellow," said I, "you now receive only a transient kind word, or a look; but we do not esteem you the less, Fidele; come here, poor dog!" He raised his fore-feet on my knee, and licked my hand; and said all that a dog could say, in return. Being first favourite to-day, I helped him to the wing of a chicken. "You like that better than *pepper-pot*, old fellow!" said I: he looked very knowing as he took it from my hand; which I interpreted, "Indeed, I believe I do." Thus I played the fool, as ~~fool~~

would call it; giving a truce to all anxieties respecting the completion of my grant, or the favour of the Queen.

About eight o'clock, my dear wife returned to me, highly gratified by her visit to the palace. She had dined with Lady Sundon, and her venerable aunt, who had been maid of honour to Queen Anne. In the afternoon, her Majesty had desired to see Mrs. Seaward in a private manner, with Lady Sundon. When she went, the Queen received her affably, laying aside the sovereign for the time; and, with expressions of great interest, listened to all the particulars of our shipwreck, and subsequent adventures, and improvements on the island. She laughed heartily at my wife's account of the *Battle of the Peccaries*: but a higher feeling manifested itself, when the narrator described my attack on the Spanish guarda costa; and the result of the attempt made by him in his boat. "My brave and generous husband," was a favourite expression with her when speaking on this subject. "Nobly done!" exclaimed her Majesty; "he shall have the reward of the brave." As the day began to draw to a close, her Majesty said—"You must come another day, and tell me more; it is altogether a very interesting story:" then taking her by the hand, the Queen added—"I am delighted with your present; it will make me the richest dress in Europe; and I desire you will accept this from me;"—taking a diamond cross from a little case, and fixing it with her own hands to the pearl necklace my wife wore on her neck. There was great dignity as well as delicacy in this act of the Queen; and my dear Eliza was deeply affected by this signal mark of her graciousness.

Early the next morning, we had a visit from Lady Sundon; who told my Eliza, that the Queen would fix an early day to see her again; and that her Majesty requested her to bring the little dog which had fought by her side against the wild beasts. Lady Sundon then turned to me smiling, and said—"But my visit is to you, Mr. Seaward. I come to save you some unnecessary uneasiness. The Queen will throw aside the grant, when it is brought to her with other papers, to sign. Mr. Powis, most likely, will come and tell you this; but I am authorized to inform you, that, in a few days after, it will be signed by her Majesty, under some particular alteration she intends." "I fear, my Lady," resumed I, "you will scarcely be able to pardon the liberty I am about to take; but I throw myself on your kindness; may I ask, who is Mr. Powis?" She smiled again, but not as she smiled a minute ago: a sort of quivering now played about her mouth, curling up the angle of the lip. "I believe he is one of Sir Robert's jackals," she replied; "but to do him justice, he is not a mercenary. Vanity seems to be the main-spring of his actions; he is desirous to be thought somebody; and is never so well pleased, as when he can do a little job for Mr. Paxton, the secretary to the Treasury, and bring some grist to their private mill."—"I thank you, my dear madam,"

I replied; "sometimes I suspected so: but really could not make him out; his friendship for me appeared so perfectly disinterested." "I suppose," she resumed, "he talked to you about getting hold of the right ear of the minister! A paper appeared in *Fog's Journal* some months ago, 'On Ear-tickling, as practised by the Chinese;'—it is whispered he wrote it: but we know better: it is rather a satire on Sir Robert, and was not written by such a man as Powis."

Her Ladyship now left us: and we talked over what we had heard, wondering as to the alteration the Queen intended to make in the grant, and what the matter meant altogether.

On Friday, the 15th, I had a visit from Mr. Powis, who came in with a very long face; and, after as long a preamble, told me, that after all the trouble Sir Robert had taken, the Queen-Regent had refused to sign the grant, and had thrown the paper aside. "Now, my dear friend," continued he, "if you had been guided by me, this could not have happened." "I thank you, my good friend," said I; "but every man, I suppose, has a rule or principle of his own to guide him through life; and mine says, 'Keep the straight path in all your doings, and leave the result to the Disposer of all things.'"—"That is," returned he, "the minister! and if you continue in any other trust, you will by and by be unable to get to him by any path at all."—"Thank you, Mr. Powis," said I again, "for your good advice. But I will leave the matter where it is." I am sure I could read on his brow—"What an ass that fellow is!" But whether the obstinacy or patience of the animal were meant, I could not in my own mind determine. My dear wife sat by, the while, not a little amused with the conversation. Mr. Powis appealed to her. "Ladies know nothing of these matters," she replied. And after a little more vain rhetoric from the confidant of the minister's confidant, he took his leave.

On Tuesday, the 19th, a note came from Lady Sundon, saying the Queen desired to see Mrs. Seaward to-morrow morning, attended by the little dog; and wished Captain Seaward to be informed, there would be a levee at St. James's on Friday, and that her Majesty desired him to attend in his uniform, and that Lord Harrington had promised to present him. Our wits were now set to work as to what was to be done. Fidele must be washed with scented soap, combed, and not allowed to eat any animal food. My old blue and gold were got out, and put under survey; we thought they might do. A new hat, however, was to be purchased; and as my knee and shoe-buckles were of silver, they would not suit the present occasion, therefore gold ones must be bought. No time was lost in putting these matters in forwardness.

A royal carriage was sent for my wife on the next morning; she was quite ready. "You are to go too, Fidele," said she: the little fellow was

quite overjoyed at the well-known words of his mistress ; and, having been washed with violet soap, was quite in trim, "to come before a queen."

In the evening I had the happiness to see my sweet angel return, and greeted her with a joyous welcome. She told me of all the kindness she had received from the Queen. Her Majesty took great notice of Fidele, and had the curiosity to look at the scar in his throat, made by the tusk of the peccary. "You should have a pension, brave little fellow," she said. At length my Eliza had permission to retire ; her Majesty saying to her at the same time, "Your husband attends the levee on Friday? Lord Harrington will introduce him ; and it may be well for you to accompany him, and remain with your friend, Lady Sundon, until it is over."—"Your Majesty is all graciousness!" replied my dear wife, as she took her leave.

On Thursday, there was a great fuss about my ruffles and stock ; and it was judged right to have gold lace round the knee-bands of the breeches, and elsewhere, besides a richly embroidered waistcoat ; and, in addition, a fine pair of white silk hose, with elegant shoes of Spanish leather, turned up at the toes.

I put on my habiliments by good time next morning, all excepting my wig, which I feared to discompose ; being finely dressed, it looked not unlike a gooseberry bush in a hoar frost. At length, the carriage was announced. My beloved soul gave me a life-imparting kiss ; and helping me to adjust my peruke, we went hand in hand, with my hat under my arm, to the carriage, entered it, and drove off. I felt my blood beginning to circulate again pretty freely as we passed Charing Cross ; and was quite myself, when we alighted at the palace. Lady Sundon took my wife from my hand at a turn of the grand staircase ; when, at the same time, I was introduced to Lord Harrington, who led the way for me to the ante-room. He then took me aside, and asked me if I knew the purpose of the Queen, in desiring my attendance at the levee. I replied, it was an honour I had no right to expect ; but her Majesty had been graciously pleased to command my attendance, and it would afford me great pleasure to express my gratitude. "There is something more than that," said his Lordship, "or I am mistaken : however, I think it right to tell you, if her Majesty should hold out her hand when you are presented, drop down on your right knee, and gently approach her hand with your lips ; but do not move from your kneeling position, until she retires a few steps from you ; and if she should desire you to do anything, do it, whatever it may be." Having said this, he took me by the arm, adding—"Now we must go in." There were many of the nobility present, and several officers, naval and military, all of whom formed a sort of half circle ; her Majesty being seated when we entered the levee room. After a little, her Majesty arose, and I had *the advantage* of seeing several officers and others presented ; to every *one of whom she said a few words*. Sir Robert Walpole was there ; who,

in a short time, recognised his humble servant. He came round, and said something to the noble Baron, my introducer, who answered only by a smile. The minister, however, gave me a gracious nod, and went back to his place. It now came to my turn. His Lordship took me by the hand, and, as we advanced from the circle, the Queen looked steadily at me. "I have the honour," said Lord Harrington, "to present to your Majesty Captain Edward Seaward; who, under a commission from the Governor of Jamaica, commands a small dependency on the Spanish Main."—"You are not unknown to us, sir," said the Queen; "I am happy in an opportunity of evincing my satisfaction in what you have done for the service and honour of his Majesty." She held out her hand, and I did as the noble Baron had directed me. In an instant, I saw a sword in the hand of my august Mistress: she laid the blade upon my shoulder, with the gentlest grace imaginable, and said—"Rise up, Sir Edward Seaward." There were two persons thunderstruck; Sir Robert Walpole and myself. I was too much absorbed in my own affair, to see him; but Lord Harrington told me afterwards, that, when her Majesty finished her address to me on being presented, Sir Robert looked round him with evident confusion, to the no small pleasure of some persons present. However, like a true courtier, he lost no time in coming up to me; and, giving me his hand, said—"Sir Edward Seaward, I congratulate you on the favour of her Majesty."

The levee being concluded, Lord Harrington accompanied me to Lady Sundon's apartments, and introduced me to her venerable aunt. I sat and talked with the old lady about half an hour: she congratulated me on the Queen's favour; and made me still more happy by praising my wife,—saying, I did not know how much they all loved her.

At last, my sweet angel appeared, leaning on the arm of her friend; who had been desired by the Queen to bring her into the royal private apartment, immediately after the levee, that her Majesty might have the pleasure of imparting to her the knowledge of what had just been done. As they entered the room where the Queen was, her Majesty advanced towards them, and, taking my Eliza by the hand, said, with a beneficent smile—"Lady Seaward, I am happy to see you." My beloved looked up earnestly, with an enquiring eye, but did not speak. "I have added one more brave knight to our list, a few minutes ago, in the person of your husband; and I have reserved to myself the pleasure of communicating the intelligence to you." My tender-hearted Eliza was now overpowered, and sunk at the feet of her Majesty; but, collecting herself in a moment, exclaimed—"My honoured husband! Your Majesty has indeed made me happy, by exalting him." The Queen raised her as she wept; she made her sit down beside her; and would not suffer her to depart until her composure was quite restored. At length the Queen pressed her hand with great kindness, and gave her permission to withdraw.

The moment she came into the room where I was, she flew into my arms; and, giving full vent to her feelings, wept unrestrained. The two ladies present understood human nature too well to interfere. In a short time, she smiled and kissed me, saying—"Now I am better.—My dear and kind friends, pardon this weakness, and my rudeness."—"Thou child of nature!" replied Lady Sundon; "would to Heaven that all women were like thee!" Soon after, we returned to the hotel in Lord Harrington's carriage; and we were not many minutes without receiving the humble congratulations of our hostess; and my dear wife was Ladyship'd before night by every servant that she had occasion to speak to, until she was quite sick of it.

We now made sure of the grant, and saw into the Queen's reason for putting it aside. To make some grateful acknowledgment to our friend Lady Sundon, and to devise some offering of gratitude to her Majesty also, occupied our earliest thoughts. After deliberation, my wife suggested the silver perfume boxes;—they were large and massy, and richly embossed with Scripture story; the one representing the Nativity, the other the Going down into Egypt.

The next day Lord Harrington sent his compliments, and Sir Robert Walpole sent his compliments; and our dear friend Lady Sundon, with the old lady, called to pay us their respects; and remained with us all day. Lady Sundon was delighted at the issue of the affair. I told her, Sir Robert had sent his compliments. She said that was a respect due to the Queen, but that I must return them by a visit. We talked of her Majesty—the minister—his jackals—or something connected with our shipwreck and residence on Seaward Islands,—all, to us, most agreeable and interesting topics. My dear wife had put up the two plain gold pieces of tissue, which the tirewoman had extolled so highly, into two separate parcels; one of which she directed to "Lady Sundon," and the other to "Lady Mary Wotton," her dear old aunt. On parting, Lady Sundon kissed my dear Eliza; who then said to her—"I have ventured to put something into the carriage, for your aunt and for your Ladyship; and if you do not accept it, I shall feel hurt."

On Sunday, we attended divine service at St. Martin's; and dedicated our afternoon to reading the Scriptures. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon;"—we began to feel the truth of this saying of our divine Master. "Let us not, my dear Edward," said my wife, "lose the favour of God, for all this world can bestow." We therefore read the Scriptures till late in the evening; and prayed fervently to God in Christ, for forgiveness of sins, and grace unto future righteousness and holiness of life.

On Monday, the minister's secretary called with the grant which had been signed by her Majesty, as Regent of the kingdom; and she had ordered *the clause to be expunged*, which entailed forfeiture on me, in case of my

turning such grant in any way to my own profit, by sales of land or otherwise. "I will pay you the money down, sir," said I, "and there is no occasion for a receipt; for I perceive the consideration money, 2000*l.*, is expressed in the deed."—"It is so, Sir Edward," he replied. I then drew out an order on my bankers for the amount, and handed it to him. He sat a while without saying anything; but I perceived there was yet something to be done. "Are there any fees, sir, to pay?" I asked. "I am directed, Sir Edward," he replied, "to demand no fees."—"But, sir," I resumed, "you have had some trouble in this business; and I beg you will do me the favour to accept this rouleau of gold;" putting a paper roll, containing fifty guineas, into his hand: "and I desire my best thanks to Sir Robert Walpole, and that you will accept the same." He bowed courteously, and made some complimentary speech, which, like all such, vanished into thin air.

On Tuesday, the Lord Harrington sent his carriage for me. I took the opportunity of taking my dear wife to the palace; and, after leaving her there, returned his Lordship's compliments by a call, and then drove to the house of the minister. I wished to leave my name and drive away; but it seems I was expected, and the porter had orders to say Sir Robert desired to see me. He arose when I went in, and took me cordially by the hand; complimented me, then joked me; said he had supposed I was a Protestant, and a Whig; but that some others thought they could prove me to be a Papist, and a Jacobite. I only replied by a smile. "But now, Sir Edward," said he, "to be serious; if you were in parliament, whom would you support?"—"The Crown, unquestionably," I replied.—"Then it follows," said he, "that you would support the minister of the Crown."—"So long," I rejoined, "as that minister endeavoured to uphold the dignity and prerogative of the Crown, with constitutional consistency, and by direct and honest means."—"Psha!" said he, "that is the way all novices talk. If," continued he, "a minister could find men as they should be, and not as they are, he could run at his business like a bull; but, my dear young friend," added he, "you do not know what a minister has to contend with." I could not answer him, yet I was not convinced. After a short pause, "I think," rejoined he, "you cannot do better than take a borough: for without flattery, I venture to say, I perceive you are not wanting in *nous*; and I will take my chance of your support, on the grand connecting principle of loyalty." I thanked him, but assured him my mind was made up to return to my trans-Atlantic domain; and there I should be happy to make myself as useful to the King, and to his government, as opportunity might permit. "Well, then," said he, "would you like to hold your appointment from us direct; or, as you have it, from the Governor of Jamaica?"—"That is as you may please, sir," I replied; "I should be sorry to desire anything that might not be quite proper."—"That is quite proper," he replied; "I will

consider of it." The conversation now drew to a close; he shook hands with me, and, with a smile, said, "I think I shall call upon you some day or other, to do service for us, among your Spanish neighbours on Terra Firma." I made my bow, and my exit; not a little glad to escape from the wily statesman.

By the middle of the week, I received a friendly note from Lord Harrington, with an official letter as Secretary of State; enclosing a commission, signed by the Regent, but differing a little from that which was given me at Jamaica. The present one appointed me Commandant (the word Captain being omitted) and Governor of the Islands denominated, &c., with right of admiralty, and power to grant commissions, and appoint courts, agreeably to the jurisprudence of the realm, &c.; but in matters of general interest, I was to obey any orders or instructions that from time to time I might receive from the Governor of the Island of Jamaica. "Ah, very well, dear Eliza," said I, "this will do; I am glad to have this: I was never quite easy under my former commission; it came in a questionable shape."

In the evening, we got letters from Awbury, bearing our new titles on the cover. They were in acknowledgment of a few lines Eliza had written to her revered father, and to my sisters, just before the post went out, after receiving our unexpected honours. Her father's letter was such as might have been expected from such a man, on such an occasion. "My beloved child, bear your good fortune and your distinction with humility; that you may receive heavenly gifts, also, from Him who is the primary giver of all things." The letter from my dear sisters was in a different strain. "Dear! how they should have liked to see the Queen!" and so on.—"Well," said my dear wife, "we shall soon be able to go to them now! and indeed, Edward, I shall be glad when we do so; for I am not insensible to the charms of this elegant and attaching society." I was not surprised at this declaration; the condescension and even kindness of the Queen, and the unparalleled courtesies of Lady Sundon to her, were calculated to make a deep impression on the feelings of one possessing so sensible and noble a nature.

From what I had heard from a certain quarter, there was reason to suspect that a rupture with Spain might not be far distant. I therefore was anxious to send out ten guns, for our battery; also some field-pieces and a few musketoons. In consequence I set off to go into the city, to consult my bankers about purchasing this artillery; when, on the way, I met Lord Harrington coming out of Somerset House; and told him what I was going about. "Come with me; I think I can procure an order for all these matters, from the Ordnance; and that, in your case, is nothing more than right." I thanked him; and returned with him to the Master General's Office, and the thing was quickly accomplished. I received the

order required, and hastened back with it to the city, to give it to Captain Tracey.

The next morning, very early, Captain Tracey called on me, to say the order would not be complied with, unless I myself went to the Ordnance Office at Woolwich. I lost no time in addressing myself to the business; so we set off, taking Greenwich in our way; where I called on my old acquaintance, Captain James, to take him with me. The principal officer of the Ordnance was remarkably obliging, and said the order would have been complied with on its first presentation, but they could not make out exactly the sort of guns required; he meant with respect to their carriages. I confessed the truth of his observation, and told him, the twelve-pounders were for a battery *en barbette*. "Then they require high, and traversing carriages;" said he. "And, sir," continued he, "as to the field-pieces, they are of brass, and rather valuable; but we have a great many in store, and, as the order is only for two, there will be no demur about it. Now, sir," he added, "with reference to the powder and shot, you shall have an order on the Ordnance at Jamaica, if you please; with respect to the wall-pieces, they are all at the Tower; I will give you a memorandum, by which you shall obtain them, by presenting it there." I thanked him for his zeal and courteous conduct, and wished to pay any fees that might be required. "We don't know what fees mean here, sir," said he; "we are something like you," continued he, addressing himself to Captain James,—"we are too glad of every opportunity to do our duty, without requiring any perquisites besides our pay." I shook hands with this upright man, Mr. Forester, and returned with my friend to Greenwich, where we dined.

Captain and Mrs. James came to us soon after breakfast next morning, and we proceeded to the Tower. We saw all the curiosities there, so frequently described, besides three royal cub tigers, just whelped, the first that ever had been English born. After our visit to the wild beasts, I delivered my memorandum to the Lieutenant of the Tower, and picked out half a dozen wall-pieces, bearing the mark of his late Majesty.

I had ordered the best plain dinner that could be served in the English mode, *sans quelques choses* of French cookery; and the best wines also, not however excluding the French. Including Mr. and Mrs. Child, and Mr. Perry, we sat down eight in number, the most comfortable party for a dinner table: we were not graceless, at which Mrs. Child stared a little. The ladies continued a good while with the dessert, and our banker's wife did honour to the wine; she soon became very voluble: "Did not like to sit long, after dinner—hoped Lady Seaward would soon retire to quadrille—wondered how she could put up with the attendance of none but the servants of the hotel—and certainly expected, by this time, to have seen her fine taste displayed in an elegant and suitable equipage." Old Perry said, dryly, "*Sir Edward keeps his stables in the Bank of England;*"

at which remark, our nautical friend laughed heartily, and my dear Eliza and myself smiled. Mrs. Child could not make up a quadrille table among us all; we, however, proposed a sober game of whist, at which she was quite shocked; yet not being able "to exist without dear cards!" she was content to sit down to the old-fashioned alternative; and having made two tables, we all entered the lists; old Perry saying, "Now I like this, it is like old times."

I now determined to purchase a good travelling carriage, to be driven by a postilion; and we sent for our hostess, and requested her to recommend a valet to me, and a waiting-woman to Lady Seaward. After some little pause, she said, "she knew a nice young Frenchwoman (a relation of the tirewoman, who was a Parisian), a good scholar, a good milliner, who sung and played the guitar charmingly, and who wanted a situation. As for the valet, Sir Edward, they are all such a pack of rascals about town, I would not advise you to hire one till you go down into the country." We thanked her for her kind and disinterested counsel, telling her I would profit by it.

We now went out, to seek about among the coach-makers in Long Acre for a travelling carriage. There were carriages enough; but the new ones, of course, were without emblazonry, and those that were second-hand bore the arms of other people. We had never thought on this; however, I lost no time in obtaining the Seaward arms from the Heralds' Office, for which I paid five guineas: whether those I got had been manufactured or not for the occasion, I could not tell: but I was well pleased, and so was my dear wife, to see a dolphin for a crest, supported on a knight's helmet, with the motto—" *Mon Dieu et mon Roy.*"

Madame Filibert, and her niece Rosalie, came according to appointment. "I hope, madam," said the aunt, "you will treat her more like a companion, than a servant, *comme une petite amie*; for she is of a good family, although I, who say so, am her relation. Her father was a Protestant clergyman, of the remnant of the Huguenots; but he and his brother, my husband, died poor; and she and I, and my daughters, have sought in your country that protection we could not find in our own." My dear wife was a good deal affected; and promised to be a kind friend to her niece. Rosalie appeared modest and intelligent; possessing a light and agile figure; and was, upon the whole, quite engaging in look and manner. My wife was not forgetful, that we owed all our present success with the government, to the unconscious tirewoman; and she was therefore the more disposed to receive her niece on the most favourable terms. "Now, Madame Filibert," said she, "Rosalie must come to-morrow and assist me in packing my things; and, as a token of my esteem for the aunt, and as a pledge of the kind treatment her niece may expect from me, I request that you, madam, will accept this small present;" giving her, at the same time, five guineas. This act of generosity surprised the

good woman not a little, who returned a thousand *remerciments* to her Ladyship.

On Thursday, we had the pleasure of dining with Lady Sundon, and her venerable aunt. After our dinner, my dear wife had a short interview with the Queen; who, in the kindest manner, asked if every thing had been done to my satisfaction; assuring my Eliza at the same time, that it would afford her satisfaction at any future period to show us favour or protection, if we should require it. "Before I part with you, my dear Lady Seaward," continued her Majesty, "I wish to give you something, which I think you will value more than gold or jewels. When I passed through the Hague many years ago, I met Saurin;—I was then on my way to England. He gave me this excellent sermon, which is written in French by his own hand: I desire you to accept it; and sometimes to read it, in remembrance of me, and of the pious minister of Huguenot descent, its author;—he was an excellent man! At my request, he wrote a book for the use of one who has not profited by it as he ought; but in God I trust." The Queen paused a second, then resumed—"I believe, Lady Seaward, that you are one of the few who give glory and honour to God, for whatever good awaits you in life; and for this reason I lay aside the Queen, when alone with you; and I confess to you, that, when I met M. Saurin at the Hague, I told him I was grateful to the Disposer of crowns for that which I was about to wear; and I feel happy, my dear young friend, in this opportunity of laying open my heart to one I believe worthy of knowing, that Caroline of England's proudest title would be that of a true Christian woman." My Eliza thanked her Majesty with a silent tear of gratitude; and, kissing the hand that was held out to her with the book, courtesied and retired.

Before we parted from our kind friends in the evening, my dear wife took occasion to ask Lady Sundon as to the Queen's allusion, when speaking of M. Saurin, and the little book that had been written by him at her command. "Ah!" replied her Ladyship; "the Prince of Wales; it was written for him; but he has not profited much by it. God only knows what can induce him to act as he does; especially to his royal mother; who is both kind and just, and would lay down her life for his true interest and happiness: but he has had bad people about him." We were truly sorry at what we heard; and, after taking leave of our kind friends, we returned to the hotel.

By the end of the week, all our accounts were paid, our things packed, and every arrangement completed, including the carriage; and, on summing up all my expenditure, I found I should get out of London for 3120*l.*; taking in the amount paid for the grant, my purchases, and other expenses. On Saturday, all was ready; yet, however anxious we might be to depart, not liking the idea of travelling on the Sabbath, we remained that day, and went to *St. Paul's*.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON Monday morning, the 8th of November, I sent off our heavy trunks to Bristol by the carrier. We then drove off with four horses, having Rosalie, with our faithful little dog, and the two embossed cases, inside; and called at the palace in our way. The interview there, though short, was sufficiently demonstrative of the feeling that existed on both sides. My dear wife took the case that was intended for the Queen, saying—"My dear Lady Sundon, implore her Majesty to accept this ancient relic, in remembrance of her most devoted servant." Then presenting the other—"Now, this is for yourself, my best friend! and you must not refuse a sweet token of my regard, for it contains Indian perfumes." "I cannot imagine what they are," replied her Ladyship; "but believe me, my dear friend, whatever it is, I accept it for your sake! and however fine the Indian perfume may be, its coming from your hand will make it doubly so. And I am sure her Majesty will not refuse your other sweet offering: for as you have my heart, I am confident you have hers also." Saying this, her Ladyship kissed my wife most affectionately; tears stood in her eyes; and we then hurried down to the carriage, and drove off by St. James's Street, for Oxford, on our route to Gloucestershire.

The roads proved excessively heavy and full of ruts, so that, although we had four horses all the way, it was as much we could do to get into Oxford by bedtime, having been much embarrassed by the darkness of the evening. Although we were anxious to embrace our much-loved friends, yet we spent Tuesday visiting the different colleges and the Bodleian Library, leaving Rosalie at the inn to keep Fidele company; he, poor dog! like some other famed travellers, having no great stomach for books.

Early on Wednesday, we drove forward to Woodstock; and after breakfast paid a visit to Blenheim. We admired the grandeur of this superb place, worthy of the object for which it was designed: but our chief pleasure arose from visiting the tapestry rooms; not indeed on account of the tapestry, however curious; but the fine paintings of Carlo Dolce, and many other great artists, charmed us to the soul. At length, we came to the library, built much on the scale of Noah's Ark: there was a fine statue of Queen Anne, in Parian marble, at one end, by an Italian artist, which we much commended. Not having time to visit the noble grounds, we returned to our carriage, and drove off on our route for Gloucester.

The roads and inns were abominable all the way; and the horses and

tackling, bad as could be, after we discharged the postilions who brought us from Woodstock; sometimes finding it difficult to get the second pair of horses. We thought to take a late dinner at the village of Cheltenham; but things promised so miserably, that I ordered out our carriage again, with flambeaux-men, and drove on to Gloucester.

Next morning we felt rather stiff; but as I had said to my Eliza's father, in my last letter, that we should be with him a little after the noon-tide of this day, I hurried breakfast; and about nine o'clock we set off in great spirits, for our native village, after an absence of a little more than three years.

As we drew nearer and nearer to the cradle of our childhood, object crowded on object, claiming our recollections and regard. At length, we saw the church, through the leafless trees; the parsonage-house next appeared, and dear Mr. Goldsmith standing before the door. "Sit on this side, dearest Eliza!" said I, "that you may be next to your father, when the door is opened." She quickly took the place, and the postilions pulled up; one of them dismounted like lightning, opened the door, and drew down the steps: he had scarcely got out of the way, when my beloved was in her father's arms, but not one word from either. I saw my three sisters in the background; and my Eliza's two remaining sisters, clinging to their father and his darling child. The old gentleman, supported by his children, gradually drew towards their house-door; and then my own sisters came up to the carriage, from which I was descending, and received me with a like tenderness of affection. We followed into the house, where I embraced my only earthly father, with all the warmth of feeling, his own worth, and the worth of his incomparable daughter, inspired. Fidele did not wait for Rosalie; he had sprung out after his mistress; and now every one had something to say to him; he seemed to know every body, and every thing, jumping and dancing about as if he would leap out of his skin. "This is a happy day for us, dear Fidele!" said my Eliza; still holding the hand of her father. Poor Rosalie had been much moved by the scene she witnessed, for we saw her in tears. One object had touched her closely; it was the father of Eliza, who reminded her of her own.

During the first week of our sojourn, nothing was talked of but our eventful history. Dear Mr. Goldsmith hung over it with never-tiring avidity; every now and then blessing God for his providential care of us, and for the grace he had vouchsafed to put into our hearts. We told our good father, privately, every thing that had taken place in London; and we, moreover, confided to him the secret of our wealth, and all that had passed in our minds respecting it; telling him that he was the only person in the world, besides ourselves, that knew it. The girls asked a multitude of questions about the Queen; but no answer seemed to satisfy them, how it came to pass that Eliza should be made her Lady-

ship. All they said, only caused a smile on her part; she was still the simple-hearted, single-minded daughter of the curate of Awbury.

One day my Eliza showed them the diamond cross, appended to the pearl necklace; and told them, her Majesty gave it to her, and fastened it with her own hand. That appeared quite like a fairy tale, that the Queen of England would condescend to do such a thing: she might, indeed, give the diamond cross! But they wanted to know for whose sake, and for what reason, all this was done. "My father has already told you," replied my sweet angel, "that the Queen thought my brave husband deserved the honour of knighthood: and she conferred it on him, and thus, through his honour I am honoured, and have the title of Lady Seaward: all else was grace on the part of her Majesty, if she chose to be kind to me."—"Dear girls!" I exclaimed, "the Queen loves your sister; and, perhaps, the truth is, that I rather owe to her what she says she owes to me—all our honours!" The old gentleman could not dissemble his exultation and delight, at this my declaration. .

On Sunday, we had the supreme felicity of worshipping our God in the temple of our fathers. Many were the greetings we received in the churchyard, and on the way. Early in the week, some of the most wealthy and respected of the country gentry called, to pay their respects. These compliments we in due time returned; but we refused all invitations to dinner; visiting and carousing, not being our objects.

The heavy trunks and packages at length arrived from Bristol, and we now began to consider what was to be done during our stay at Awbury. We had talked over the possibility of learning the French language from Rosalie, and books had been purchased in London for the purpose; they were now arrived, and Rosalie's guitar was come also. Thus, our days became fully occupied. My wife fulfilled her promise to Lady Sundon, and received the most agreeable reply; in which she transmitted a gracious message from her Majesty.

On Tuesday, the 7th of December, letters were received from my brother James, with the pleasing intelligence that his wife had brought him a son. This was a subject of great joy, especially among the ladies! but there was one little omission, which somewhat marred the perfection of their ecstasy; he had not said what the child was to be called! He stated that matters were going on well; several Spaniards had visited the islands, and one Dutchman from Curaçoa; and that he had turned the dollars pretty often to great advantage. He added, there had been some sickness, but no deaths; and he thought I ought to send a doctor to the settlement. He described the people, as orderly and industrious; and spoke of my friend Drake in the highest terms. All this afforded great satisfaction to my dear Eliza and to myself.

We thought James right in advising a doctor to be added to the colony. I now lost no time in directing my attention to the subject and

had many conversations both with my dear wife and her father respecting it; in one of which it was further suggested by the old gentleman, that if I thought a clergyman could be supported by any means whatever, I certainly ought not to let the colony remain longer without one, when it could be remedied. His argument was conclusive as to the propriety of the measure. The good old man said, he could not desert his flock, or he would be happy indeed in going with us himself; but he would make inquiry, and had no doubt he should soon find a proper person. "He must be married," said I; "we shall find no difficulty in feeding his family. Marriage is our charter, at Seaward Islands. They are all married, or to be married; and I think they are all nearly mated, except my friend Captain Drake; and I intend my own sister, Maria, for him, if they should like each other! And we must have our doctor a married man too." My dear Eliza smiled.—"Observe," said she to her father, "how ardent he is! This is ever the way with him; he never makes difficulties. But, indeed, I have seen him (poor fellow!) almost at his wits' end to locate the people comfortably, when they came unexpectedly in a shoal upon him; negroes, and artificers, and soldiers, and their wives and children! he, however, did it."

We made a visit to my uncle at Bristol, by the end of the week; and reached his door a little before noon. He was at home to receive us, and he did it quite in his old way. "Glad to see thee, Ned! dang it, thee's too fine; well, never mind, if all is right within."—I smiled, and shook him cordially by the hand.—"How is my aunt, sir?" said I: the old lady was not far off. "The better to see you, my dear nephew; and you, my dear girl," she exclaimed, meeting us in the passage. Rosalie remained without, to see the things taken in; but my uncle insisted on doing that himself. "I beg you will walk in, ma'am," said he.—"Not if you please, sere," replied the girl. The old gentleman did not quite understand what she meant by "not if you please, sere;" and besides he did not clearly comprehend who she was, being very well dressed: so he came back to us, and taking me by the uppermost button, whispered—"What's the matter with your wife's friend? Is she huffed about anything? She won't come in; I asked her, and she said, 'Not if you please, sere:' what does she mean by that?"—I had much ado to keep my gravity. "Let her see to the getting out of her mistress's things, sir," said I; "she is her waiting woman."—"The devil she is," he replied; "a French waiting woman, I suppose; well, she is a pretty maid, French or English; she shan't stand there; call her in, Lissey," cried he to my wife, "and I will see to your things, and pay the post-boys, and order the carriage to the Tolzey."—"Thank you, sir," I made reply, "manage the matter just as you please." The old lady now asked us ten thousand questions, almost all together; and among others, whether I had brought her any curiosities? She, in conclusion, thanked her niece for the silver tissue

sent by Captain Taylor; then begged to be excused, that she might see to the dinner, now ready. I was glad to find that no one had been invited, to meet us to-day; but on her return, being about one minute ahead of the first dish, my aunt gave me to understand, that the Mayor, and one of the Sheriffs, with some other company, were to dine with my uncle to-morrow, to do honour to his nephew: and then I should see something like a dinner.

The old gentleman began his jokes, before the cloth was removed. — “Why didst not bring thy French cook with thee, Ned? I suppose thee hast a French cook, as thy lady has a French waiting-maid. He would have knocked up some kickshaws for our feast to-morrow.” Then he had at me about my money, and the galleon, at which I laughed heartily. He made several attempts to find out what I was worth, but I always baffled him.

Next morning, after breakfast, my dear wife and myself went out to purchase some things, and to draw for some money. On our way through the passage we met a man carrying a couple of ugly-looking dogs in his arms. “What are you going to do with those dogs?” said I. — “We’ve borrowed ’em from the neighbours,” he replied, “to give our dog a bit of a help to turn the spit here to-day.”

A little before two o’clock, the Mayor arrived; and soon after him, Mr. Sheriff Elton. I felt a little uneasy as to my uncle’s usual behaviour; but the old gentleman, to my great relief, behaved remarkably well. He had put on a laced waistcoat, and a new full-bottomed wig; and, perhaps, if he were not very scrupulous about me, in his own mind, he felt that he owed something to his waistcoat and to his wig. Precisely at two o’clock the dinner was on the table; and when I contemplated the sirloin of beef, and all the other roasts, I thought on the poor dogs we had met in the passage. After dinner, the old gentleman passed the wine very freely, for a couple of hours; about which time, two enormous bowls of punch were put on the table. The Mayor often said he would like some tea, and desired to retire to the ladies; but my uncle would not allow him to budge; and by way of consoling him I suppose, about six o’clock Welsh rabbits were brought in, and a great cider cup handed round. Most of the company partook of this treat, but I would not touch it.

In the morning, the family was ready for church; my uncle not feeling at all the worse for his mighty dose the day before; but, on the contrary, seemed much more agreeable, now giving a truce to his jokes; so that we had a good deal of rational conversation in the interval of church-time. At supper I took the opportunity of telling him, I wished to send a respectable medical man to Seaward Islands who should be made comfortable; but nothing beyond that could be held out to him. He said, he “knew an ass of a fellow—a Scotchman too—who had been two or *three voyages to the coast of Guinea*; but who would not go there again,

on account of what he considered cruelties, practised on the new slaves; although he and his wife were next thing to starving, for he had no other business nor dependence.—“He is the very man for me,” I replied; “if he can show testimonials of education.”—“Didn’t I tell you he is a Scotchman?” exclaimed my uncle; “should not that be enough?”—“Not quite, sir,” I replied; “but, in my mind, it is something in his favour.”—“Thee art an apt scholar, Ned!” said he, dryly; “how many lessons didst have from the minister? Mayhap, he took thee for a Scotsman! They say he finds them the best of servants.”—“You would be a little severe, uncle,” I replied; “but we pray your mercy, good sir.” He felt himself now on an eminence, and laughed heartily at his imaginary triumph over his nephew, and Sir Robert Walpole.

On Monday, I lost no time in sending a note to Mr. Gordon, the Scotch doctor; stating, in part, my reason for requesting him to call on me. He came, and was rather silent the while, and cautious in his answers, but occasionally putting to me a material question. After an hour’s discussion, he said he would consult his wife, and consider of it, and would be glad to talk to me again about it; that it was altogether, as far as he could see, “an out o’ the way business; but he might engage in it, if I could let him see his way clear.”

On Wednesday, Mr. Gordon waited on me again, and I was glad to see him. He appeared disposed to accept the situation; but he thought 50*l.* a year a small salary in the West Indies: and as to the accommodations of which I talked, that might or might not be, just as it happened; “he would like to have them specified.”—“Mr. Gordon,” said I, “it is your misfortune to take great pains in the present case, to misapply the good rule of *hard but honest dealing*: if you will throw yourself on my generosity, you shall have no reason to repent it.”—“That may be true enough, Sir Edward Seaward,” he replied; “but the teaching I have had, tells me not to trust to the generosity of any man.”—I said, “I was sorry to hear this;” adding, “I should like for your wife to wait on Lady Seaward, and perhaps they may succeed better than we do in settling it;” at which he smiled, saying, “he could not see much objection to that.” In the course of the afternoon, Mrs. Gordon came: she appeared a nice little Englishwoman, and rather well spoken, and genteel in her manner. I left her with my wife, who succeeded in making her desirous of going on my own terms.

In a subsequent interview with Mr. Gordon and his wife, I told him in detail what his salary and allowances would be. Will this do, Mr. Gordon?” continued I.—“It will do very well indeed, sir,” he replied; “but a written agreement is no bad *cationer*; and I suppose you will make no objection to give it me under your hand.”—“My word is my bond, sir,” said I, rather warmly; “but you shall have it in writing, as you desire it.” My dear wife fired at the request of Mr. Gordon: she thought he

had no right to require it; that his having done so, implied a distrust, which was highly insulting. After taking a turn or two in the room, I said to him—"I think we must break off this negotiation, Mr. Gordon; I fear I could not make you happy at the settlement." So saying, I bowed to the pair, and quitted the room, leaving them with my wife, to end it in any way she might think proper.

After I was gone, Lady Seaward spoke to him rather sharply on the suspicion he seemed to entertain of my integrity; adding—"I fear, Mr. Gordon, you must have met with very bad people, in your intercourse with the world, to be so suspicious."—"I canna say but I have," he replied; "I was two years in a Guineaman." His wife now set on the poor man without mercy, venting her spleen on him in no very measured terms. He took it all very quietly, saying at last to his wife—"I'll do anything you like; but there's neither sin nor shame in a man's desire to do business in a business-like way; and for this cause, I am reproached by you, and Sir Edward Seaward, and his lady here. I did not ask his name to a paper," continued he, "because I doubted him; so I'll now do just anything you like, wife."—"Well, then," she replied, "explain yourself to Sir Edward, when you see him, and ask him to look over your folly, and give you the situation; for let me tell you," added she, "there are many much better off than we are, who would be glad to jump at it." He wrote a note to me the next morning, which was meant as an apology for what had passed; requesting I would blot it from my memory, and give him the situation on my own terms: accordingly he came without loss of time, and the affair was concluded.

This day being Friday, we were engaged to dine at the Mayor's. My aunt, not accustomed to go out to dinner parties, consulted Eliza about her finery: there was one thing the old lady much wanted, and that was a handsome necklace and earrings. "My dear aunt," said Eliza, "when I was going to be married, my uncle sent me 100*l.* which was very acceptable. Now, that it has pleased God to give us plenty of money, I wish to return the 100*l.* in some way or other; therefore, let us go, and lay it out in diamond earrings, and a handsome necklace for yourself; and when you have put them on, you can thank him for his elegant present." My good aunt required little more to be said; thinking her niece as sensible as she was generous and honest. They went out; and I thought they never would come back: my uncle got out of all patience, for fear we should keep the Mayor waiting dinner. At last, they made their appearance. My dear wife soon dressed herself, and sent Rosalie to assist in doing the same to my aunt; who, however, did not make quite so much haste. My poor uncle, not being able to sit quiet one minute, had been walking constantly up and down the room, looking at his watch every now and then; and sometimes, going to the bottom of the stairs, he would *bawl out*—"Dorothy, we shall be too late!" till at length, fidgeted into

fatigue, or despair, he sat down in his arm-chair, and began a stave of "George Riddler's oven." At last, her quick footstep was heard on the stairs; and he began to chuckle and smile, just as she sailed into the room with all the airs and graces that the consciousness of fine apparel is said to bestow on the peacock. "Thank you, deary, for your elegant present!" she exclaimed, pointing to her diamond earrings and necklace.—"Very grand, indeed," he replied: "I suppose your niece lent you those fine kickshaws."—"No, sir, my niece did not lend them to me, but bought them for me with your money; for which I am very much obliged to her and to you."—"Nonsense!" he ejaculated, with a querulous tone. "Come away, Dorothy, we shall lose our dinner!" so we drove at once to his Worship's house.

I had the pleasure to sit next to General Grenfield's lady, who had been at Jamaica. She said, she was enchanted with Lady Seaward, with whom she had conversed before dinner; and as we were about to return to the West Indies, she would be happy to give her letters to an old schoolfellow of hers, Miss Crawford, who, by this time, she had reason to believe, was Mrs. Trelawney. I had a good deal of conversation with General Grenfield about Jamaica, and the Spaniards. He was both curious and minute in his inquiries respecting Seaward Islands: he thought, in the event of a Spanish war, they might be made a valuable *point d'appui*, from which the enemy could be greatly distressed.

On Sunday, we attended divine worship at the Cathedral; and in the course of the day visited the fine equestrian statue of King William, which had just been set up in Queen Square, executed by Mr. Rysbrack.

I sent for Mr. Gordon on Monday morning, and desired him to order a medicine-chest to be fitted up to the amount of 20*l*. "And now, sir," said I, "would a small advance of money be of use to you?" He replied—"I shall hae much need o' that;" adding that he owed some money in Bristol, and could not go away without paying it.—"If it is a fair question, Mr. Gordon, how much may you owe?"—"Perhaps, sir," he answered, "about 50*s*., or 3*l*. at most."—"Well," I resumed, "you can have that sum; but you will want some more. Would you like to take 10*l*?"—"I am not sure how that should be," he replied.—"Let Mrs. Gordon, then, call by-and-by," said I; "she and Lady Seaward shall talk the business over."—"Just that," was his answer. And just thus we settled it; and I saw him no more till I met him again in St. George's Island.

On our return to Awbury, I found a packet under cover of a Secretary of State's frank: there was a letter in it for me, and a note for my wife. The former, from the Under-secretary of State, by command of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle; the latter, from the Queen. After I had read my letter, I laid it down, saying—"Here is something for me to do indeed!"—"You will not hesitate to do it, I know," said my dear Eliza; "the Queen has written to me about it."—"What is it?" said Mr. Goldsmith.

"Some German families," I replied, "that came over to England to go to Georgia; but who arrived too late to go out with a body of people just sailed for that colony. And you will perceive by the official letter, that I am requested 'to take them out, and locate them at Seaward Islands.'" My father-in-law read the letter; and could not help observing, that it was rather strange the request was not qualified by some intimation as to the manner of their transport from England, at least. "That is what struck me," I replied.—"Well, never mind that," said Eliza; "let us reply to these letters immediately; assenting to the request in the handsomest manner. You can then state, that if government will convey the families to Jamaica, you will have a vessel there ready to take them to Seaward Islands; and that you only have to regret your being obliged to give any trouble whatever, in a business confided to you."—"Well, dearest," returned I, "it shall be done as you say; but you perceive there are twelve families; in all, nearly forty persons; and I must be at the expense of feeding them all, for at least six months after their arrival, besides the cost of locating them."—"Do it, my dear Edward," she replied; "without counting the cost, do it; because they are wanderers without a home, and because they are the country people of the Queen, and the heart of your wife is with them." Her appeal moved me to tears; I threw myself on her neck, saying—"It is done!" The old gentleman was much affected by what had passed; and he gloried in the triumph of his daughter, and humanity, over cold calculating lucre.

No time was lost in replying to these letters. My letter to the Undersecretary of State was written agreeably to my Eliza's suggestion. She then sat down, and soon wrote her reply to the Queen. I was surprised to see with what ease she did a thing, which, to most people, would have been an undertaking of great difficulty.

Copy.—"May it please Her Majesty, to accept the grateful thanks of her most devoted servant, whom she has just honoured with fresh proofs of confidence and esteem. The task your Majesty has confided to me, shall be performed with assiduity and tenderness; I will watch over the necessities of your country people, with all the care your own royal feelings would suggest; and it will be my happiness to think, that in so doing, I am but the proxy of your Majesty. Recommending my dear husband and myself to your Majesty's esteem,

"I have the honour to be, Madam,

"Your most grateful and dutiful servant,

"ELIZA SEAWARD.

"*Aubury, Gloucestershire,*
 "*Dec. 22. 1736."*

Such was the letter, which the Queen afterwards showed to Sir Robert Walpole; accompanied by an expression worth repeating:—"Sir Robert, *somebody said, or it has been said for them, that women have neither*

head nor heart. I think here is a proof of both."—"No one could be guilty of such heresy," replied the minister, "in an age when your Majesty is so splendid an example of the contrary."—"Then they believe you, good sir!" returned the Queen.—"My friends say some good things for me, may it please your Majesty; and when my enemies undertake to say bad things for me, which they often do, I then should be happy if it might not please your Majesty." The Queen, I am told, could not help laughing; and the conversation took the turn originally intended.

During dinner, my dear wife and myself had a great deal of deep conversation about locating the German families; and also respecting establishments for the clergyman, and for the doctor. "And now," said I, "to-morrow I must occupy myself in writing long letters, ordering arrangements to be made for the reception of all the strangers; and I humbly implore the direction of God, to enable me to do well."—"I like that spirit," said the old gentleman: "depend upon it, Edward," continued he, "that is the fountain of all your honours, and your happiness."

CHAPTER XX.

THE present week was to be full of the sacred season's festivities, with great doings amongst the gentry. The little boys and girls of the neighbourhood were already going about in the evenings, singing their Christmas carols at the doors of the village. Saturday would be Christmas day; and we made out a list of the poor cottagers for whom bread, bacon, and beer, with a trifle in money, were provided. Our young damsels kept the parsonage in a bustle, making mince-pie meat and plum-puddings. When the day arrived, the church looked quite a garden, dressed in its holly; and we were happy to see again that well-remembered commemoration of the Nativity. On our return, the *yule log* was on, and the table laid: a hearty dinner was soon served up; and great justice quickly done to the roast beef, and plum-pudding, and mince-pies. In the evening, Rosalie favoured us with some pretty French and English songs, accompanied by her guitar; and my dear Eliza sung; and the merriment went round. Then came St. George and his train, dressed in the most grotesque manner, and desiring admittance. One boy was St. George, another was his horse, another the dragon; then came his squire, and a doctor, and so forth. St. George mounted his horse, and attacked the dragon nobly; but the beast wounded him, and unhorsed him; on which the doctor takes the elixir from his pocket, saying—

"Here, take the spirit of elecampane;
Rise up, St. George, and fight again."

In a moment he is restored—he mounts—the dragon falls, and is dragged off in triumph. The valiant knight, with the village barber's basin for his helmet, quickly returned to us for our favours, as a reward for the performance. After supper we drank punch, and our young gentlewomen played at snap-dragon. This dragon vomited fire fiercely; but the ladies held him as cheap as St. George had done, having recourse to some latent charm in their own tongue,—applied by licking their fingers, after every snatch at the raisins; which were lodged in the fiery jaws of the blue-burning dragon. Thus finished the festivities of our Christmas day at Awbury; happy in seeing every one around us happy.

Sunday followed; a holy day rather than a holiday: but both days were holy: the first commemorative of His coming, to win for us that Rest of which the second is the type on earth; and into which He on that day entered, "to prepare a place for those who love Him."

On the following morning, my good father-in-law and myself had some conversation on the subject of Colonel Tomlinson's estate, that we had heard was to be sold by auction at Gloucester, some time next month, to pay off a gambling debt he had got into at Bath. We lost no time in visiting the property, which was called Hartland House, and lay about seven miles from Awbury. The land generally speaking was found to be good, but the mansion rather mean, and the grounds round it in miserable condition.

On the 14th of January, the day of the sale, we went to Gloucester; and walked over to the Booth-hall. A plan of the estate was there exhibited: it contained 1750 acres. It was then put up, and the bidding soon became very brisk. I did not bid till it got up to 20,000*l.*; I then bid 500*l.* more; but a stranger coming in, ran it up to 23,500*l.* I then bid another 500*l.*; on which it was knocked down to me. "It is yours, sir," said the auctioneer: "your name, if you please?"—"Sir Edward Seaward," I replied. On giving my name, there was a considerable buzz in the room; and in a second or two I heard a person not very far from me, say—"Who is this Sir Edward Seaward?"—"Why, haven't you heard, that he was a post-boy, or cow-boy, or farmer's-boy, or something like, at Thornbury?" replied a red-faced squire, one of three who were discussing the point. Without saying a word to dear Mr. Goldsmith, I instantly stepped across the room, beginning to speak as I advanced.—"Gentlemen, I beg leave to inform you, that I never was a post-boy, or a cow-boy, or a farmer's-boy, at Thornbury, or anywhere else; but I was the son of a poor but honest farmer at Awbury, and now, by the blessing of God, I am what I am: but I should disgrace my father, were I ashamed of what I was." As I spoke, you might have heard a pin drop; and when I had concluded, several gentlemen introduced themselves to me, desiring the honour of my acquaintance; among whom, a worthy *Baronet* stood forward, observing, that he could not sufficiently respect

me for the manly way in which I had come forward on the present occasion.

The auctioneer now asked for his deposit-money; which I paid by a draft on my banker. This being done, we went to an attorney in Gloucester, well known to my father-in-law. I desired this gentleman to see the business properly settled; and told him, when the deeds were complete and myself put in possession, the money should be forthwith paid down. Highly pleased with all I had done, we returned to our dear Eliza, and told her that I had purchased the Hartland estate.

Previous to our departure on the following day, we visited the Cathedral for the purpose of seeing what, Mr. Goldsmith stated, could not be seen elsewhere; the three successive styles of English architecture, comprised within the walls of one building. The day being cold, and our visit being rather short, this is all I can remember; excepting that we saw a fine recumbent statue, or effigy, of the unfortunate King Edward who was murdered in Berkeley Castle about four hundred years ago, and whose body is reported to lie buried beneath this well executed marble.

We returned to Awbury to a late dinner; where my sisters were invited to meet me. They were highly delighted with the information they received of my having bought Hartland; "and it is our wish, dear Maria," continued I, addressing myself to my youngest sister, "to take you from your sisters, and that you accompany us, leaving Grace and Anne to take care of the house in our absence." Maria was delighted at the idea of going with us; and the others were equally so with their home prospects.

Thursday brought letters from Messrs. Perry and Co., with an account of the sale of my South Sea stock: and a private letter from Mr. Perry, congratulating himself and me on the handsome sum I had realised by the sale; not less than 5,000*l.*: and he would now most strenuously advise me to sell the whole of it, since it had got up so high. I lost no time in replying to Mr. Perry's most friendly letter; requesting him, without delay, to sell all my three per cent. stock, and purchase East India shares as he had suggested; thanking him for the great services his zeal and his intelligence had already rendered me.

On Monday, the 24th, we heard of the narrow escape of the King in attempting to cross the Channel, and of the great alarm of her Majesty on the occasion; but that he had now safely arrived, and that congratulatory addresses were pouring in from all quarters: and my dear wife also felt it her duty to write a congratulatory letter, through Lady Sundon, to the Queen; which, not many days after, her Majesty most graciously acknowledged with her own hand; taking the same opportunity of thanking her "dear little friend," for her "inestimable letter respecting the poor Germans."

On the following day, Mr. Wilson, my attorney, accompanied by the attorney of Colonel Tomlinson, called on me with the title-deeds of Hartland; which were duly executed, perfect, and satisfactory. We all went over to Hartland; where I was put in possession before three witnesses, and the deeds delivered; and the business being thus finished, we returned to Awbury.

In the course of the week, we made ourselves quite comfortable in our new home; liveries were got for the men, and every thing arranged "*comme il faut*," as Rosalie had taught us to express it. I prevailed on my Eliza's worthy father to undertake the stewardship of the property; and we agreed on an outline of conduct to be pursued towards the tenantry; and, in making a new let, to take the price of wheat for our guide, now 4*s.* the bushel. By the middle of February, we were quite settled, and every thing going on like clockwork: for my dear Eliza, as well as myself, was a great admirer of order, which is the great secret of good management.

It was not long before we received visits from all the first people in the neighbourhood; and as it was no secret that my wife corresponded with the Queen, Lord and Lady Berkeley did not think us unworthy of their attention. We duly returned all the visits paid to us; but, from prudential motives, and our love of domestic quiet, we uniformly refused all invitations to dinner.

On the 26th, I had a letter from the Under-secretary of State, to say, that the Germans had sailed in a store-ship for Jamaica, and that they would be lodged at Port Royal, agreeably to my suggestion, until one of my vessels could remove them to Seaward Islands; and he was commanded to thank me, in the name of the King, for the handsome manner in which I had complied with the request of government respecting them.

The month of March passed away, without anything important occurring; during which we kept very much at home,—devoting ourselves to books, and the study of the French language. Some young wall-fruit, and other trees, were put into the ground early in the month; and I had the advantage of standing by, while the gardener performed the operation of budding, on others. This I treasured up in my memory, for the purpose of propagating any good sorts of shaddocks or oranges, that might appear among the various sowings at the islands. About the end of the month I received the iron chest, which I had desired Mr. Perry to send to the care of my uncle. Besides the gold articles, and pieces of old Spanish plate, it contained a quantity of elegant modern plate, with which the ladies soon decorated the sideboard, and the tea-table was made resplendent with silver equipage. I was called upon the next day, when our good father-in-law dined with us, to

let one of the splendid tankards go round; and after dinner, the King of Spain's head was seen smiling from the bottom of the punch-bowl.

I was so well pleased with Mr. Perry, and the quiet way in which he had performed so many essential services, that I wrote to the silversmith who had made my things, and sent him four doubloons, desiring him to make two richly embossed tankards, of the value of 100*l.*, and put a doubloon on the cover, and one in the front, of each; and to engrave on the bottom—"A small tribute of esteem, from Sir Edward Seaward to Thomas Perry, Esquire, 1737;" and to send them, when done, to that gentleman, with my respects. My dear wife highly approved of this act of gratitude, which his excellent conduct and eminent services amply deserved.

Mr. Goldsmith had been indefatigable in his inquiries for a clergyman to go out with us; and at last he met with a married gentleman, having two children, girls; one three, and the other five years old. He had been recommended to go to a warm climate, on account of delicate lungs; and so glad was he to go with us, that he insisted on not accepting any stipend whatever,—at least, not until we should see how his health might turn out, after his arrival. My good father-in-law introduced the Rev. Mr. Rowley, and his family, to us, on Sunday, the 17th, a few days after our return from Bristol. I liked his appearance and his manner; which stamped on him that air of meekness which seems the distinctive mark of a true Christian; and my dear wife was much pleased with Mrs. Rowley and her engaging children.

In talking to Mr. Rowley one day about our dear little islands, I made some allusion to the Germans lately gone out to Jamaica in a government store-ship, on their way to find a settlement and a home among us. "How came it to pass," said he, "that those people were sent to the West Indies at all?"—"They were to have gone to Georgia," I replied; "but having missed their passage, the Queen placed them under the protection of Lady Seaward. But this reminds me," continued I, "of having heard a good deal in London, from a Mr. Powis, about a reverend gentleman lately set out to where they were to have gone:—I think his name is Wesley. In speaking of him, Mr. Powis called him a cracked-brained enthusiast; and hinted, that Mr. Wesley had secret expectations of being ultimately made bishop of the province. Do you know anything of him?"—"I remember," said Mr. Rowley, "to have seen Mr. John Wesley, when at Oxford, about seven years ago; but I knew very little of him personally: I think he will be highly useful in Georgia; for, whatever his peculiar views may be, his piety is unimpeachable. I never can forget," continued my visitor, "an expression of Mr. Gerard, the Bishop's chaplain, respecting him, when George Lascelles was launching out against the curator of the Holy Club. 'Whatever eccentricities *John Wesley* may have,' said the chaplain, 'I mistake

much if he will not one day be standard-bearer of the Cross, whether in his own country or beyond the seas.' Now, Sir Edward," continued Mr. Rowley, "I take Mr. Gerard to have had as good a light in this matter, as the Jesuit Le Jay had, when he said to his pupil Voltaire, 'Young man, the day will arrive, when you will be the standard-bearer of Infidelity.' This prophecy of Le Jay is fulfilled, I think; and I firmly believe so will be that of Gerard. Le Jay saw in his pupil the most unrestrained scepticism and impiety—Gerard observed in Wesley a holy zeal burning within him, then restrained, but ready to burst into a flame."

The time for our departure was now drawing nigh, so that I thought it time to come to final arrangements with my kind and worthy father-in-law. "My dear friend," said I, "you are to receive the rents of the estate half-yearly; out of which you are to pay my sisters 100*l.*, and yourself 100*l.*—"For what?" he said.—"For your services," I replied; "or accept it because by so doing you will make Eliza and myself happy." After hesitating a moment, he said—"200*l.* a year, in addition to what I have, is too much for me: half of it is enough."—"Then give your daughters the other half, if you please, my dear and esteemed Mr. Goldsmith; but I must insist on your taking it, as you promised to comply with all I should desire."—"Thank you, my dear son," he replied; "I will not refuse it; as I perceive you are in earnest, that I should accede to your kind provision for my dear family."—"Out of which, my dear friend," I replied, "I have received the rarest jewel the sun ever shone upon. And now, dear instructor of my youth, and father of my Eliza," continued I, "I request you to distribute, in her name, the sum of 50*l.* annually, in such sums and at such times as opportunities may present themselves, for relieving the distresses of the poor in and about Awbury and Hartland."—"I will do it," he replied; "and God will bless you; and the poor will bless the name of my child, and the hand of her father, commissioned to relieve them."

On Sunday, the 24th, we as usual went to church at Awbury: in our walk, we had the pleasure to see the venerable elm, so endeared from our infancy, in full foliage; and it now reminded us of our magnificent silk-cotton tree, under whose hospitable shade so many happy events had taken place. After service to day, my Eliza distributed five guineas among the poor of the village.

I had now thought it right to apprise my noble and kind friend, Lord Harrington, of my speedy departure from England, for Seaward Islands, and ventured to request a letter of introduction to the Governor of Jamaica; and I subjoined my address at Bristol, from whence, I said, I expected to sail in a few days. The following morning, we contrived to *pack my sister Maria into our carriage, with the whole of the clergyman's family, and sent them forward.* On Thursday, the 28th, dear

Mr. Goldsmith and his daughters came over to Hartland; and after taking a most affectionate farewell of them and my own sisters, Eliza and myself, accompanied by Rosalie, and our faithful little dog, took our places in the carriage and left our dearest friends, and our comfortable home, to pursue the line of perhaps perilous duty, which we believed our heavenly Father required at our hands.

On our arrival at the inn at Bristol, my uncle was there to receive us; he told me the ship was ready, and all things on board, and that she would drop down to King Road to-morrow. I then paid my passage money to Captain Henderson, for the great cabin of the *Hero*; and wrote off to my bankers in London, for a statement of my account with them. It made its appearance on Monday forenoon, just as we were about to set off for embarkation; and right glad I was to see it, and to find a balance in my favour of between 4000*l.* and 5000*l.*, viz. 4503*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, after being debited 1475*l.*, the amount of bills drawn since I left London, independent of the purchase-money for Hartland.

On Saturday, I had the pleasure to receive a kind letter from Lord Harrington, enclosing a private letter of introduction, under a flying seal, to Mr. Trelawney, who had been just appointed Governor of Jamaica.

On Monday the wind came round; and after a cordial embrace from each, and some tears from the old lady, which my sweet Eliza's eyes answered, we hurried off; and within an hour arrived at Lamplighter's Hall, an inn pleasantly situated near the embouchure of the river Avon; and there embarking in a fine boat that was in readiness for us, we reached the ship in a short time, and got safely on board. It was nearly high water; the wind was fair and fresh, the topsails sheeted home, and the anchor a-peak. In half an hour more, we were under sail standing down Channel, with every prospect of fine weather.

CHAPTER XXI.

MONDAY, 2d of May, 1737.—It was some time before the hurry of our spirits subsided. As evening came on, my dear Eliza and myself drew off from our companions, towards the stern of the vessel, and there stood silently together, looking somewhat vacantly on the receding shore. A deep sigh from the bosom of my beloved, awakened my attention: the image of her inestimable parent was passing across her mind, and the big tear trickled down her cheek; then, as if awaking from her reverie, she took my hand, saying,—“But you are with me! and the true and faithful One has said, ‘Lo! I am with you, even to the end of the world!’ and he never has forsaken us.” The appeal was balm to my heart; for even I was somewhat troubled at leaving England.

Although the weather continued fine and the wind fair, the parson and his wife soon became sea-sick; Rosalie was sick also; but the two little girls, and my sister, ate and drank, and ran about cleverly. After awhile our invalids gradually recovered their sea legs and their appetite; so that they walked the deck when it was fair, and enjoyed a good dinner every day when the dinner hour came: indeed, they who had been sea-sick, made up for lee-way; their appetites being proportionally greater than ours. We had prayers in the cabin on Sunday; and on Thursday, the 12th, the ship anchored at Madeira, in Funchal Roads.

A few bales of merchandise were to be landed here, and but a few pipes of wine to be taken in. The town, being built of white houses and on an acclivity, had an imposing appearance from the bay: but on going on shore, we found it mean and dirty: and even the convents and churches fell far short of that elegance which their appearance at a distance had led us to expect. The day was hot, and the roads dusty; the place swarming with priests, and friars, and beggars: the priests wore black cassocks and hats. There were Franciscan friars, in black; and Dominican friars, in white, with red crosses on the breast: there were Capuchins, in coarse brown woollen; but all were tonsured and bare-headed. The beggars were dirty, and lousy, and lazy; and there was nothing beyond the novelty of the scene to entertain us. We went into a church; and certainly the first impression was imposing,—what with the grandeur of its columns, its marble pavement, and the brilliancy of its decorations. Several priests were officiating at the altar, on which two colossal candles stood: a little bell frequently rang; and as often, one of the priests courtesied, or rather bobbed, before the altar, on which stood a representation of the Passion on Calvary. As the priest bobbed, the people crossed themselves: this was repeated many times while we remained. But Mr. Rowley, getting out of all patience at such mummary and prostitution of our blessed and spiritual religion, urged us to go; and accordingly we left the place.

The next day we weighed anchor, and proceeded on our voyage. In eight or nine days more we got into the trade winds blowing from east. It was now, indeed, quite delightful; the weather so comfortably warm; the wind so cooling and pleasant; the sea so smooth; and the ship, with all her canvass spread, going along with the wind on the quarter, steadily yet swiftly. In the evening we all sat on the poop, and listened to Rosalie singing to her guitar.

On Sunday, the 5th of June, we made the island of Antigua; and passed near enough to see its fine hills and valleys, and rich plantations. Our course from thence was nearly before the wind; which occasioned the ship to roll so much, although the sea was quite smooth, that it was impossible to walk the deck in any safety.

On Monday, the 13th of June, we made the east end of Jamaica; and

about seven o'clock the following morning the sea-breeze reached us, which carried us round Port Royal Point, and brought us to an anchor off Kingston at two o'clock in the afternoon.

We had been visited by the man-of-war's guard-boat, and by the intelligence-canoe from Kingston, before we entered the harbour; so that it was known at the town what we were, before the ship anchored. My dear friend Drake was the first to come on board; and I greeted him with all the demonstrations of gladness permitted to an Englishman: I shook him cordially by both his hands; my Eliza did the same; but Martin and Purdy, and the New England blacks, now making a party in the interview, embraced my knees, and, falling on the deck, kissed the feet of their mistress. We raised them, and spoke kindly to them; inquiring after their wives, and their welfare. Purdy was the same honest, funny fellow as ever: he said, his wife had brought him a boy "bigger than Drake's Head."—"Do you mean the promontory?" asked my dear wife, smiling.—"Oh, no, lady ma'am," replied Purdy; "I only mean the Captain's head, there;" and having had his joke, he skipped off into the boat; and the others followed, after making many bows, and giving vent to their expressions of joyous welcome.

Mr. Rowley turned to me—"These are some of your people, Sir Edward: the King might envy you: it is delightful to see such love between the negro and his lord: why is it not so everywhere?"—"Because," I replied, "I am not their lord. I teach them, as you will teach them, that God is their Lord; and I only his servant, though their benefactor." After this I took Drake aside, and had some interesting conversation with him; during which, I found that the Germans were safely arrived, and were now locating themselves on George's Island; and that my instructions had been punctually obeyed in all things. "Go on shore, my good fellow," said I, "and take Mrs. White's house for us for a week, where I lodged before:" and in half an hour he came back with the agreeable intelligence that the brown lady's house was ready for us.

Our hostess was very glad to see us again, making many fine speeches to my wife; but when she heard Mrs. Rowley address her as her Ladyship, she cried—"High! these buccaras come back very grand, for true. I very glad, ma'am, to hear somebody call you Ladyship: you go now to Governor's ball!"—which was nothing more than a phrase usual at Jamaica, signifying, "You are now above common people." So much for Mrs. White, who was as brown as gingerbread.

Next morning, I enclosed the letter from Lord Harrington for the Governor, and also the letter to Mrs. Trelawny, which my wife brought from Mrs. Grenfield, saying, I should be happy if his Excellency would appoint an early day for me to pay my respects to him, as I intended to leave Jamaica for Seaward Islands, on Tuesday next. In giving the packet to Drake, I said—"If the Governor should ask you what you

are,—as I have put 'by Captain Drake' on the cover,—tell him you command my yacht; and if you have any scruple about that answer," continued I, smiling, "you shall have your commission before you go; for I have authority to grant it; and if I don't do it now, I will do it before we sail."—"Thank you, sir," said Drake; "I'll look well up, on the strength of it."

After he was gone I had a visit from Mr. Green, and was sorry to learn from him that there was a good deal of sickness in the island, and that the small-pox, notwithstanding the late introduction of inoculation, had been very destructive among the negroes.

Resolved to give my English friends a treat, I desired our hostess to provide us a turtle dinner; to which I invited the captain of the *Hero*. The brown lady sent up her turtle dressed in various ways, but each was excellent. Just as we were thinking of retiring to rest, Drake made his appearance. He brought a letter for me, and another for Lady Seaward. "Well, Drake," said I, before I broke the seal, "what sort of a reception had you?"—"The Governor was truly kind to me, indeed, sir," he replied: "he instantly desired me to stay and dine with him; saying, I might take the answers to your packet after dinner."—"Well, that was civil, indeed!" said I. I now opened the Governor's letter, in which he expressed his earnest wish to see us at the Government House as soon as possible; and as he understood from Captain Drake that I had no carriage with me, he would send us his own, as soon as he knew when he might expect the honour of our visit. Mrs. Trelawney's letter to my wife was to the same effect. Drake told us the Governor asked a thousand questions about the settlement; and it was a long time before he could be made to comprehend where it was: he had never heard of it before. "Nor Governor Ascough," I replied, "I dare say, who signed my commission."

Early next day I sent off a messenger with letters to Government House; in which I said we would avail ourselves of the Governor's carriage, and requested to have it before daylight the following morning, so as to arrive at Spanish Town before the heat of the day: the distance being only thirteen miles, I knew we could do it very well before breakfast.

The Governor's carriage was at the door, a little after daylight on Friday morning. Our postilion was black as jet; and there were two negro footmen behind, not very elegant in their apparel: however, we got on at a good pace; arriving at Spanish Town in about an hour and a half. Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney and Secretary were in the breakfast-room, ready to receive us. There was no ceremony, but the proffered hand, with "We are very glad to see you; we hope you had a pleasant ride; the morning has been delightfully cool." After breakfast, the Governor

and myself, retiring to a balcony on the west side of the house, walked in the shade, conversing on matters of business.

I gave him an outline of the circumstances which had taken me to the islands, and brought them under the notice of the Crown. He replied, it was most extraordinary that the place had not been seized long ago, either by us or by the Spaniards. I told him, it was not at all extraordinary; for it was so beset with shoals and reefs, for thirty or forty miles round, that unless a local knowledge had been first acquired, every vessel would haul out of the way, and never have a chance of seeing the islands. We then talked a good deal of the news from home, and on various other topics of high and general interest. He made many observations about the Maroons, hinting that I might serve him essentially, if I could procure about 200 Indians from the Mosquito shore, to assist in hunting them down. I replied, that if he would give me written instructions, I would send Captain Drake, in my schooner, to carry them into effect; and I was sure he would do it, if practicable. "Drake is a fine fellow," said I: "he served his time in the navy for lieutenant, but has not obtained promotion: he has been in my service nearly two years, and never made a difficulty in any business on which I have had occasion to employ him."—"That's the sort of spirit I like," said Mr. Trelawney. "I was much pleased with him, the day he dined here: he spoke of you in a way that gave me a very favourable opinion of his gratitude, yet manly independence."

"I'll tell you what, Sir Edward," resumed Mr. Trelawney, after some pause; "you stand well with the ministry: they will not refuse you a small favour. It is come into my mind, that we can prevail on the Commander-in-Chief here, to take your yacht in on the list of the navy, and give an order to Mr. Drake to act as lieutenant in command of her. It will serve him, and it will save you a vast expense; the vessel will be refitted at the dock-yard here, and stores allowed, and Mr. Drake will have lieutenant's pay." I thanked him most sincerely for the suggestion; which appeared to me of such importance, that I said I should like to set about it immediately. He there instantly sat down, and wrote a letter to the Commodore. In the evening, a short but friendly reply was received from Commodore Gunman, saying, he would come to Government House to-morrow, and talk over the business, for he was at a loss how to act. He did not wish to disoblige the Governor of Jamaica; but he was rather afraid to comply with the request.

After this, Mr. Trelawney entered fully on the subject of Spanish depredations; and thought it might be well for me by-and-by to visit Santa Martha, and some other of the principal places: adding, that he would state these views in his first despatches to England.

We joined the ladies a little after noon-tide. My dear wife had charmed Mrs. Trelawney not a little: and, with a pardonable vanity, had

shown her the Queen's letters. Immediately on our going into the saloon, Mrs. Trelawney said—"My dear Lady Seaward, you must show my husband the letters of our most excellent Queen; she is a divine woman." He read them, without any comment, and presented them to their owner, saying—"Your Ladyship may be justly proud of the friendship of her Majesty:" then turning to me, he said—"You have not told me anything about these Germans;" and remarked, that there was negligence somewhere; for that he was not informed of their having been at Port Royal.

We now retired to lounge away an hour in the heat of the day in our bed-room, and to dress for dinner. My dear wife and myself then talked over the heads of our conversations with the Governor and his wife; and it delighted her to hear that Drake was likely to get a commission as lieutenant in the navy, and our schooner to be made a King's vessel.

On coming into the drawing-room, Mr. and Mrs. Trelawney, Doctor Kane, and the Secretary, were already there; and soon after, Colonel and Mrs. Wilkinson, and Sir Charles and Lady Price, were announced. These people were all remarkably well bred, courteous, and free from untravelled stiffness, and all ill-concerted ceremony. We therefore conversed with every one by turns in the most unrestrained and agreeable manner: and between eight and nine o'clock the company took their leave.

After they were gone, the Governor opened the Commodore's note, which he read to me. "Now," said he, "I will not ask any one to dinner to-morrow. The old boy hates a large party, which he designates a mob: so we will sit down as we are; and, by being alone, there will be a fair opportunity to talk him over, if it should be required."

The Commodore arrived about one o'clock, accompanied by his secretary. "I am very glad to see you, Sir Edward Seaward," said he, "but I fear you want to get me into a scrape with the Admiralty. Why did you not apply to the Admiralty before you left England? then I should not have been placed in a cleft stick, between their Lordships and my friend the Governor here." To use a seaman's phrase, I was taken rather aback by this unexpected question. "I am surprised, sir," said I at last, "that you could suppose I would forget myself so much, as to put such a slight upon the Commander-in-Chief on this station, even if I had contemplated the measure before I left England. But the truth is, that the necessity of it has only become apparent to his Excellency and myself since we have had some conversation here on our relations with the Spaniards."—"Well then, gentlemen," he replied, "we will adjourn to the library, and put this business in an official form; and I will see what can be done." "Now," said the Commodore, "as soon as Mr. Drake passes his examination, I will give him an acting commission as lieutenant, with an order to hoist his pendant in the *Porghée*. Your yacht,

which, you say, is a fine new Bermudian schooner, will then be taken into the service; a midshipman, and twelve men, and four guns, shall be allowed; but whether this will be ratified or annulled by the Admiralty, must depend entirely on the interest you, or your friend the Governor there, can make in England; he is a great favourite with Sir Charles Wager."—"The measure requires no interest, to confirm it," replied Mr. Trelawney; "it is of too much importance in its application, to want backing at home."—"I lay you 5l.," said the Commodore roundly, "if the measure is not well backed by influence at home, that I shall get a severe rap over the knuckles for the good of the service."—"Well, well," rejoined his Excellency, "don't be uneasy on that score: Sir Edward Seaward has interest enough at court to make half a dozen post-captains, if it were required; therefore we need not be in doubt about his getting a poor dog of a lieutenant confirmed." "I am afraid," said I, "your Excellency far overrates my influence; I will, however, hope it is sufficient for the present occasion."—"Ah! That's all we want now," replied the Commodore; "let him bottle up his interest for making post-captains, to another time. And now," resumed the old son of Neptune; "that our business is brought to a close, and I am half broiled by the sun in riding over here, I will thank you for a glass of *sangaree* or *sangarorum*, if you please." Having said this, he shook up his waistcoat, to cool himself; adding "By-and-by I will go and change my shirt, and cool my coat and waistcoat, and wig; and when I put them on again, I shall be dressed for dinner."

I lost no time in writing to Drake; telling him what had been accomplished, desiring him to take the earliest opportunity of thanking the Governor. I also enclosed the order directed to the three captains of the squadron, before whom he was to pass his examination; and I added, that Mr. Dilke, the present mate, should be borne as midshipman.

At dinner, the Commodore was remarkably gallant to the ladies. It appears that all sailors look up to women of virtue and good breeding as a kind of deities: there is nothing they would not do to please or gratify them. "You shall have a sloop of war," said he, to Lady Seaward, "to accompany you. I will send the Honourable Captain Townshend, Sir Robert Walpole's nephew, in the *Shark*, to escort you. You might, perhaps, find better accommodation in it than in Sir Edward's yacht: though, indeed, we are going to make a man-of-war of her." My dear wife thanked him with that sincerity which gives a sterling value to acknowledgments of kindness; "but," continued she, "if you would send the sloop of war merely to honour us, I feel I ought to endeavour to dissuade you from it, lest any accident might happen. Yet if you think it right to make one of your squadron acquainted with the place, there cannot be a better opportunity than the present; and Sir Edward will take care that the pilot boat shall see her clear of all danger in returning."

—"Well said, my little queen!" exclaimed the old boy; "the Shark shall be sent, then, on his Majesty's service; and you shall guarantee her safety."—"Against all negligence on our part," replied my wife.—"On our part!" re-echoed the Commodore; "now, I like that," continued he, "that's all one as a timber head in the ship;—you are well mated, Sir Edward!" The Commodore had said a good thing; so he laughed heartily, and enjoyed it.

On Tuesday morning, my sister, with Mr. and Mrs. Rowley, arrived to breakfast, by invitation; and met with a kind and gracious reception from the Governor and his lady. Our first inquiry was about Drake. He had desired Mr. Rowley to say, that, as soon as the passing was over, he would post off to Spanish Town, to pay his respects to Governor Trelawney and to myself. And sure enough, a little before the dinner-time, he made his appearance; and in his old midshipman's uniform, to our no small amusement. He came in with an honest smile on his face. "Your Excellency will excuse my being so badly rigged," said he, "but I thought it better to make sail as I was, and return you my best thanks for this commission, (taking it out of his pocket, and holding it in his hand,) which it has always been my proudest wish to attain; and now having got it, I hope I shall not disgrace it." After we had congratulated him, he retired with me, which opportunity Drake eagerly seized to tell me how deeply he felt my kindness, and how proud the business altogether had made him feel. While he refreshed himself, I sat down and wrote a string of memoranda for his guidance. I then took another sheet of paper, and drew out a set of bills of exchange on London for 100*l*. "Here, Drake," said I, "here are the memoranda. But I am now desirous to pay a debt: here are the 100 dollars I promised you, when I left Jamaica for England: and do not marvel if you find every dollar a pound for it is my pleasure to make it so." He took the papers—he looked at them—then at me—he then looked at them again; I saw his lip falter, and a tear come in his eye. He put them in his pocket, saying—"Thank you, sir!" at the same time holding out his hand, with which he grasped mine in a manner that spoke more eloquently than the tongue could speak: in fact, he was not able to speak. He then made his way out of the house, and departed without any more ceremony.

My dear wife remained with Mrs. Trelawney; but the Governor and myself went to Greenwich, to pay our respects to the Commodore at his pen. "I like our new lieutenant," said the old gentleman, as we entered; "he is a sailor every inch of him; and I have no doubt will make a good officer: I like his name too," continued he, "another Sir Francis Drake belike, before he pops off; who knows?"

As we were not far from Kingston, Mr. Trelawney was so kind as to comply with my wish to drive there, that I might see Mr. Drake, to make some new arrangements with him, in consequence of the Com-

modore's anxiety that there should not be any delay in sailing. We got quietly to my lodging, without the Governor being recognised. It was then agreed we should dine here, and return to Spanish Town in the cool of the evening.

Mrs. White soon discovered she had the honour of having the Governor of Jamaica in her house; and as she excelled in making a pepper-pot, to which his Excellency was known to be partial, she put forth her best efforts to deserve his commendations, and she received them. A little after sunset we got into the carriage, and reached Government House before nine o'clock. Mr. Trelawney entertained the ladies with an account of all our proceedings; among which was the brown lady's pepper-pot, with the great respect we paid to her and it.

On Thursday morning, we set off for the Decoy, in a light carriage belonging to the Governor. The morning was cool, and the open carriage delightful. Rosalie was enchanted at her drive, and the many curious objects that presented themselves on the way. She had been quite idolized at Government House; so that she could not help acknowledging how much happier she had been in Jamaica than ever she was in England: the people were so like the French;—"*point de tout taciturne et beaucoup de politesse.*" Our route was along or near the course of the Rio Cobre. We then quitted our carriage, and commenced the ascent of the mountain range, on mules and horses; attended by a numerous escort of servants, who carried our trunks and bandboxes on their heads, like an Eastern caravan, in their progress from Bagdat to Samarcand, as we read in Arabian story-books.

On our arrival at the Decoy, we were most hospitably received by its noble proprietor Sir Charles Price. He told me we were now at an elevation of 2000 feet above the level of the sea: that the Rio Nuevo takes its rise here, from the fine piece of water in front of his house; a little Nubian lake: but, in truth, all around appeared more like some fabled residence of Genii than the actual residence of men—the varied avenues of tropical trees, intersected by arches, terminating in temples or in orange groves, with the ocean in the distance.

My dear wife and myself dedicated part of Friday to writing our letters to her Majesty, and to Sir Robert Walpole and Lord Harrington. She pleaded for the man who had conveyed the Germans to Seaward Islands; and who had been indefatigable in settling them comfortably there; she even ventured to make an allusion to his illustrious name, but confessed that her only hope arose out of her Majesty's great kindness and favour. I took up the subject in a very different way, to the minister. And, finally, I requested, as a personal favour, that he would direct the Lords of the Admiralty to confirm Lieutenant Drake's commission: but to my Lord Harrington I only pleaded the wishes of a friend.

We remained at this enchanting spot until early on Saturday morning. We then returned in the same manner that we came, merely resting ourselves and horses for a few hours at Spanish Town; we then proceeded to Kingston, where we arrived late in the afternoon.

The following day, being the Sabbath, we all prepared to go to church. Drake appeared at the breakfast table in a new suit of lieutenant's uniform, attended by Martin and Purdy, and the two New England Blacks, in white jackets and trousers. We congratulated our friend on the occasion; in which our faithful servants joined us, with a profusion of good wishes for their captain, and for their kind master, whom, they rejoiced to hear, King George had made Governor; "the same like Governor of Jamaica, and their good lady, Lady Governor too!"

We made a sort of procession to the church, there being eight of us, followed by Drake and his four men. Many of the people were more intent on looking at this novel sight, than at their Prayer-books; it being known to some who we were; and some strange and extravagant stories having been circulated respecting us, excited curiosity.

We arose before daylight on Monday, and found our crew in readiness to take the trunks and boxes to the vessel: then stepping into the boat, where my companions were already seated, we rowed off to the schooner.

She had been recently painted; her colours were hoisted, and the pendant, incident to her having been made a King's vessel, was just beginning to stream out on the first of the sea-breeze. "She looks well, my friend, Drake," said I; "you are entitled to my best thanks." The anchor was quickly up, and about half-past nine o'clock we hove-to off Port Royal, on the Shark's quarter. Her topsails were sheeted home, and she was ready to weigh:—Captain Townsend, however, came immediately on board the Porghee, to pay his respects to me; and that ceremony being ended, he returned on board, and in five minutes after, his brig was under sail, standing out to sea, the schooner keeping in his wake.

On Wednesday, at noon, the colour of the water altered a little; and soon after, some breakers were discovered from the mast-head. Drake then hailed the Shark, requesting Captain Townshend to drop astern about a quarter of a mile, and keep in the Porghee's wake, on which we stood in boldly towards the breakers; but when we drew near, Captain Townshend became alarmed, and made a signal to speak to us. We hove-to for an instant; when he hailed us, saying "he could see nothing but breakers, and no land, and that he was afraid both vessels would be lost."—Drake replied, "There was no fear: the water was deep all along outside the reefs; and they must follow the schooner with confidence." We filled again, and stood on; and a little before four o'clock *opened the channel*; when Drake's Head became discernible. We now *crowded sail, and hoisted our colours, the Shark following our example.*

As we approached, the colours on the promontory went up, accompanied by a gun. Our friends on board were now in high spirits, seeing these demonstrations of our home being near; but the hearts of Eliza and myself were too full for speech; stretching themselves, as it were, to the shore, where so many affectionate human beings were waiting anxiously to bless our return, as the agents of Heaven for their safety and happiness.

CHAPTER XXII.

"THIS, then, is the scene of your *shipwreck* and *providential deliverance*, Sir Edward," said Mr. Rowley. "On the other side of the islands, my dear friend," I replied; "I will show it you, in a day or two." On our approach, the Germans all came down to the beach—men, women, and children; accompanied by our four carpenters, and their negro apprentices. This animated body gave us a noisy hurrah; which the brig, as well as ourselves, returned with a hearty cheer. I was glad to see all this: it gave an appearance of life, to the strangers I brought with me; who, perhaps, expected to see little else than barren rocks, and a few meagre-looking inhabitants. But Drake had intimated to Corporal Craig, that it would be proper to salute me with thirteen guns from the battery, whenever I should arrive. I knew nothing of this; and therefore was surprised when I perceived the first gun fire. "What does that mean, Drake?" asked I. "A salute, Sir Edward," he replied. Then the second gun—"I hope they may not hurt themselves!" said my dear wife. Craig fired his first ten guns, in very good time; but when he had to re-load, he made rather slow work of it: however, he finished his salute; and the brig took it up, returning the thirteen guns in good regular time, although he too had but ten guns.

At the close of the salute, our old faithful servant Diego made his appearance in the six-oared boat, with his men neatly equipped in white frocks and trousers, and straw hats, he himself sitting in the cockswain's box, dressed in nankeen: the men rowing a good stroke, the old fellow steering with great judgment. This to me was the most pleasing part of the exhibition.

I had put on my uniform, ready for landing; and as the Porghee let go her anchor, Diego's boat rowed up alongside; we all soon got in, not forgetting Fidele, our former, and once only, companion on these then lonesome shores. This idea crossed my mind at the time; and as if to give more force to it, Diego landed us on the very spot where he and his friends first stepped on shore from their canoe. Our brother and sister were on the beach to receive us: and close behind them our people stood in groups. The sun was then just setting, so that his last rays shone full

upon them. The greeting was hearty, but tumultuous: some of the people kissing our hands, or embracing our knees; Rota, and Mira, and Anne, hanging upon their mistress, shedding tears of joy. As we were walking up the side of the dell towards the mansion, we encountered Doctor and Mrs. Gordon; and two sentinels placed before the door, presented arms. All this was seen from the *Shark*; which made a favourable impression on its captain and crew, as to the state of our infant settlement, and the feeling that subsisted between me and the people.

Thursday, 30th.—My dear wife and myself recommenced our early habits. Diego commenced what would be called in the House of Commons, “a clear and luminous *exposé* on the state and condition of the settlement.” He complimented me on the honour King George had bestowed on me; which he had heard; and which he believed, by seeing a king’s ship come with us. He heard say, too, that Captain Drake was now made a king’s captain! And he felt that all this should make himself something, though he did not know what; but he hoped I was pleased with his boat, and with the men, and with himself! “I am well pleased with your boat, and with your men, and with yourself, Diego,” I replied; “and you shall be called the ‘*Governor’s Cockswain*.’”—“Thank you, sir,” answered Diego; “but it is very long and hard name: though it sound very grand, every people won’t speak it all.”—“Well, then, if any one would call you Diego, it shall for the future be *Don* Diego, or *Master* Diego, which ever you like best.”—“*Master* Diego, Governor Sir, if you please,” he replied; “for if Spaniards come here, they will all only laugh to hear black man called *Don* Diego.”—“It shall be as you please,” returned I. He then proceeded to state all that had been done in the settlement, since my departure this time twelvemonth; his detail, in general, being highly satisfactory.

“*Master* Diego, my lady!” said Rota, beginning a speech to my wife as she entered,—and, I believe, even fuller of exultation, than her mistress was when she first spoke of her husband as Sir Edward!—“*Master* Diego, my lady,” repeated she, “has just been telling *Master* Governor, all the men have done since he went away; and he made very fine bows, and said fine sayings about King George. And *Master* Sir Edward Governor commended him and said ‘*Master* Diego.’ I can’t say anything; but I love my lady, and I hope my lady pleased with her servant.” My dear Eliza took her by the hand, saying, “You are my faithful Rota.”—“Thank my lady,” replied Rota: “but will my lady let Rota be called *Mistress* Rota?”—“Yes, you shall be called *Mistress* Rota; I will do anything agreeable to you,” returned my wife. Rota stood without reply. “*Mistress* Rota!” exclaimed Diego, “why do you not curtsy to kind lady, and thank her?”—“I am so full heart, *Master* Diego,” she replied; “but our kind lady will forgive me.” *Mistress* Rota now entered into a

detail as to the employment she had given to the young negro women intrusted to her care. And having finished her speech, she retired to get breakfast.

Master Diego waited for orders. "Your boat will be wanted," said I, "within an hour, for me to go on board the king's ship." He made a bow worthy of *Mr. Nash*, saying—"it shall be ready to attend your honour," and departed. As Diego was stepping out from the Piazza, Drake came up to the house. "Diego," cried Drake, "I want to speak to you."—"Master Diego, sir, if you please, Captain Drake!" I heard this, and could not help smiling. All Spaniards are great sticklers for title; but for fear Drake might be offended at poor Diego's reply, I called out,—“We have just promoted him.” My goodhumoured and excellent friend instantly comprehended the matter, and answered,—“Master Diego, I beg pardon, I wish to have the pleasure of speaking a word with you.”—"The pleasure to me, Captain Drake," replied Diego, taking off his hat almost to the ground, which he had just put on; "you my captain, I only master to you,—the Governor cockswain, sir." Drake laughed, and I could scarcely keep my gravity. "Why you laugh at me, captain?" said Diego, more angrily than I ever before had seen him. "I laugh," replied Drake, smiling, "because you tell me you are only my master."—"Well!" returned Diego, "what that? I say you my captain! You give me captain, I give you master; you then have boat, and I have schooner." I now thought it right to interpose, and explain to Diego, that he had misapplied the term master, and hereby had signified to Captain Drake that he was servant to him. "O, hen," cried Diego, "I beg my good captain's pardon; he must think Master Diego fool so to speak." The ladies, who stood by, were much amused with this dialogue, and began to joke Drake on the rencontre. Very true," said he, "I must mind what I am about. I was told by one thout, he was my master; I do not require to be told by any one within, it I have met my mistress;" bowing at the same time gracefully and pectfully to Maria, who blushed and turned away.

At eight o'clock the colours were hoisted, being the time observed for ceremony at Jamaica; and at the same moment Corporal Craig led the sentinels. His whole regular force being only three men, he ired great talents as an adjutant-general to dispose of them to the advantage.

My brother provided a handsome dinner for us to-day at Peccary; to which the captain of the sloop of war, his officers, and Mr. y, (the gentleman sent to survey the islands,) were invited, besides in Drake, the Reverend Mr. Rowley, his wife, and ourselves. I took a seat with us in the boat, and complimented Master Diego appearance of his boat's crew. The Shark's boat put off from the son after we put off from the shore; lying on their oars till we

came abreast of them : there were three officers, and a midshipman, with Captain Townshend. He said,—“Show us the way !” Master Diego was very proud to lead ; but was not insensible of the inferiority of his men, as rowers, to the sailors in the boat astern. Every now and then he would say,—“Look to white sailors, men ! Long pull—you Murphy, feather your oar, sir ! Quite shamed of some of you !” Then he finished, by saying,—“Beg Master Governor’s pardon, for talking to the people before him ; but if king’s captain will make his boat row for pattern sometimes, Master Diego will talk to his men then.” “You shall have the king’s boat for a pattern,” I replied ; “your men do better than I could have expected, and I am sure they will now soon perfect themselves.”

Our friends met us on the beach at Peccary Field, and we all walked up together. We came upon the ground where my dear Eliza and myself, with our faithful little dog, had fought the Peccaries ; and I seized on the occasion, to tell them the story on the spot. On our arrival at the house, the young stranger, my nephew, was presented to our notice ; and soon after, the Reverend Mr. Rowley proceeded to the offices of baptism. The child was named James, and every thing proper was done on the occasion. My brother had not neglected to add many things of convenience, and even elegance, to his residence during my absence ; and I was agreeably surprised by these demonstrations of taste and wealth. He gave us good wine and excellent punch ; and by help of a present of fruit from Jamaica a handsome dessert crowned the feast.

On the morrow I proposed to Captain Townshend to accompany me in the schooner to visit the Germans ; and, in truth, my Eliza was extremely anxious to see them, on account of her promise to the Queen. We were soon under weigh ; and sailed with a flowing sheet to the German settlement between them, and in less than an hour anchored in a little bay to the southward of the place. As soon as the schooner was anchored, we went to shore in our boat, and were met on the beach by all the people. I instantly commenced a fine speech to them, in which I promised them my protection, frequently alluding to the interest her Majesty took in their welfare ; and, occasionally pointing to Lady Seaward, told them, they would find a valuable friend here, not only because they “were wanderers, and without a home,” (using her own words to me when pleading their cause !) but because they were the country-people of our most gracious Queen. I had become quite animated, and even eloquent, and had hoped to have excited a lively and sensible joy among them by my oratory ; but, to my great disappointment, they all looked grave, and uneasy : a momentary silence ensued, followed by a murmur. Soon after, two of the men stepped a little forward, and said a few words in German. “*What can this mean ?*” said I to the carpenters, who stood behind me. “*They don’t know any word Massa Governor have spoke to them · they*

very ignorant people, sir," replied Allwood I looked at Captain Townshend, who could not help smiling. "Your fine speech," said he, "has been thrown away."—"Yes," responded my dear Eliza, "but we have no more right to despise these poor people for not knowing English, than they have to despise you, Mr. Allwood, for not speaking German."—"Lady Ma'am," replied the carpenter, "you never saw fellows handle a piece of wood like them; and then they call a tree a *boom*, and every one of us *zimmerman**, as if we had but one name among us." My dear Eliza smiled, and Captain Townshend and myself could not help laughing at Allwood's criterion of talent.

There was now a pause, when my dear wife whispered to me,— "Perhaps some of them may understand French: do you think you would venture to ask the question?"—"Captain Townshend," said I, "do you speak French?" "*Pas beaucoup*," he replied, "and so badly that I cannot venture to attempt it."—"I am sorry for that," was my answer, "as I am but a novice myself, and if I were to attempt it, I certainly should blunder."—"I speak more imperfectly than you do, my honoured husband," rejoined my Eliza; "yet let us walk among them, and I will try to address the women." There was one among them, whose air, and manner, and apparel, differed somewhat from the rest. "*Parlez-vous François?*" said my Eliza, at the same time taking the woman by the hand. "*Oui, Madame*," she replied; "*moi-même, je suis de Tionville, sur la Moselle; quoique mon mari, soit Allemand.*"—"C'est la même chose!" said my dear wife; "*je me suis bien content, vous à trouver parmi les autres;*" and then she proceeded to desire the woman to tell them, that the Governor would afford every protection and comfort in his power; also, that the Queen of England had recommended them to her special care. As the woman of French Flanders turned the French into German, the other women shouted, and the men showed some sullen signs of dubious satisfaction; and that is all that can be said of them. Captain Townshend and myself now took our turn to put questions to the fair interpreter; and he quickly discovered himself to be the only sensible French scholar among us. "How are they off for tobacco?" asked Captain Townshend. "They have not any," answered she. "Tell them," said I, "that I will send them some." She did so; and the moment they heard it, joy seemed to take possession of the men, transforming them instantly into beings of a social aspect: the fact was, they wanted tobacco, and were therefore miserable. After satisfying ourselves as well as we could, as to their feelings and their wants, we took leave of them, commending their industry, and renewing the promise of some tobacco to-morrow, with which both men and women were well satisfied.

Our naval guest seemed to have imbibed a new life by this excursion.

* *Baum* is German for tree, and *zimmerman* for carpenter.

he hitherto had been reserved in conversation, but now he talked freely on every subject; not sparing his uncle, Sir Robert Walpole, for his backwardness in giving the *Dons* a "good licking," as he expressed it; which they justly merited. But it was now our turn to be a little reserved, when the *minister* became the subject of conversation, whom, although he might choose to blame, it was not likely he should take pleasure in hearing him censured by others.

I had forgot that to-morrow would be Saturday, and muster-day, until reminded of it by Diego. I then promised our guest, he should see the *Trainband* exercise and fire; requesting the pleasure of his company, and that of his officers, to dinner after it was over; which invitation he politely accepted, soon after taking his leave.

We were all astir at the cotton-tree plantation before daylight, and great preparations going on, both without and within the mansion. By eleven o'clock, the men had put on their regimentals and accoutrements, and were under arms at the Fort, to the number of forty; besides my brother, who was their captain; and Mr. Dilkes, their ensign; and Corporal Craig, with his regulars of three, who constituted the non-commissioned officers to the body: Drake, who was their lieutenant, was absent. The men acquitted themselves very well, all things considered: after which they were marched to the isthmus; where they fired six rounds of ball each, at a target, with tolerable effect: they were then paraded and dismissed.

At one o'clock their feast was ready. Captain Townshend and his officers, together with my brother and Mr. Dilkes, and the Parson and Doctor, walked off with me through the woodland region; and we arrived at the spring just as they were sitting down. A biscuit, a great piece of yam, a lime, a green capsicum, and some salt in a sea-shell, were placed before every person. The women handed boiled mullet round in a great basket, from which one was taken, and laid on the board before each man. After they had satisfied themselves with fish, six large brown deep dishes with turtle were placed before them, and a small half calabash and spoon given to each person by way of soup plate. And now the half sheep was brought in, on four coarse brown round dishes; shoulder, breast, loin, and leg, all roasted. The people did ample justice to this their third course,—the greatest rarity in the tropical world, good English wedder mutton! They finished their feast with coffee and cigars; giving three cheers to King George and the Governor.

Sunday, the 3rd of July, was our first Sabbath among our people, after an absence of more than a year. "My dear Edward," said Eliza, "we must not suffer the observance of this holy day to be a matter of less importance to us now, than when we walked with God in this peaceful paradise, in the full enjoyment of each other, and of his divine presence." *My heart went along with every word she said; and I almost wished that*

I were again building up our plank house by her side, with none to behold us, but our faithful little dog, and the Eye that delighteth in innocence and humility.

There was not room in the halls of the mansion for all the people. Boards were therefore placed close round the spurs of the silk-cotton tree; and there we assembled, by the ringing of the bell, at ten o'clock. The prayers were read with due solemnity; and if there was not a general devotion in his congregation, there was every appearance of it. But to the poor Germans, it was like the Latin service to its papal worshippers.

Mr. Rowley took some of the first chapter of St. John for his text:—*"In the beginning was the Word,"* &c. He held up to our contemplation the Divine Being creating all that our eyes behold, and lastly, ourselves. And then he proceeded to show that the same Creative Power, *"the Word and Wisdom of God,"* came down from Heaven at the appointed time, and became incarnate in the person of *Jesus*. By which union of *perfect God* and *perfect man*, he became the *Christ, full of grace and truth*: dispensing *sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, motion to the palsied, cleansing the leper, and even raising the dead*. And having left his blessed Gospel as our inheritance, to guide us in the path of life, he died on the Cross, making an atonement for our sins, saying—*"It is finished."*

After the service was over, my commission as Governor and Commandant of the islands, was read to the people. I then addressed them on their duties to God, and to all persons put in authority over them, and to each other: and said, it would be my endeavour, as it was my duty, to set them a good example in all Christian and moral duties; that I would make their welfare my chief care, as it hitherto always had been; and that, in a little time, I would arrange a plan with their pastor for the education of their children, and such others as might choose to avail themselves of it. Several of the people, when I ceased speaking, invoked a blessing on me: and surely it is a delightful thing for kings and governors to hear themselves blessed by the people.

They now betook themselves to their respective boats, and returned to their several settlements; the sailors departing at the same time to their ship. Captain Townshend expressed himself as highly pleased by the scene he had just witnessed. "I am convinced, Sir Edward Seaward," said he, "that religion is the basis of every genuine virtue; and a due reverence for the Sabbath, the foundation on which all sound discipline, and good order, must be raised. You may flog men into the appearance of being orderly, but then it is only an appearance; and sometimes, when order is most required, it then is nowhere to be found. I was glad," continued he, "to see my men so attentive; and they will all be the better for it for a while. I wish they could have such an opportunity

more frequently." My dear wife said to me, in a sweet low voice, as we walked homewards, which no one heard but myself,—"How gracious was the sight to-day! Yes, my Edward, that dear silk-cotton tree, is to us like the *Oak of Mamre*."

Early on Monday morning, the ship carpenters were sent from the Shark, at my request, to fit up a powder magazine within the cave, with double doors. In two days it was completed; and the twelve barrels of gunpowder landed from the Shark and lodged; as were also our other ammunition, and blank cartridges.

On Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Otway, the government surveyor, and Drake returned, from making their survey of the reefs and shoals which surround these islands; and also of the different channels, by which they are accessible. The period, therefore, drew near for bidding adieu to the Shark. With our letters, and many good wishes, Captain Townshend took his leave on Wednesday at noon; Mr. Dilkes, in the Avon, seeing him into safety clear of the reefs, and laying his course for the north end of Jamaica.

CHAPTER XXIII.

We had now leisure to attend to our immediate affairs. My brother and myself now went industriously to work, to make up the accounts of each individual in the colony; and by the middle of the ensuing week, all these were arranged, and that between him and myself also. This latter, however, was involved in much complexity; but as he acknowledged to have cleared upwards of 25,000 dollars during my absence, he was in a condition to act as handsomely towards me as I was disposed to act towards him. On the 14th we settled with all the people; many of whom, especially the carpenters, received a pretty good sum, after deducting the amount due for their supplies.

It was arranged that the Porghee should sail for Jamaica on Monday the 18th, or within a few days after; and that my brother James should take a passage in her; and it was determined that Mr. Dilkes should be his skipper, with the Porghee's crew. Doctor Gordon having had little to do since his arrival, and being a great favourite with my brother, frequently accompanied James to the store, where he had assisted him materially, and he could, in consequence, confide his business to him while absent.

On the 21st, the Porghee sailed; my brother taking with him nearly 20,000 dollars, about 4760*l.* sterling, the greater part of which it was his intention to remit to England. On our friends taking their leave of us, *Mrs. James Seaward* shed some tears on parting with her husband; and

a tear stood in my dear sister's eye, ready to drop. Drake took her gently by the hand; she held her face aside, saying,—“Take care of yourself, and James.”

The cabins of the Germans were now completed; and on Friday, Mr. and Mrs. Rowley, accompanied by my sister and Rosalie, and our faithful little dog, embarked with my dear wife and myself in the *Avon*, to pay them a visit. The tobacco had put them in good humour, having dissipated, with its cordial smoke, that sullenness we could not but observe at our former visit. One was a weaver; and another had been a sausage maker, or a beef and ham smoker. I hoped in time to find work for the weaver in his own way, as all the women could spin as well as knit; but in a hot country, the other man's occupation seemed totally unavailable. We took a careful survey of them and their wants; and they seemed well satisfied with what we had done, and with all we promised to do. Before we left them, the men began to fill a pipe, and regale us with the smoke, as the best incense they could burn on the occasion.

I perceived that I had committed an error, in not mixing the Germans with the others, that they might have an opportunity of learning our language, and many other necessary matters peculiar to the climate in which they were placed. But as I did not see how I could, with the appearance of consistency, alter my plan suddenly, I determined to correct the error as future occasion might allow. However, Mr. Rowley kindly undertook to go to German Town three times a week, from nine o'clock till two, to instruct the children. His health now, by the influence of this genial climate, was perfectly restored.

On the morrow, after muster, the plan of education was explained to the people; to which they offered no sort of objection. My dear wife now made out a list of such things as were wanted from the store for the Germans; which she sent to my brother's *factotum*; and the Queen herself could not have desired them to be more completely supplied, even down to scissors, needles, pins, and thread. On Monday morning, Doctor Gordon was ready to deliver the multifarious order to the Germans; but he requested that some one should be sent to witness the delivery. And he took the trouble to come to the mansion, to explain to Lady Seaward, that it would be of importance to divide the things fairly among them, and not leave it to be done among themselves; for that she might be assured they would quarrel about it. His suggestion was approved; and he was desired to take Rosalie, and also to ask Mrs. Gordon to accompany him.

The carpenters being now all disengaged, I turned my attention towards building the house intended for Doctor Gordon, in the northern angle of Allwood's Bay. Before my brother went away, he signified to me that he *should like the Doctor* to have a house, with some land

allotted to it, in his neighbourhood; as his assistance at the store would be more available. I lost no time in opening the business to him. With his characteristic caution, he requested time to consider of it. But, after a day or two, he called on me to say, "he would accept it, all conditions remaining the same, the change of situation excepted."

Attended by Master Diego, the Doctor and myself went forth the following morning to fix on the site of his future residence. "This is the boundary of my brother's property," said I; "now look about, and we will build your house wherever you like, and attach a piece of land to it for cultivation." The Doctor said, "very well, sir." Setting forward at a good pace, he thus kept Diego and myself going, for more than a couple of hours, in the heat of the sun, sometimes doubling like a hare, but never coming to any determination. I had proposed two different positions for him; but the one "*was bare*," that is, rocky; and the other was "rank with bushes." At length, I sat down under the shade of a large tree by the rivulet's side, and desired Diego, who cared little for the rays of the sun, "to whom he had been long a neighbour, and near bred," as Othello would say, to go on with the Doctor, wherever he might please to take him. They had scarcely proceeded ten yards from me, when I heard Master Diego begin to lay down the law to the Doctor; whom I heard very soon reply, "You don't know anything about it, sir." The end of it was, they returned to me in half an hour, without anything having been determined, the Doctor dripping at every pore with perspiration.—"We will walk slowly home," said I, "and take some weak rum and water, and strip and rub ourselves well with dry towels, and shift our clothes." "I like your practice, Sir Edward," said he; "it is most excellent prophylactic treatment." After our return, the Doctor was made comfortable; and, although I less required it, I pursued the same measures. But my dear wife laughed at my description of Gordon's procedure, while his own wife was very angry at him for having behaved in so absurd a manner.

After our grooming, we sat down to an excellent dinner. When the ladies retired, the Doctor, the Parson, and myself regulated ourselves with a bowl of lime punch; and before we saw the bottom of it, the Doctor had come to a conclusion, in his own mind, as to the site of his dwelling. "Sir Edward," said he, "I have concluded on the spot we first came to, after crossing the *burn*, just above the creek where you catch the crayfish. There is good drinking water close by, and some of the land is not very bad."—"Very well, Doctor (Gordon)," I replied, "that shall be the place. You may mark out the exact spot yourself, by driving pegs into the ground, forty feet by sixteen; if such should meet your wishes."—"Just that," said he; stretching his hand at the same time across the table, for me to take hold of; that thereby I might put my hand, if not my seal, to the contract.

Having finished a most agreeable and refreshing walk in the cool of the evening, through my brother's grounds, we then enjoyed an equally pleasant row of a short hour to our own home. Coffee awaited us on our return; and while sitting over this agreeable beverage, smoking my cigar, the children of the colony were made the subjects of our conversation. We counted up fifteen children, seven boys and eight girls, belonging to the tailor, mason, and the four soldiers, between four and twelve years of age; and eighteen belonging to the Germans, viz. eleven boys and seven girls, between the ages of two years and fourteen. We concluded that it would be advisable to build a school-room at the back of the Black Rock, between Soldiers' Town and the Doctor's allotment.

Soon after daylight next morning we were up and dressed, and the men ready. Mr. Rowley and myself embarked with Diego, while Hart and his apprentice followed in a canoe. On our arrival, I explained my business to Mrs. Seaward, and to Doctor Gordon; requesting the latter to pardon me for delaying his house for another fortnight, as I conceived the occasion a public duty, and somewhat pressing, having seen sufficient reason for abandoning the plan of carrying the children to and fro by water. "*Jus bonum dicis. Just that*, as we say in the North," said the Doctor, without demurring; "all private right must needs be set aside for the public good." The choice of the site for the school was left to Mr. Rowley; who, without much hesitation, fixed on a rocky hillock about two hundred yards to the northward of the rock; and at once, with the assistance of Hart, we marked out the points, 30 feet by 20.

On the following day, I felt a degree of leisure and rest of mind which I had not experienced since my last arrival. The German men were set to work fishing, and making their hurdles for enclosures; their women, under the guidance of Herbert and his family, were employed on their clothing. The carpenters and bricklayer had occupation given to them for at least a fortnight. The soldiers had their alternate day of guard at the plank-house; while Corporal Craig took the look-out at the flag-staff, and did duty as a sort of town-major, where in truth there was yet nothing worthy of the name of a town.

On the evening of this day we met Abel, as he was driving home his flock of goats, to pen them for the milking, and for the night. It was a goodly sight: upwards of a hundred were then just issuing from among the trees, beyond the open ground. When we considered how many of these animals had been given to the settlers, it was surprising to behold such an offspring from the single pair that had been wrecked with us. The total increase on the islands exceeded two hundred; none having been killed, up to the present time, one solitary kid excepted. Our poultry also was in excess. But the milk of the goats and the eggs of the poultry, if *superabundant* to ourselves, nevertheless found ample

consumers among the women and children of the settlement. The pigs had become absolutely a nuisance: their numbers and their noise were insufferable; so they were ordered to be killed from time to time, and served in lieu of salt provision.

On Monday the 15th, early in the morning, all the children were assembled in the school-room, to the number of thirty-three; at which meeting we took care to be present. Rosalie was deputed to attend with Mr. Rowley; and we had much pleasure in hearing Mrs. Gordon offer her services likewise. The instructors were now left to commence their labours; and my dear wife, with Mrs. Rowley, and Dr. Gordon, walked round to Peccary Field House, where we spent the day; and in the evening returned with our good pastor, and his family, and Rosalie, to the mansion.

About noon on Wednesday, Corporal Craig reported a vessel off the south channel; a galliot, lying to, with Dutch colours flying. I put on my laced coat to receive the skipper, who told me he was from Curaçoa, on a trading voyage; that he had called here to see what he could do, having heard of the place from a Spaniard. He spoke English tolerably well, and began to enumerate his cargo. I told him I had nothing to do with that, but desired to inform him, that "there were no harbour charges exacted here; that trade was free, excepting in spirits, wine, or beer, which could not be sold or landed without my permit." With this understanding he retired with my brother's *factotum*, Doctor Gordon, to enter upon business: and I had little fear, novice as the Doctor might be in matters of this kind, that he would allow the Dutch skipper to overreach him in a bargain.

Thursday and part of the next day were spent by the Dutchman and the Doctor in trading negotiations, but nothing had been concluded between them. It unfortunately happened that some of the Germans found their way on board the galliot, and quickly discovered that there was Hollands Geneva on board; a few cases of which they contrived to take away, without the Captain's knowledge. The consequence was, that all the men at German Town got drunk, and went over to Peccary Field in a very disorderly manner. A canoe was immediately despatched to me with the intelligence; on which I sent Diego, with two of his men, immediately to German Town, to break every bottle of the Hollands they could find; and, partly by entreaties, and partly by force, I contrived to make eight of the delinquents return.

After setting this matter to rights in the best way I could, I sent Diego to the galliot to bring the Captain on shore. On his arrival, I told him what had been done, in despite of my regulations, to the incalculable mischief of some of the people. He protested his *total ignorance* of what had happened, until the soldiers were put on board; *but said, he had since discovered that four cases of Hollands had been*

sold by his men, besides twenty pounds of tobacco; adding, that he was ready to make any atonement in his power. But I told him, the guilty persons must be punished. To this he made no objection; and accordingly the men who had sold the spirits and tobacco to the Germans, were ordered on shore, and to return the money for that which they had sold. The men instantly laid down the money for the Hollands, and also the amount for the tobacco; but I bade them take up the latter sum as there was no order against the sale of tobacco. Just as the business had drawn to this point, Diego came in, to say the Porghee was standing in to the harbour with another schooner.

My beloved wife was exceedingly distressed at this affair. She felt that the Queen's honour was sullied by the conduct of her countrymen; and she feared that they might hereafter prove a source of disquietude to the settlement, and of repeated vexations to me.

We were all glad to see our friend Drake again,—a fellow of sterling worth! being all that he seemed,—honest, enterprising, and gentlemanly. He delivered his letters—not a few—from the Governor of Jamaica, and from the Commodore; one also from the Honourable Captain Townshend; others from my bankers in London, from my excellent father-in-law, and from my sisters, and uncle. The Porghee was repaired, and fitted out in the best manner; with a midshipman who had served his time as mate, and also with a youngster, besides a carpenter's mate, a boatswain's mate, and twelve men; and with six guns, four-pounders. The Commodore himself had taken the trouble to go on board; and having visited her, said, "she was a fine vessel, and deserved the equipment he would order."

My brother visited the Dutchman on board his galliot, on the same evening, and the latter did not find the master so inflexible as his *factotum* had been; so they arranged for commencing business the next day.

On Sunday morning, the Dutchman sailed: that was his business, therefore I did not interfere; and, in truth, I was glad he was gone. Some of the German men were too sick to appear at church; and in the afternoon, Doctor Gordon visited the settlement. He found three of the debauchees attacked with fever; and one, Rudolph Schnieder, died on the Tuesday following. The other two gradually recovered. On Wednesday, Mr. Rowley consecrated a piece of ground near to their town, in which the remains of the unhappy man were on that day deposited; all the colony being present, and the funeral service devoutly performed. This was the first death that had taken place in the island: a sad mark for August, 1737.

Our letters, and the dismal occurrence that had just happened, occupied our attention during the present week. My brother, however, was engaged in landing his cargo brought down by his own schooner, the *Tom Cod*,—a fine *New England* vessel, well suited for commercial purposes—

very different from the Porghee, which was less calculated to carry bulk but more of a flyer.

In consequence of my letter from Governor Trelawney, I ordered Drake to hold himself in readiness to sail immediately for Bluefield's River, on the Mosquito shore, to treat with the chiefs there to supply two hundred Indians for the subjection of the Maroons at Jamaica. He sailed on Thursday, the 25th, for Bluefield's River, which may be distant from Seaward Islands about one hundred leagues.

In less than three weeks Drake returned, bringing with him two Indian chiefs. He had also procured twelve asses and two mules, with some awkward riding furniture, at a small Spanish port to the southward, called *Alcos*. Next morning he sailed again for Jamaica, with the two chiefs, taking a letter from myself to Governor Trelawney.

Towards the end of this week we were thrown into great consternation, by the small-pox appearing on board my brother's schooner, in the person of Harry Rock, Anne's brother. The Doctor, highly approving the inoculation plan introduced from Turkey by Lady Wortley Montagu, immediately set about preparing all the people for it by physicking and inoculating both old and young, who had not experienced the disease. In consequence, we did not lose a single individual. I may here remark, that the success of Gordon's practice was subsequently sent to Jamaica; but the chief of the faculty there discountenanced the whole proceeding as empirical; and, consequently, few ventured to follow it.

Our friend Drake made his appearance on Friday, the 14th of October. He had met with a gracious reception from the Governor, from whom he brought me a letter of thanks. The Porghee had been again at the Mosquito shore, where he had landed the two Indian chiefs, to make the required levy. He brought from them to me, a present of four beautiful deer, and eight fine turkeys of a peculiar breed. A commission I gave him for the purchase of the two young negroes, intended for Doctor Gordon, had been duly executed; and I was happy in presenting him with these useful domestics for a term of seven years. He received them thankfully; and being a man of an honest and good heart, expressed himself much pleased with the conditions of their servitude. "I am no friend to slavery," said he; "and if you please, Sir Edward, we will call the man *William Wallace*, and the girl *Joan of Arc*."—I cheerfully approved the nomination, falling in with the Doctor's patriotic whim.

On Monday morning, Drake sent some of his men to spread an awning from tree to tree in the cocoa-nut grove, where we were to dine, and entertain all Mr. Rowley's scholars in the afternoon. As Drake was resolved to make it a day of pleasure, he requested to have the other mule and ride over to the Black Rock with Mr. Rowley, early in the morning: "*Far*," said he, "I have not crossed ass, horse, or mule, since the day you saw me show off in that way at Spanish Town."—A mule's usual

pace suited the parson very well, who was content to go on quietly, but our friend Drake was desirous of a gallop; so by way of spurs he fastened a corking pin to the heel of one of his shoes, and made the jade feel it, just as they were setting off. The mule perhaps had belonged to some sober-minded friar, who being satisfied to eat and sleep, and most likely to take a nap, after eating, upon his mule, she was not accustomed to such a salutation; so in the moment she felt the pin, up went her heels, and, in spite of the close Spanish saddle, she threw the gallant sailor over her head. When I saw that he was not hurt, I could not help laughing; but my dear wife and Maria ran out immediately to his assistance, and the rogue, seeing this, kept his ground, that they might help him up. Poor Maria had screamed, and now she wept upon his neck. He did not intend, or expect this: he rose therefore quickly, saying, "Dear ladies—dear Maria, if I may call you so—this is too kind."—Maria was vexed at being so taken in: therefore turned away without reply, and came into the house. Drake quickly followed her; and after an interview of a few minutes, long enough to make up a lovers' quarrel, he returned, and remounted the mule; taking the precaution, however, to remove the pin from his heel. He and the parson then bade us adieu, and jogged on cosily together.

My dear wife and myself had a fancy in our heads, to realise which was our object in remaining behind. And after the party had gone, my dear Eliza dressed herself in the old island garb of our former days—boots, trousers, short tunic, and bunting sash, with a turbaned mouchoir on her head; I also dressed myself as in the habit of those times, with pistols and a hatchet in my belt, having the canteen with water, as formerly, slung over my shoulder. I gave my wife a pike in her hand, and then took up a basket, into which she had put a piece of salt beef and some biscuit, and likewise the old gaskets, for the occasion. I then took the hand of my beloved, followed by our faithful Fidele, who, after smelling to the end of the pike, and to our old leggings or gaiters, jumped about, frisking his tail, as if the old days of his prowess against the iguana were to be renewed again. We bent our steps through the woodland region, where we soon became like those who are said to be under enchantment. As in old times, I then placed her in the stern of the punt; followed by Fidele, leaping and skipping by her side, as in days of yore.

Diego was the only person who knew us when we leaped on shore. He gave a great shout on seeing us, and fell on his face upon the ground. We were in the dress he first saw us in, when he and his hesitating friends prostrated themselves before me. Diego's conduct caused much commotion among our friends, for he quickly sprang up again, crying out, "Señor Don Edvardo!" and "La Señora Donna nuestra!"—This only increased their embarrassment, while we advanced with pike and basket, arm in arm, towards them. Rosalie was the first to perceive the dog,

exclaiming, "Ah Fidele!" On reaching the astonished group, they appeared much amused by our appearance, as if in masquerade. But when Diego told his story, a deeper interest was excited; our dresses were examined with the most minute attention; the pike in my Eliza's hand, looked at over and over again; and even the punt, on which no eye hitherto had deigned to look, became an object of curiosity and respect.

The collation was already spread out. We desired our friends to sit down to it, but to permit us to dine as we had done in former days; promising to join them afterwards, when the children came. When our friends had nearly dined, I took the gaskets from the basket, and, to their surprise, I ascended a cocoa-nut tree, and with my hatchet sent the fruit tumbling to the ground. Some of the party came to scramble for the nuts, while I gravely descended, and broke a couple, that my wife and I might drink; afterwards, we presented the others to our friends, and joined them in their festivities.

The poor dear children made their appearance about three o'clock, and were delighted by the sight of so many good things. Rosalie, who was a joyous sweet-tempered creature, soon after sung to her guitar; and the children then danced; the ladies walked about and looked on, while my friend Drake and myself lighted our cigars, and took post on the ledge of rocks above. My dear Eliza soon joined us there, chatting and looking on, delighted with seeing so many happy, and the more so by being where she was. "This has been a happy day, dear Edward," said my sweet angel, as we retired to rest. "Yes, my love, it has indeed been a happy day," I replied, — "a gleam of sunshine through the clouds of life."

CHAPTER XXIV.

On Thursday morning, the German look-out, on the northern height of George's Island, hoisted the Union Jack, as a signal for a sail; and nearly at the same time, Coporal Cruig hoisted his colours on the promontory, with a gun; and soon after he made his appearance, to report two sail in the offing. I therefore ordered the bugle to sound; and, like the Scottish clans of the year 1715, our people quickly came to the gathering. My caution proved to be unnecessary on this occasion; for my uncle's brig, the *Mary*, and a Spanish merchant schooner, were the two vessels seen from the promontory; and the other, the most important, was a king's cutter from Jamaica, with despatches to me from the Governor and the Commodore.

The Commodore's despatches contained an admiralty confirmation of

the admission of the Porghee on the list of the navy; and with it, a confirmed commission for Lieutenant Francis Drake, now appointed by the Lords Commissioners to the command of that vessel;—an event highly gratifying both to Drake and myself.

But the letters from the Governor were of serious and immediate importance: they went, to state the horrible depredations committed on our trade generally, by the Spaniards in the West Indies; expressing a wish that I would go to Porto Bello in my yacht, accompanied by H. M. cutter Seagull, and, in the name of the British government, demand restitution of two ships, with mahogany and logwood, captured off Cozumel by an armed vessel belonging to Porto Bello, and reported to have been brought to that port. After some private conversation, my Eliza entreated me to take her along with me, saying, "It is a civil mission, Edward; therefore I hope it may not be improper for me to accompany you." I appreciated this kind and meek appeal to my feelings and understanding; so without hesitation I consented to do so.

Some English presents were put on board, for the Governor of Porto Bello:—half a dozen hams, two immense Gloucester cheeses, one hundred weight of double refined sugar, and three hampers of London porter. All necessary arrangements being completed, we sailed early on Saturday forenoon; my wife taking with her Rosalie. I would have taken honest Diego with me too, but was afraid, lest they might seize him as soon as he was discovered to be a Spanish negro.

On Sunday, at noon, we made the island of St. Andero, which lay in our way. We had no sooner anchored, than a guarda costa sent a boat on board, to give us to understand that he had orders, not to allow any English vessels, whatever, to come within what he pleased to call *the Spanish jurisdiction*. I told him in reply, that these vessels not only belonged to the King of England, but that I was going on a mission from the British government to the Governor of Porto Bello; and, being strange to the coast, we wanted a pilot. "Then," said he, "*you may want a pilot*: for the King of Spain does not desire to see any of you in his seas; and if you do not take my warning, and go back, perhaps the Governor may send the crews to hard labour, and the Cabalero's officers to Gloria Castle!" If our two vessels had not overawed this hidalgo, I think it not unlikely he would have proceeded to still ruder measures. After a few hours we weighed, and steered for Porto Bello, leaving the guarda costa at his anchor.

Early on Thursday, 27th of October, an armed boat with an officer was despatched to us, as we lay becalmed under the land to the northward of Porto Bello. About ten o'clock he appeared again, accompanied by another officer of superior rank. This officer, whose name is too long to write (the name of the governor being long enough), said that "his Excellency Don Francisco Martinez de Retez desired that I should commu-

nicate my business to him, who would then impart it to his Excellency." I told him in reply, to go back to his Excellency Don Francisco Martinez de Retez, and tell him, that a man, not inferior to himself in rank and fortune, and equal to him in honour with his sovereign, was here; and that in consequence of his message, I should send the cutter into the port, with a letter to *demand* an audience; at the same time signifying to the officer, that he might, if he chose, go in the cutter. He, however, declined the honour I intended him. In about an hour, another boat put a pilot on board each of our vessels, and we instantly made sail, and stood into the harbour.

A letter, written in English and in French, was now despatched to his Excellency, requesting an interview at his earliest possible convenience. And, that I might fall as little short as possible of Spanish pomp, I gave my name and titles at full length: on which occasion, for the first time in my life, I reflected on my godfathers, that they had not given me two or three names besides Edward; to have made me somewhat on a par in that way with his Excellency of Porto Bello.

Soon after Drake went on shore with it, a boat with soldiers came alongside of each of our two vessels, and the soldiers, very unceremoniously, were preparing to step on board; on which Captain Thomson hailed the Porghee, to know how he should act. "Do not allow it," was my reply. The crews of the vessels then, seizing their boarding pikes, prepared to repel the intruders. The Spanish officer, on finding he could not put his order into execution without violence, drew off and returned.

In the course of the afternoon, I received a reply from his Excellency, written in Spanish and in French. He could not, he said, appoint any time for an interview, until he knew the purport of it. A Spanish officer, who came back with Drake, delivered this note, by whom I returned a pretty sharp answer:—"If his Excellency should refuse an interview with an officer, who came as *chargé d'affaires* from the British government, it must be considered as an insult to the Crown of England;" and I desired to know what he meant by attempting to send Spanish soldiers on board his Britannic Majesty's vessels. The time was, and not many months ago, when I should have feared to incur the displeasure of my government and receive a reprimand, for thus upholding the honour of my country; but I now knew that his Majesty had made up his mind, in spite of Sir Robert Walpole, to take hostile steps against the Spaniards, if they persisted in their aggressions and insults; I was therefore induced to follow the bent of my own feelings on this occasion.

We remained nearly two days without receiving any further communication from the governor. In this interval we had learned, by a piece of paper given to one of the midshipmen while on shore with the boat, that there were five masters of English vessels, and one merchant and his *wife*, confined in a small tower about four leagues to the southward of

Porto Bello, not half a mile from the shore. This information seemed to give me new energies, so that I immediately sat down and wrote again to the governor, stating what had come to my knowledge, and demanding that the people should be immediately given up; and I desired to know whether I was to understand that he refused the interview I had requested, on behalf of my master the King of England. To this communication, he replied, "that the people incarcerated had been caught trading in the Spanish seas without a licence. And as he thought it would be acceptable to the king his master, not to give encouragement to English ships of any kind, or on any pretence to allow them to come into the ports of Spanish America, I had permission to depart as soon as I might think proper." This was enough. His Excellency Don Francisco Martinez de Retez had settled the business on which I came, without knowing it.

On receiving my dismissal, no time was lost in getting the vessels under weigh, and we stood out to sea. The sea breeze soon died away after we got clear of the port; and as we lay becalmed, a canoe came alongside in the middle watch of the night, from point Cocal, with three English sailors and the master of a brig, which had been taken some weeks ago by the Spaniards. It was the master himself who had sent the note to us, having trusted it to a woman, to whom he gave his only shirt for taking it. I instantly determined to release our unfortunate countrymen, if possible, and it was soon settled. A boat from each vessel, well armed, was to go in, that the business might be done effectually and at once, before any alarm could be excited; Drake and Thomson volunteering to go themselves on the expedition. When the day dawned, the boats were seen a little distance from the shore, pulling towards us, now again lying becalmed; and by the help of the glass we could discern several persons with them, beyond their own number. The whole party of strangers were then put on board the Porghee; and without loss of time both vessels filled, and stood to the northward, lying their course for Seaward Islands.

Five masters of merchantmen, one supercargo, and a Dutch merchant and his wife, had been rescued. The accounts these people gave of the barbarous treatment they had experienced at the hands of the Spaniards, were shocking to civilized society; and the circumstances under which they had been taken, would have been an outrage against the independence of the lowest power in Europe.

We arrived at our own anchorage, on Wednesday, the 2d of November, and I instantly set about writing my despatches, while the poor unfortunates were supplied with clothing, and all other necessaries. The Dutchman's name was Van Kempen, and a very honest fellow he was: his wife, also, was of a better order of Dutch women; and seeing their forlorn condition, my ever kind Eliza proposed to me to offer them an

asylum, until they could see their way to the next step in life. On Thursday, the Seagull sailed for Jamaica, well supplied with turtle and vegetables; taking on board the five masters, the supercargo, and my despatches for the Governor and Commodore.

There had not been any fighting in rescuing the prisoners from the tower. Our fellows caught the guards napping, whom they awoke with three cheers: the Spanish soldiers took to their heels, as soon as they could get upon their legs; and so weak was the outer door of the place of confinement, that one of the seamen literally made a breach in it, something in the same way that the lion treated the knight of La Mancha. Notwithstanding these happy results of our expedition, I could not help continuing to feel much chagrined at the insulting conduct of the Spanish Governor, and at my total failure in accomplishing the object of my mission.

In a few days, I turned my attention to the affairs of the settlement. The Doctor's family having now left Peccary Field, my brother very kindly received Mr. Van Kempen and his wife, to take up their abode with him; and he found in these strangers useful, if not agreeable, inmates. The husband spoke English quite intelligibly, and possessed great knowledge of commercial affairs, as connected with this part of the world especially. He was of great use to me, too, not only in communicating with the Germans, but also in pointing out the best modes of directing their industry. He was frank, but respectful, in his communications; and ventured to say, that if there were more merchants there would be more trade. My brother, however, would not agree to this proposition, and at no distant period began to look on the Dutchman with a jealous eye.

Van Kempen approved entirely of my project to establish a manufactory for straw hats from the palmetto; and he suggested, also, the cultivation of the Indian arrow-root, as there were fine runs of water to prepare the flour from it, which brings a great price in Europe. And besides, he was sure the German sausage-maker could make capital sausages of the turtle, if he were well supplied with spices; and if these were packed in jars, or small casks well covered with lard, they would sell not only in Europe, but even in the West Indies. By these, and other means, he thought the industry of the people might be made relevant to the original stock of the island, and some wealth, however little, acquired. But without resorting to this principle, he said, whatever the people gained, I or my brother must lose. The Dutchman evidently understood his subject; and, therefore, notwithstanding the reluctance of my brother, whose views were narrow, only for want of knowing better, I determined to be guided in all my measures by the principles which had been so wisely stated and explained.

On the 10th of February 1738, we received the melancholy intelligence

of the death of our most excellent and amiable Queen; which was communicated by a letter to my dear wife, from Lady Sundon. I will not attempt to describe the affliction this information occasioned.

In March, the house at Allwood's Bay was finished. In the contemplation of its completion, I had sent the Porghee to Jamaica; and as furniture is not merchandise, I then requested Drake "to bring me such things as I thought I should require for this my intended country *château*!" On his return, the house was put in order, with all the neat and convenient furniture he had brought; and, when all was completed, I took him over with me to Allwood's Bay, to look at it. "Indeed, Sir Edward," said Drake, after we had gone through the halls and other rooms, "I think you will like this place so much better than the mansion at the fort, that you will make it your constant residence."—"I don't think that is likely, my dear friend," I replied; "but at home we shall hear what some one else may say on the subject." We returned to dinner, and Eliza met us in the piazza. Drake began a eulogy to her on the *château*, the moment we came in. "I am well pleased," she replied, "to hear that you are so much delighted with the place, and I am not the only one that will feel happy in your being so." This was a puzzler for Drake. "Lady Seaward means what she says, my dear friend," I rejoined; "she and I are both happy that you are delighted with the place. The house was built and furnished for you, and not for us; and I desire you will accept it as a mark of our regard." For some time he was unable to make any reply. At last, he stammered out, "My friend! my dear friend!"—then rallying a little, smiled, and added, "your great kindness has given me courage to ask a favour."—But here again his courage failed, and he could say no more. But my kind-hearted Eliza took up his theme for him.—"You would say," added she, taking him kindly by the hand, "I should not only wish to call you friend, but brother!"—"Is that the case, my dear Drake?" I exclaimed, "Is this the favour that so much embarrasses you to express? If you and another person desire it as much as we do, there will be no impediment; and I believe you may be happy." The brave and tender heart is seldom severed. The gallant Drake could not restrain the tear that now glistened in the sunshine of his eye. My dear wife made no delay in communicating the subject of our interview to Maria, and had the happiness to add another joyful heart to the present hour.

On Sunday, the 19th of March, the nuptials were performed by the Reverend Mr. Rowley; after which, the happy couple, attended by Rosalie for the occasion, were rowed over to their residence, by Master Diego in his barge; which he requested to be permitted to have the honour of doing, rather than allow it to be done by the white sailors of the yacht.

In the course of the week, visits of congratulation were made. And I

gave Drake a memorandum, whereby I engaged myself to settle 2500*l.* upon Maria and her children, with the usual conditional provisions. "And now, Drake," said I, "you may perceive, I hereby give you nothing, excepting that I enable your wife to pay her mess."—"And a very good mess," he replied, "it will enable us to keep, with my pay, and the Penn; for all which you are entitled to her husband's best thanks, at least."

On an early day, when Drake and his wife came to take a family dinner with us, I called to my Eliza, as she and my sister, Mrs. Drake, were talking together in the piazza. "Do you think, dearest," said I, "you can find five hundred dollars for Drake, to set him up in the world?"—"Yes," she replied, "a thousand, if you wish it."—"That's well," I exclaimed; "bring them forth, if you can carry so many, and he shall have the thousand—a joint present from us to our gallant friend, on this happy occasion." Drake bowed, but said not a word; and walked into the piazza to his wife. My sister kissed me, and, in a broken voice, thanked me for what I had done for her. At this moment my brother James came in. "Just in the nick of time, brother!" said I; "fellow this bag, if you please, with some of your Spaniard's dollars: it is a wedding present from us to Drake."—"I cannot afford to give as much as you, brother," he replied: "if I give half that you do, I think I shall not do amiss."—"I do not desire you to do so much," I rejoined.—"O yes," returned he, "I shall have no objection to give half what you do."—"I do not desire that you should do that, dear James," rejoined our sister; "for Edward has settled 2500*l.* on me for my portion; and this bag of dollars is a present to my husband." On hearing this, James felt himself in somewhat of a dilemma, endeavouring to extricate himself, by saying he would pair the bag; but Drake declined accepting it, saying, he already had quite enough; and his pertinacity in the business exceeded that of my brother, so nothing more was done.

Early in April, Drake sailed for Jamaica with the yacht, and took his wife with him. In less than three weeks he returned, having purchased two negro men and two girls. He brought letters from the Governor, and others also from England. My friend Commodore Gunman had been recalled, and in his stead Commodore Brown was appointed to the command on the Jamaica station.

Our affair at Porto Bello had become a matter of public importance; but the parties concerned in it, I mean the two naval officers and myself, narrowly escaped the most consummate disgrace. The arrival in England of the rescued captains happened just at the time when Sir Robert Walpole was doing everything in his power to smother the complaining voice of the people, by throwing doubts on the truth of the many representations that were set forth by their petitions. Therefore, when our rescued prisoners arrived, the minister was desirous of keeping them

out of the way. But the Secretary of State being obliged to lay before his Majesty the Governor of Jamaica's letter, the King's attention became fixed on that point, and he ordered the five masters, and the supercargo, to be examined before a committee of the Privy Council. The result was a strong remonstrance to the Court of Spain. But this only made the Prime Minister more angry with me, calling me a rash and obstinate blockhead: he also seized an opportunity to advise his Majesty to appoint Colonel Hervey to the government of my islands; and took occasion to request permission, to instruct the Lords of the Admiralty to order Lieutenants Thomson and Drake to be tried by a court-martial. The King, however, indignantly refused to do either of those things; saying, "If I could do this, sir, *Philip* may very soon spit in the face of my ambassador, for his pastime! But no one shall hurt *Seaward*! no one shall hurt *Drake*! no one shall hurt *Thomson*! All men! Sir Robert Walpole, all brave men! and I speak for *them*."—This information came to me from Lord Harrington, who was present at the interview. Yet, notwithstanding the royal favour, the Governor of Jamaica had received a reprimand, through the Secretary of State, for sending the mission to Porto Bello; and I had the honour of a similar state compliment, for what I had done there.

After the rainy season in May had come to a close, I resolved to go to Jamaica, to have a conference with the Governor; and hastened to make arrangements, for carrying forward the works of industry and improvement, in my absence. As I proposed visiting Curaçoa before my return, Van Kempen requested to accompany us. Not being pressed for time, we kept the open sea, speaking several vessels for our pastime; so that we did not make Jamaica till the ninth day.

At noon the yacht anchored off Port Royal. The Shark was there, and Captain Townshend immediately paid me a visit. We soon talked over all the Porto Bello business. He censured his uncle freely, saying, a general disgust was felt on the subject of the reprimand sent out from England. He was highly delighted, however, when I told him what the king had said, although I would not tell him how it came to my knowledge. "Let me repeat this to Lieutenant Thomson, when he comes into port?" cried he; "it will be worth a galleon to the poor fellow, for he fears his promotion is stopped."—"Do it," said I, "and welcome."

During the few days I remained at Spanish Town, Mr. Trelawney and myself discussed pretty freely the conduct of the minister, on the late business at Porto Bello; also his general pusillanimous conduct with respect to the Spaniards. His Excellency was well pleased to hear the King's sentiments respecting myself and the naval lieutenants who were implicated in the late affair. When I repeated, "Nobody shall hurt *Seaward*; nobody shall hurt *Drake*; nobody shall hurt *Thomson*;"—

"That is so like his Majesty," continued Mr. Trelawney, "that no one could mistake it." And having received letters from him, to the Commandant of Cape François in St. Domingo, and to the Governor of Curaçoa, we took our leave, much pleased by his attention and great kindness.

We sailed again on the 20th, and beat to windward for several days, making Cape Tiberoon in St. Domingo on Sunday the 25th; and on Friday we had the pleasure of coming to an anchor at Cape François, having seen the most beautiful scenery that can be imagined, as we stood along shore. I sent Drake on shore with my letters; from which mission he soon returned, accompanied by an officer of rank, and a polite invitation from the Commandant. I made my visit without the ladies, attended only by Drake.

On the following morning, the Commandant returned my visit; and invited us all to dine; but Lady Seaward intimated she could not accept the invitation, without previously receiving a visit from the Comtesse d'Anvere, the Commandant's lady. This visit of ceremony was made. But there is not much ceremony with a Frenchwoman even of quality. The Comtesse talked of every thing, and to every body; was charmed with Rosalie; desired she might be allowed to attend her mistress; chatted to the girl as if she were her equal, joked with her, and said things that none but a Frenchwoman would say, and none but a Frenchwoman could like to hear.

We had a most kind and unrestrained reception at Government-house, and sat down to dinner with a numerous and elegant company. The removes were rapid, the conversation more so. I looked round me with astonishment: the Frenchmen contrived to eat and talk incessantly, without losing a word or a mouthful. There was a bottle of wine, and a decanter of water, placed between every two persons, with tumblers to each, of which they all drank freely. Those near me frequently saying, "Sir Edward! *Un coup du vin! il faut boire!*" — then putting a dash of wine into their own tumblers, "*A votre santé!*" — and in this way I was compelled to empty nearly the bottle that was placed at my right hand, in drinking with my challengers. I trembled for the consequence, although the wine was weak; looking forward to a hard set-to after the departure of the ladies. The whole party, however, sat nearly three hours, with the cloth on the table; and to my surprise, when the bottles, and tumblers, and other things were removed, a cup of coffee, without cream, was handed round to each person; after which, small glasses with liqueurs were presented; and with this conclusion, ladies and gentlemen rose together, retiring into a large saloon, where cards and music were provided for the entertainment of the evening.

It gratified me exceedingly to witness the attention my dear wife received from every one; and it was pleasing to hear her converse with

them in French, without difficulty or embarrassment. La Comtesse admired "mi-lady's" diamond necklace; to which, on this occasion, she had suspended the royal cross. "*C'est superb ce collier-ci!*" exclaimed the Comtesse.—"*Vous êtes une bonne Catholique, miladi; n'est-ce pas?*" continued she, smiling; the next moment pushing her face into my wife's bosom, to kiss the diamond crucifix. My dear Eliza made her no reply. The appeal involved two subjects of deep interest to that bosom on which the bauble rested:—her much-loved lord,—her dear departed Queen: subjects not to be named before the gay and thoughtless.

I met Commodore De Roquefeuille at the Commandant's dinner; from whom I afterwards received a visit at the hotel, when he invited the whole party to visit his ship *L'Achille*. I must confess, however, that I was not favourably impressed either with the discipline, or the cleanliness, observed on board the French ship. The men were standing or lying about, *hail fellow well met*, among the officers; and the decks neither clean nor clear.

After having made these our visits of ceremony, we remained a few days longer at Cape François; living agreeably at the hotel, where we had the comfort to find good baths, and were rather surprised to learn that they were in general use throughout the island of St. Domingo: a luxury not known at Jamaica, unless at the Decoy, and perhaps a few other places belonging to persons of delicacy and taste. When on the eve of departure, Monsieur le Comte sent me six cases of superb Bourdeaux wine; and, in return, I begged his acceptance of as many hams, and two double Gloucester cheeses.

On Wednesday, the 5th of July, we put again to sea, and steered direct for Curaçoa, distant about five hundred miles nearly south of us, and without accident or interruption made that island on the 19th of the month. As our vessel rounded Fort Amsterdam, to pass into the harbour, we could almost shake hands with the muzzles of the guns: although the passage is so narrow, yet the harbour is fine and capacious within.

Poor Van Kempen jumped as high as a Dutchman could jump, for joy, as we passed the Fort. Salutes were then fired, and arrangements made for my visit to the Governor. His Excellency Mynheer Van Spengler, not having quite recovered from a fit of the gout, received me in his big chair. I made my visit short: and he sent an officer of rank to return it.

On the morning of the next day, taking Van Kempen with me, I waited on his Excellency, by his own request. I then told him as much of the Porto Bello story, as a conservator of English honour might be supposed to do; to which part Van Kempen bore ample testimony. Mynheer Van Spengler listened with sparkling eyes to the account of the rescue of the prisoners; getting fairly up upon his legs; then turning to Van Kempen, struck him on the shoulder with a familiarity that rather surprised me, at the same time saying *something* to him in Dutch: on which Van Kempen

fell on his knees, kissing both hands of the Governor. "I have got 4000 dollars for this fellow," said his Excellency to me, "from the Spaniards, on account of his vessel they captured. When we heard of this capture," continued he, "and also of two others, our frigate went out, and by way of reprisal brought in a Spanish vessel, with the Governor of Santa Martha on board, returning to Europe. They remonstrated, and desired to be released; but I told his Excellency Paternos, that when they released our vessels, or paid for them, they should also be released; but not till then. This is our way; and the attack you ordered on the tower near Porto Bello is your way," continued the Governor of Curaçoa, laughing; "and such is the only way to bring those saucy dogs to their senses."

At two o'clock we went to Government-house. The Commandant's lady, attended by several others, greeted my wife on the steps, and we all walked into the first saloon together; where, to my surprise, I saw several servants richly dressed, some of whom were negroes, with pipes and cigars in their hands, and each with a lighted cigar or pipe in his mouth. As the guests passed, they were offered these odoriferous tubes by the servants: we, of course, declined accepting any; but the Commandant's lady, and another, and several officers, who came in shortly afterwards, each took either a pipe or a cigar; not appearing very nice whether it had come from the servant's mouth, or not: and when we arrived in the second saloon, the greater part of the company collected there were also smoking. In about half an hour, servants came round with silver ewers and basins; the smoking then ended, and water was poured over the hands of every one that chose, and a clean napkin presented to dry with. Old Van Spengler hobbled off with Lady Seaward, as well as he could; I took the Commandant's lady; he gave his arm to Mrs. Drake; and my worthy captain escorted a noble looking *vrouw*, fat as a duchess, the wife of Mynheer Henkledorft, the fiscal of Amsterdam.

The dinner was more in the English, than the French style: yet some of the dishes were French, and the cooking excellent. The ladies soon left us, when I began to fear that both Drake and myself would succumb under the rude pressure of Dutch hospitality; the health of the King of England, their High Mightinesses the States General, and all the great men of both nations, being toasted in bumpers. There was great festivity, but little ceremony observed; so I was right glad when we were allowed to leave the table, and join the ladies. The *contre-danse*, too, was in full operation. Most of our dinner party fell in; but some fell out, and more than one fell down. Drake and myself sat very quietly looking on, endeavouring to sober ourselves by silence, quietness, and coffee.

At the great dinner given by the Governor, and at every other place we dined, it was regretted that they could not treat us with London porter *after cheese*; which circumstance I did not forget on my departure,

taking occasion at that time to distribute six hampers, I had brought with me, among our friends.

Van Kempen told me, the day after our visit to the Governor, that he had made up his mind to purchase a galliot, if I would promise him my protection, so as to compete fairly with my brother, and any other merchant of the place that might come there. I gave him that promise, and he in consequence bought the galliot, and laid in a cargo. I was obliged to wait nearly a fortnight for Van Kempen's vessel; in the course of which time the yacht made an excursion with the Commandant's family, to the little island of Amba; where I obtained a fine Cape of Good Hope ram, with a tail like a Cheshire cheese, and two ewes of the same breed. Van Kempen took with him two families; one of which were Spaniards, cigar-makers; the other Dutch boors of Curaçoa, from the country, skilled in preparing cassava bread from the root of the *manioc*; and also that valuable article, flour from the Indian arrowroot.

On Tuesday, the 1st of August, we loosed from Curaçoa with the galliot in company; and after a run of nearly one thousand miles we came to an anchor off the Fort at three o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday the 9th of August.

All our friends were in readiness on the beach, to receive us when we landed. "Kind Mistress Rota," said my Eliza, as the old negress embraced her knees, "rise, and kiss my cheek, for I love you as a child would love its nurse." The good woman rose, but kissed the hand of her mistress, saying, "the blessing of our God upon my lady!" My dear wife now took my arm; and although the people were crowding round us, she whispered to me—"Dear Edward, did you hear what Rota said? All I have seen, and all I have heard, since we have been away, has not afforded me such heartfelt pleasure as the kind and pious greeting of that good old creature."

My brother could not conceal his chagrin, when he was informed that the galliot belonged to Van Kempen; nor could anything I said to him on the subject put him in good humour. I was sorry to observe this, but having no sinister object in view, I resolved to act with kindness to my brother, yet with strict justice to every settler in the colony.

After breakfast, in the morning, I went into consultation with my dear wife, on the state of the colony. I saw, with deep regret, the elements of strife introduced; and I stated to her my misgivings on the subject. After some conversation, she said,—“Straight forward, dear Edward; follow the dictates of your own mind, which are just and upright. Call the gentlemen together to-morrow; explain your views, and avow your sentiments; and make your pleasure known to them: you are not bound to consider the humour, nor the particular interest of any one, not even your own brother, in opposition to your public duty.—Take the King's

motto, '*Dieu et mon droit*,' and you cannot do wrong." Thus spake my Minerva; and I resolved to follow her advice.

On the following day, I summoned my brother James, Mr. Van Kempen, the Parson, the Doctor, and Captain Drake. I said all that I thought was requisite to convince my brother, as well as every other person present, that justice and impartiality, and the good of the whole population of the colony, and the duty I owed to the King, and to myself, were the principles on which I desired to found all my proceedings. I signified, in consequence, my intention of putting a duty of *one per cent. ad valorem* on all goods sold, bartered, or landed in the islands; out of which a colonial fund should be made, for the purpose of paying the clergyman, the doctor, the soldiers, and the artillery-men shortly expected, and other public expenses. But on exports there would be no duty.

Before we separated, I was glad to see my brother take Van Kempen aside; soon after which they asked me if I would permit them each to build storehouses within the palisadoes of the avenue to the Cave storehouse. I did not hesitate in acquiescing with the request; but with this reserve—"I must have a ground-rent from each of you, of fifteen dollars a year." To this proposal they agreed. And thus ended our meeting; during which my brother and Van Kempen had become friends, because the measures I had taken seemed to bear hard on each of them, and on them only. In consequence of which, I suppose, my brother intuitively directed his attention to Van Kempen, as the only person present likely to sympathise with him, in being made to contribute so largely and unexpectedly to the expenses of the island establishment.

On Sunday, the 13th, there was a full meeting of the colony at prayers, under the venerable and gigantic silk-cotton tree. It was highly satisfactory to witness the devotion of all present, and the great good order and cleanliness of old and young, Protestants and Catholics, Spaniards, Germans, Dutch, English, whites, blacks, and mulattoes—a motley group; soldiers and sailors, artificers and husbandmen; yet one flock, under one shepherd; brought, and kept together, by the unity of that spirit in which alone we may hope to find a bond of peace.

Early in the ensuing week I sent for Doctor Gordon, who had long established his character in my mind for scrupulous integrity. I told him it was my wish he should take upon himself the office of fiscal to the colony, the duties of which I explained to him in a few words. After the consideration of a day or two on his part, and some more explanation on mine, he agreed to accept the commission, with a salary of 200 dollars a year; which, added to his medical stipend, made up a comfortable income.

In September, Van Kempen's boors whom he had brought from Curaçoa turned out some excellent Indian arrowroot flour; and they made *cakes*, twice a week, from the *manioc*, which were sold at the village. Van Kempen bought plait, hats, stockings, or anything else that was offered

for sale; and he sold whatever could be wanted, from a needle to an anchor, from a skein of thread to a bale of cloth, and groceries of all kinds.

On Drake's return from Jamaica, he brought with him two bags of cotton seeds, by Van Kempen's suggestion; which, subsequently, were planted throughout the sheepwalk on Edward's Island. The Governor sent me, by this opportunity, three artillery-men, all married men, two of whom had families, the other none; also two mulattoes, young free men, tolerably well trained to the fife and drum. I was glad of this accession to our military corps; for by his letters, as well as others I now received from England, I saw many reasons to expect that we must soon come to blows with the Spaniards.

Gortz the butcher proved a very useful member of society, although I remember when I thought his trade could not be made practicable in the island. He was a capital fellow at making sausages, not only of pork, but turtle, and being well seasoned, they were much esteemed; but Van Kempen was out of his reckoning in expecting to make them an article of export; for with all the spices that could be given to them, they uniformly spoiled in a tropical climate within a fortnight after being made.

My dear wife expressed her wish that something might be done for our most faithful servants and friends, Diego and Rota; we therefore agreed to give them a salary of one hundred dollars a year, and a handsome suit of clothes annually. When these intentions were made known, Master Diego and his Donna were much gratified—perhaps more by the mark of our regard, than by the reward that accompanied it. Yet nothing less than my old blue and gold uniform coat, re-made into something of another form, would satisfy Master Diego; to which the old cocked hat, with a cockade, must be added. These were for days of state, and I rather expected he would desire a peruke also.

The fiscal's receipts had been considerable, especially from the one per cent. duty *ad valorem*; and the impost on turtle, also, had contributed some hundred dollars. Seeing this, I determined to advance the pay of the soldiers: and accordingly I gave Craig a halbert, with sergeant's pay; and made Andrews and M'Nabb corporals; the other, Finlayson, remained a private, and assistant drillman to the train-band, with an extra sixpence per diem.

On Monday, the 25th of December, all the people of the islands assembled by previous summons, to attend divine service under the sacred canopy of the great tree. After which they betook themselves to the shady part of the isthmus, where a variety of amusements were set on foot—our isthmean games! Asses were made to run races, and Drake's sailors were the jockeys. Some planks had been pierced in their centre, and placed on a pivot, with their ends connected by pieces

of board at equal distances, so as to form a large horizontal wheel: the boys and girls, and some of the younger negroes, got on them, and were whirled round with more or less velocity, to their great delight. The drum and fife kept the dancers going; and to regale the whole party, my dear wife had taken care to provide tea and coffee, and lemonade and cigars in abundance. We gave a grand dinner at the mansion, and a royal salute was fired from the Fort, in commemoration of the Nativity. The day was made a day of joy to ourselves, and to the people.

The following Sabbath brought the year 1738 to a close, when we returned thanks to Almighty God for all the blessings he had given us to enjoy.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN January the rains were heavy, but unattended by those horrible storms to which we had been accustomed. Advantage was taken of the season, to put in the roots and seeds, and other articles of husbandry growth. February saw us rest from our agricultural labours throughout the island; but in the course of them, I had assisted Van Kempen with Diego's men, to plant the Indian arrowroot and cassava: and I directed Nomez, on the present occasion, to make a large sowing of the sweet-scented Vanilla peas, round any tree excepting the fruit trees, so that the vines might run up, for the purpose of mixing them with tobacco when put together for mellowing. With this improvement to our unrivalled tobacco, he bid fair to turn out the best cigars in the world.

On the 14th of February, Drake sailed for Jamaica. And during this month, four Spaniards, one French, one Dutch, and two English vessels arrived in St. George's Harbour; for so I now denominated it. Sale or barter was the object of these vessels, and both they and our merchants found the trade to their liking.

Early in March, Drake returned from Jamaica, bringing letters with him, that had arrived there from England. The accounts we had received from Awbury and Hartland were of the most comfortable nature; and not less so a letter from Perry and Co., enclosing a statement of my accounts. It appeared that I had now a balance in their books of 547*l*. On quitting England two years ago, I had left in their hands 4503*l*.; since that period they had received for interest on my stock, 3708*l*. Mr. Goldsmith had remitted to them, in the two years, 800*l*., being half the rents of Hartland, less, 50*l*. Besides, I had credit for 160*l*., being *interest of the money left floating in their hands*. I had drawn since I *quitted England 3695*l*., including the amount of the settlement made on*

Mrs. Drake. Such was the state of my account: yet, I thank God, it **as** neither been by meannesses, nor by exactions, that my circumstances **were** brought into so flourishing a condition.

In April, a Spanish guarda costa chased a small French schooner upon **ur** coasts, that had been carrying on a smuggling traffic in the Gulf of **arien**, and drove her among the rocks of our outer reefs, to the south-**ward**. But the prize escaped; and the guarda costa, leaking apace, was **lad** to come into our harbour to be repaired.

When it was reported to me that the Spanish vessel was approaching, **I** ordered the bugle to be sounded, and the train-band to be put under **arms**. I did this merely for the sake of appearance, wishing to impress **the** stranger with a respectful idea of our situation, though perhaps our **wall** of rocks and reefs was our best defence. On the vessel's coming to **an** anchor off the Fort, I perceived she was a vessel of a large class, being **pierced** for twenty guns; I therefore ordered the captain to be received **with** a guard; and in a short time he was introduced by Drake. Master **Diego**, being attired in the old suit of blue and gold, stood behind my **chair** in waiting, ready to officiate as interpreter. After some general **conversation**, and an assurance of rendering him efficient service, I **requested** his company at dinner.

Diego, who was always at hand on these occasions, came in on being **called**. Before I had time to speak to him, the Spanish captain, who now **was** on his legs, addressed him thus:—"Senhor Diego! I have the happi-**ness** of being your namesake."—"Don Diego!" replied my sable friend, **bowing** low and courteously before he answered, "I am much honoured; **but** your Excellency has many other names, no doubt, besides Diego."—"No, indeed," answered the caballero, "only Freza."—"I like you for **that**, good master," replied old Diego; "I never knew very good people **have** very many names." Drake and the Spaniard, with the Spaniard's **namesake**, now took their leave, and set immediately to work to arrange **matters** for repairing the bottom of the damaged ship.

Two large tents or booths were erected on the isthmus, for the men **belonging** to her; and the captain was requested to plant his own sen-**tinels** in charge of them. In a few days the ship was hove down at the **Black** rock; and again fitted, by the help of Drake's crew, within ten days, **and** made ready for sea, to the no small surprise of the Spaniard at such **despatch** of business.

Before his departure, he offered to pay for what had been done, and **for** the supplies he had received; but I declined allowing him to do so **for** either. On going away, however, he made Drake a magnificent **present**,—no less than a box of cigars, worth about five dollars! which **my** noble-minded friend very properly turned over to his carpenter.

Early in May, my dear wife and myself proposed making a regular **visit** **to** every place in the islands. On Monday, the 7th, we commenced **our**

"*Progress*," as it was called in the days of good Queen Bess. But instead of travelling with a large retinue of courtiers and retainers, my sweet vice-queen, and her maid of honour Rosalie, myself, and master Diego, with our faithful little dog, were intended to constitute the whole *cortège*. Early in the morning, just as the day had dawned, our two mules were brought to the door; and the two asses also, which had been trained to carry Mr. Rowley's children. They were gorgeously caparisoned with a velvet back cushion, and a richly fringed bridle for the occasion. The lady and Rosalie were soon seated. I then mounted my mule, and master Diego, in his best attire, bestrode the other; and thus in cavalcade, with Fidele running in advance, we set forth for the foot of the steep path that leads to the flag-staff on the promontory. We did not proceed direct for our destination, but turned off in the contrary direction, making a detour of the silk-cotton tree.

We had now come to the north-east corner of the open ground, finding ourselves among the orange trees bearing fruit; and immediately after, among the shaddock trees in full blossom. This brought us to the southern extremity of the open ground; whence we proceeded along a fine beach, for another quarter of a mile, with a thick skirting of wood on our left. Here we dismounted, to give Diego an opportunity of tightening the saddle-girths, to fit them for the ascent of the promontory.

The girths being tightened, we all remounted our cavalry, if mules and asses may be so called; but they are the only sort of cattle that could achieve the rugged ascent. These sure-footed steeds never make a halt nor a stumble; the rider having no other care than to give the animal his head, and keep fast hold of the pommel of the saddle: and so we did; and thus we proceeded upwards at ease, and in safety. It was pleasing to see the fruit trees on each side of us, as we ascended; the work of a few minutes of recreation, when my Eliza with her husband and her dog made her first ascent. We also marked the spot in our way, where Fidele had surprised the armadillo, now lost, and almost forgotten. After a steady climb of half an hour, the party arrived at the flag-staff, where I found Sergeant Craig before us, on duty for the morning look-out.

At this commanding position we halted, and looked round in ecstasy, over land and sea, in silent admiration. But Rosalie could not long restrain her feelings on the occasion, whatever they might be. "*Voilà!*" said she, "*tout le monde au-dessous!*" Her exclamation reminded me of one of our Germans, who cried out, "*Gortz ueber-all!*" when the pork-butcher climbed up the rock after one of his pigs. It must be confessed, however, that the association did an injustice to the sentiment of Rosalie: she alluded only to the expanse of earth and water, but the German dealt out a sarcasm, by double entendre — *Gortz above all the world*.

We next proceeded along the crest of the promontory, towards the *isthmus*. Something less than a couple of miles brought us to the edge

of the precipitous face of the rock that overshadows the sandy position below, during the winter solstice. We had a goodly prospect of German Town, from the flag-staff; but from this place it also was screened from sight by a finely-wooded hill that lies to the west of Peocary Field, forming one side of the pass thence to German Town. Before we quitted this position, my dear wife and myself stretched our eyes along the reef, to the spot where, by the mercy of God, we had been delivered from the perils of shipwreck; and then, with one spirit, we lifted up our hearts to Heaven, and blessed God audibly, saying at the same moment, "Thou art gracious, O Lord!"

On our return, we had a grand view of Allwood's Bay opposite to us; and Rosalie thought she saw Captain Drake and his lady walking: it might be so, for I certainly soon after discerned something like a blue and a white pigeon perched on the rock below his house; but as I had only a bird's eye view of them, I would not call in question the accuracy of our young handmaid's piercing glance or quick conjecture; and it is well I did not, for it turned out that she had been correct,—it was even they watching our return.

The forenoon was far advanced when we made our appearance at the mansion. Rota had laid out a nice breakfast of fruit, and wine, and tea, and being tired, we then laid down for a few hours to rest. During our repose,—for we did not sleep,—our attention was awakened by hearing Rosalie talk to Mrs. Rowley's little girls, sometimes in French, in which she had well instructed them, sometimes in English, describing to them all the wonderful events of the morning. The pass was impassable, the mountain was stupendous, the rocks were terrific, the *coup-d'œil* was sublime. Unfortunately, there was neither *giant* nor *castle* to finish her romance. "*Mais assurément,*" said she, "*la montagne chauve soit la tête d'un géant avant le Déluge.*" When I heard this, I could not help exclaiming, "Bravo, Rosalie!" on which she and the little girls set up a joyous laugh, and ran off from that part of the hall, which, for the credit of her story, was too contiguous to our door.

On the following day, the asinine cavalry were sent over early in the morning, in the Avon, to Allwood's Bay; and we soon followed in master Diego's barge, having on this occasion a St. George's flag in the bow, presented to me by my friend Drake. My dear sister and her husband, attended by his old crew, and the other settlers there, received us with three cheers, which were as gallantly returned by Diego and his men, before we landed. The first object that arrested our attention was the fine growth and far extended double lines of the Barbadoes palm, planted by Diego about three years ago. It is a beautiful tree, the queen of all the palm trees, and not unfrequently attaining the height of one hundred feet. It is that palm, with a swell in its trunk, which is to be seen

introduced, on account of its beauty and magnificence, into most views of Indian landscape.

Breakfast over, we made a detour of the bay, and were much pleased with the neatness of the people's grounds, and habitations, the abundance of fruit trees, and live stock. Having finished the circuit of the cultivated grounds, we directed our course round the foot of the conical hill, at the point where the beautiful little fountain pours forth; and came suddenly out upon Long Bay, where the sheep had been placed for three years. As we rode along, Diego frequently stopped me, to observe the young cotton shrubs, some of which had attained a height of twelve to eighteen inches. "They grow fast now, rains soon come, sir," said he; "two year more, plenty cotton for all German women to make stockings." A couple of miles brought us to the northern extremity of the bay, which terminates by a rocky *cul-de-sac*, enclosing some acres of very good soil, in which acacias were growing luxuriantly.

Hence we made our way between the southern point of the horse-shoe rock and a sand hill; with the intention of riding southward as far as the high hills behind Drake's *château*. But we were soon stopped in our progress, by trees and underwood, extending from the lower hills to the water's edge. We, therefore, retraced our steps; and arrived at the *château* time enough to dress for dinner.

In the cool of the evening, the whole party visited the settlers, and did not lose the opportunity of making some little presents to the wives and children of the English emigrant family. Before we returned, Drake took us to a natural grotto in the side of the conical hill, to which he had made an agreeable walk through the trees to it, sloping gently upwards in a winding direction. It was indeed a delightful spot, with which we were all charmed; but my poor sister was rather too much fatigued to enjoy this enchanting termination of the walk, her situation being peculiar, and rather advanced.

When reseated over our coffee and a cigar, Drake explained to me a plan he had projected, of making a corkscrew walk up to the summit of the conical hill: he said it could be done by an ascent of one foot in twenty, extending the spiral line to the length of a mile, or thereabouts, from the base to the summit; which he truly imagined would educe a novel and beautiful effect from the surrounding scenery upon the eye, at every step of the ascent.

The following day we rested at home, being somewhat fatigued by riding,—an exercise to which we were totally unaccustomed. On Thursday morning, arrangements having been made for a general examination at the school-room, we arrived there at ten o'clock. The number of children under tuition now exceeded fifty, besides some women. The heads of the classes read to us, and they all exhibited *their writing*, which did much credit to Mr. Rowley, and to themselves

generally. After this, specimens of their work in plait and hats were shown; on which occasion Van Kempen said,—“The best proof that can be given of their success is, that they who some time ago could make a hat worth no more than one dollar, can now make a hat worth two dollars;” and to show his sincerity, he purchased some of their manufactures on the spot, at the high prices he named. Pablo Ximenes and his wife did not go without commendation; and, as a reward for their good conduct, they were now settled permanently in a house at no considerable distance from the school-room. My brother gave us a magnificent dinner at Peccary Field on the occasion, to which all the principal people in the island had been invited, not excepting Van Kempen and his wife, whom I was happy to see there, and apparently on very good terms with their host: the duty on imports, and some other arrangements, had united them. By the additional strength of six negro men and four girls, whom Mr. Seaward imported last October, he had now been able to cultivate a large field of tobacco, besides doing justice to all the other crops.

The night after the school-examination was passed at my brother's; on the following morning, we set forward, mounted and escorted as before, to make a visit to German Town. After riding through the plantation, which at this season of the year was in great beauty, we soon entered the pass cut by Diego and his men between the hills. On emerging from the defile, we suddenly opened the fine district occupied by the Germans. They had profited by the goodness of the soil and the aspect: their crops were highly promising, and their houses and grounds in the best possible order: the women were all employed, either in knitting or spinning. The widow of Schneider lamented that she was entirely indebted to the goodness of her neighbours for keeping her grounds in order; and gave me to understand that Herman Brandt, one of Van Kempen's sailors, would marry her, if he might leave the galliot, and live with her. I promised her my best services on the occasion; which, not many days after, I had an opportunity of rendering effectually; and Brandt took possession of Schneider's widow, and allotment.

Before I quitted the German settlement, we paid a visit to the tomb of the unfortunate man who had fallen a victim to intemperance; and contemplated his fate, I hope, with that compassion which is ever due from one frail mortal to another. By one o'clock we arrived at Peccary Field, and, being rather fatigued by our ride, reposed for an hour before dinner; returning after it, in the barge with Diego, to our own home.

These excursions afforded my dear wife and myself much matter for reflection, and even more for discussion. But there was one reflection, and one sentiment, paramount to every other,—the pleasure we derived from seeing ourselves successful in making so many happy, and the desire of seizing every opportunity, which the late survey afforded us, of adding

to the comfort of such as we perceived in any way requiring our assistance or good offices.

Early in the ensuing week, we visited the village, and were entertained by Van Kempen's vrow with great hospitality. She showed us the progress they were making in the manufacture of arrowroot: and accompanied us to the houses of Gerard Onder the weaver, Pedro Nomez the cigar-maker, and others, with whose success and industry I was much gratified. The carpenters had made great progress; there were fifteen houses finished, and some others begun. There was, notwithstanding, a regret mixed up with this display of colonial prosperity. The face of the place was changed. The beautiful stream was now covered in; a vessel was unloading at our solitary rook; the thicket was no more; our wooden palace was converted into a guard-room. We turned our back upon this scene, with something like a feeling of self-condemnation at what we had done.

On entering the woodland region, the unchanged face of the hill, and ample shade of the surrounding trees, refreshed our spirits; and as we lingered on the way, our four beautiful deer, with three pretty fawns, approached closely to us. During the hour in which we stood gazing on them, it brought back our minds to that tone of delightful composure, which to us constituted the chief charm of life.

Before the middle of the month all the harvest that this season of the year produced was well got in; and soon after the rains fell in torrents for nine days. On the cessation of which, the agriculturist again put in his roots and seeds; trusting them with a perfect faith to Him who gives the increase.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A BRIG of war arrived in the last week of June, from England and Jamaica. By this vessel I received orders to proceed to Porto Bello, and deliver letters to the Spanish Governor, from Sir Robert Walpole himself; and from the Spanish Ambassador at London; the tenor of which was—"That amicable arrangements having been made between the two Courts, in January last, and a convention having been signed to carry the same into effect, Sir Edward Seaward, Governor and Commander of Seaward Islands, is commanded to proceed to Porto Bello, and *offer any apology and reparation required*, for the attack that had been made on a certain tower or fort there, by two of his Britannic Majesty's vessels, in October 1737, for the rescue of certain persons then in the custody of his Excellency the Governor of Porto Bello, which had in consequence been effected." My instructions, however (to which translated copies of the letters to Don Francisco Martinez de Retex were

annexed), went no farther than "offer a proper apology," and any reasonable reparation, for the alleged aggression.

On glancing over these despatches, every honest and manly feeling within me rose up in rebellion against this base and sneaking policy. After I had read them silently, in the presence of Captain Knight, I retired into my wife's room, much agitated. On hearing it, she was equally indignant with myself; saying,—"I am sure such proceedings are without the knowledge of the King: I would not insult him so much as to think otherwise. Observe," continued she, "how this business is managed, to place you in the most unpleasant situation possible. Either you will fail again in your mission to Porto Bello, or you will compromise the interests of your country, and the honour of your King; so that disgrace is the only wages you can receive for going on the service required at your hands. Let Captain Knight," continued she, "do the business himself, if he please; but do not stain your name, my honoured husband, by such an embassy." But after consulting for nearly two hours, turning the subject every way, and looking at it in all its bearings, at last we reluctantly concluded, that it was my duty to go to Porto Bello, and that therefore there was no alternative.

Having made up my mind, I was pretty well myself again; but my dear Eliza could not so readily subdue her feelings of indignation against the minister; so that when his name came on the tapis, she could not help breaking out with the following observation:—"If his Majesty has any fault, it is giving his confidence to a man who must be either a fool or a knave. But, indeed, all knaves are fools," continued she, "and such his whole conduct towards the Spaniards will prove him to be. The King, glad to get rid of him at any rate, will one day or other dismiss him, either with a fool's cap or a coronet." This explosion of feeling, at least the latter part of it, amused our guest a good deal; and being, perhaps, as little in the habit of disguising his sentiments as some other persons present, he laughed heartily. Mr. Rowley said, he could not condemn Sir Robert Walpole's policy, as it always had for its object the preservation of peace: and if the Spaniards were faithless, that should not be laid to his charge. My dear wife had too much respect for Mr. Rowley, to say anything in reply to his remark; but she told me afterwards, that if any other person had offered such an apology for the minister, she would not have let it pass so easily.

On the following morning I saw Captain Knight, having deemed it proper to enter fully with him on the subject. "I understand," said he, "the official letter goes crying *peccavi*; but I believe the whole business of these apologies to be a *ruse*; for I have received a Mr. Rentone on board, who came out from England in a frigate, by order of the Admiralty. He is instructed to make himself master of the localities of Carthagena and Porto Bello, and the adjacent coasts, with which already he is pretty

well acquainted: and I am directed to give him all the facilities in my power. Surely," added he, "this looks something like an Irish apology—Coffee and pistols for two."—"I am glad to hear this, Captain Knight," I replied; "for I now feel strengthened in the determination I had made, not to compromise the honour of my sovereign and my country by any dirty concessions in the name of the King; which baseness, I perceive, all parties by this time are pretty well convinced, tends only to increase the insolence of Spain and her officers towards us."

It was then settled that I should accompany him first to Carthagena, that place being to windward; from whence we would go down together to Porto Bello. I could not dissuade my Eliza from accompanying me on this hateful duty. The more I pointed out to her the possibility of something unpleasant occurring, the more she persisted in her desire to go with me. I could not but appreciate her affection, and therefore I yielded to her wish.

On Monday, the 2d of July, we embarked, and with the first of the sea breeze sailed out of the southern passage; then, after a pleasant run of three days, we made Punta Galera, on the Spanish main. Notwithstanding the badness of the weather, the vessels stood into the bay; Mr. Rentone keeping a sharp look-out on the line of coast for some days. When off Point Canoa we stood out again to sea; and on the 12th stood in for Carthagena, and received a pilot. The vessels passed through the Bocca Chica (a narrow passage, with strong castles or batteries on each hand going in); then through a channel much narrower than the Bocca Chica, and almost as strongly fortified; having a magnificent castle on the right, with fifty pieces of cannon, and also a formidable battery on the left. In a few minutes after passing this strait, or rather a large shoal that lies beyond it, we came to an anchor, Fort San Lazars bearing north. In the course of a few hours a salute was fired by the sloop of war, and returned by the Castle. Soon after this, Captain Knight went on shore with his letters.

On his return, he came on board the Porghee, and told me the reply he received from the Governor; which was, that he would transmit the letter to Old Spain: his Excellency adding, that, however painful to him, he was obliged to desire that the King of England's vessels (now that they had done the business on which they came) would quit the seas of his Most Catholic Majesty. "This was what the interpreter told me," continued Captain Knight; "but I am sure he did not tell me all; for I heard the Governor repeat, more than once, '*Ah, bellaco!*' and when the interpreter asked his Excellency what he said, he replied, '*No digo nada,*'—I say nothing. "I suppose," added Captain Knight, "the old *Don* has twigged us, and he was muttering to himself, *bellaco*; which, I take it, means *war* in Spanish."—"I will tell you what it means, when we *get out to sea*, my good friend," I replied.

Having made but a superficial reconnoitre of Carthagena, our two vessels were ordered to quit the port at daylight next morning. For ten days we reconnoitred the nearest shores of the Gulf of Darien; during which time we saw several traders,—most likely smugglers, for they always ran from us. Another week was employed in looking at the coast between the Gulf of Darien and Porto Bello; and having effected this our vessels stood out at sea ten leagues from the land; stretching in again to make the Isle of Orange, to leeward of the port, so as to afford a full opportunity of observation to Mr. Rentone. This was on Thursday the 2d of August.

My dear wife and myself now went on board Captain Knight's ship, leaving our things behind in the *Porghee*, which immediately afterwards stood off to sea, while the sloop of war worked up to the entrance of the harbour alone. Knight now seized the opportunity to ask me what the Governor of Carthagena meant by the expression he had used? "He meant," I replied, "to call somebody *rascal*; but whether you or Sir Robert Walpole, or his Majesty, I cannot tell."—"If I had known that, when my ear caught the expression," replied the honest seaman, his eye flashing with indignation, "I would have knocked him down, if I had been sure to hang for it." The trial of his mettle, poor fellow! was nearer at hand than he expected.

I received no communication from the Governor until the next morning. Our situation in the night, from severe gusts of wind, attended by thunder and lightning, had been extremely unpleasant. Boats were sent at ten o'clock to tow us in, the wind blowing directly out of the harbour.

My audience was fixed for the afternoon, after the great *Dons* had dined, and smoked, and taken their *siesta*. I accompanied Captain Knight in his pinnace on shore, where we were met by an officer, who attended us to the *Alcazar* or Government-house. We were ushered in here without the least respect; no guard turned out—no person whatever in the ante-room to receive us, but negroes in livery. The officer who had accompanied us from the landing-place (it seems merely to show us the way) now walked into the audience-room, desiring us to follow him. Here we saw the *great man*, and ten or a dozen other persons, in blue uniform with red lining, walking about. As soon as we made our appearance, three or four of them sat down. I looked at Captain Knight, and he at me; but not a word was spoken for a considerable time. At last, not under the influence of the best feelings, I addressed the Governor in plain English:—"Is your Excellency disposed to receive my mission in the spirit of friendship—in the same spirit in which I am directed by the minister of the King of England to wait on you?" To which I received the following reply, through an interpreter present:—"You are sent to me by the English Government as a culprit, to make apologies and restitutions for the insults and injuries committed by people, under

your orders, two years ago.—What have you to say for yourself?" On hearing this, Captain Knight stood forward, "with fire in his eye and defiance on his front." "Do you know, Governor," said he, "that you are speaking to Sir Edward Seaward, a person equal in rank to yourself, and holding most honourable commissions from his Majesty the King of England?" The interpreter was embarrassed: but did, I believe, explain faithfully. "Equal in rank to me!" was the Spaniard's reply; "I do not consider the King of England himself equal in rank to me!—what is he!—he is little better than a Dutchman!" At the moment the reply was made known by the interpreter, the honest and gallant sailor broke out.—"You damned blackguard! do you dare thus to speak of my King in my presence?" The interpreter, on hearing this, ran out of the room. Knight followed him, and brought him back, saying—"Tell him; damn him, tell him what I said." By this time, the Governor, and the other three Hidalgos, were on their legs. The trembling interpreter repeated the exclamation of Captain Knight in Spanish. The Governor, without hesitating, then called in some soldiers, that were conveniently placed in an adjoining hall, and ordered them to secure the English Captain. "Tenez! Tenez!" said I, following up what I had to say, in French; "if you take this step, here ends the conference; and look you, Don Francisco Martinez de Retez, to the consequences; for you were the aggressor, by insulting the King our master." The soldiers stood off. "Then, sir," replied the Governor to me, "what is it you desire to offer, as an apology and compensation for the insult and injury we sustained at your hands?"—"What is it you desire of me, sir?" I replied. "You must ask my pardon for yourself," returned he, in the most contemptuous tone; "and the pardon of our most august monarch, the King of all the Indies, on the part of the King of England; and pay down ten thousand dollars, as the ransom of the people you dared to take away." I hesitated for some time before I made a reply. "Surely, Sir Edward," exclaimed my gallant companion, "you are never going to comply with this!" I made him no answer; but as soon as I could make my mind up to the subject, seeing the situation in which we were placed, I said,—"I will ask your pardon, Don Francisco, as far as respects myself, and I will pay you the ten thousand dollars; but so far from asking pardon of the King of Spain, on behalf of my august master, I tell you, that unless you ask my pardon for the insult you have just offered to the King of England, by what you have said, I have only to say to you, that I will depart." I spoke this in French; he desired me to repeat it in English, which I did; and immediately on the interpreter giving it in Spanish, he ordered both Captain Knight and myself to be arrested. We, however, could not believe that this savage was in earnest, and expected that after having thus shown his power over us, he would send us away: but we were mistaken; the guard lodged us in a horrible prison, in two separate cells, for they could not be called rooms, and a sentinel was placed at each door.

In a few minutes after my incarceration, I felt all the horrors of my situation; but they had reference only to the distress in which this transaction must involve my beloved wife; and the dreadful uncertainty of what might ensue to her. And about this time I heard the firing of cannon, which added much to my embarrassment and misery. Two of the most miserable and sleepless nights and days ensued, without my being able to obtain the slightest information of my life's angel.

At a moment when I was first inspired to raise my heart to God, my beloved wife burst into my cell, followed by the gaoler, who was close at her heels, and laid hold on her by the neck: I fetched him a blow with my clenched hand, that stretched him on the floor; from whence he arose, muttering, and departed. Our time was but short together: it was passed in tears, and embraces, and silence. The gaoler and a body of soldiers suddenly rushed in upon us. The miscreant I had struck held a rapier in his hand, with which he instantly made a lunge at me, and wounded me in the side. The soldiers, at the same instant, seized my dear wife, and bore her away, leaving me no consolation but the hope that she did not perhaps know I was wounded.

A fever supervened; and I recollect no more, until I recognised her one day, sitting by my side on a couch, in an apartment I had never seen before. "Do you not know me, my own Edward?" she said, in a voice of anxious tenderness that went to my soul; at the same time stooping and kissing my forehead. I could only press her hand, as a token of my returning sense, while the tears unconsciously rolled down my cheeks. Soon I became sufficiently alive to the past, to inquire what had befallen her; and then to ask about our companions. To all of which she only replied,— "All is well, my honoured husband; we are in the hands of God our Father, who will not suffer his people to perish." She then kissed my cheek, and gave me a dose of medicine, which the Spanish doctor had prescribed for me.

In a few days I recovered strength enough to sit up, and my dear wife informed me that we were in a deserted monastery, to which the Spaniards had sent me, on some other persons being committed to the prison; that she, on being torn from me by the soldiers, had been conveyed to an adjacent nunnery; and that, on my life being despaired of, the Lady Abbess had made intercession with the Governor, through his confessor, to permit her to go to me. "And I bless God, my dear Edward," continued she, "that the living principle of Christianity is to be found among those who desire to be devoted to Christ, even among Papists."

My recovery was slow; for the place in which we were had been abandoned by the Friars, its former occupants, on account of its unhealthiness. One old lay brother and one negro woman had, indeed, been left to look after the place; but infirmities and indolence made

either of little use. However, the kind ladies of the near nunnery supplied us liberally with every thing I could desire; while my beloved wife watched over me with a tenderness that nothing on earth but the kind heart of woman can bestow. Yet the air was bad, and therefore every thing else was unavailing. My beloved, too, began to have ague, and to droop: on seeing this, the little strength I had acquired, gave way, and my heart sank within me.

When all appeared lost on earth, the good Lady Abbess, with the Governor's confessor, Padre Guircino, came to us with a *letiga*, and some mules, by which we were conveyed to the house of a fisherman near the sea. My dear Eliza was carried on the *letiga*, or *lechiga*, a sort of bed, between two mules. She seemed to inhale new life as we approached the sea-shore. In a few weeks she was able to walk out a little; and my strength had considerably improved; but both of us still had ague; sometimes every third, sometimes every fourth day, in spite of *Jesús's bark*, with which we were most kindly supplied by the Spanish doctor, who continued to visit us occasionally.

At intervals, during this period, my dear wife made me acquainted with the circumstances, as far as she knew, of what had taken place after Captain Knight and myself were sent to prison. Immediately on our arrest, soldiers were sent off to take possession of the sloop of war, but were repulsed by the crew. On which, Gloria Castle fired into her, and several of her men were killed or wounded. The brig instantly cut her cable without firing a shot, as she could not bring any of her guns to bear on the castle, without firing on the upper part of the town; and at this moment a boat came off, to tell the commanding officer, if he fired on the town, the Governor would hang every Englishman in his power. My dear wife, thinking alone of me, jumped into this boat, and the brig made sail to get out of the harbour, but got on the shoals to the southward nearly opposite, where she struck her colours and surrendered. However, before the ensign was hauled down, she contrived to send off a boat with Mr. Rentone, in hope of its falling in with the Porghee; and soon after, it is supposed, the brig filled and foundered. My dear Eliza had been escorted to the Government-house by the Spanish officer, who had conveyed her on shore. But all she could accomplish was a permission to retire to a convent until the Governor might be pleased to release me. And it was on her way thither that she had been able, by the power of the only doubloon which she happened to have in her pocket, to prevail on the persons who accompanied her to go with her to the prison, and find out where I was lodged.

Three months had passed away since our unfortunate visit to this place, when we had the additional misfortune to hear, what perhaps would have given me pleasure in any other situation, that hostilities had actually

enced between the two countries, England and Spain, and that a nation of war was daily expected.

Now began to contemplate some scheme of making our escape, but my wife advised me to be still, and put my trust in the providence of God. "Perhaps," added she, "the least stir might throw us back to those horrible woods, or into that prison from which you have so mercifully delivered."

In the morning of Wednesday, the 21st of November, my Eliza and I went down with the fisherman to the beach. Before we had said it, he pointed out some ships in the offing, not however making much mark as to what they might be, but went into the boat with his net and took out his nets. As the breeze freshened, the ships approached the opposite coast, the smaller vessels standing in ahead of the others; O! how it cheered my heart to recognise the Porghée, at that very instant among the foremost.

The Spanish fort soon began to fire. The smaller vessels came near to the side where we were, hoisting at the same time a red flag at the fore. The large ships kept on the other side, and closed one after another with Hiero Castle. The firing was awful. My frightened friend, the fisherman, calling aloud on *San Gerónimo* for our aid and protection, entreated us to leave the beach, and come up to the castle as a place of greater safety. But while the fisherman invoked the aid of his saint, my Eliza called upon *Him*, who has said, "*Vengeance is mine*," to take vengeance on the oppressors. We kept our position, looking steadily at the combat, till the firing ceased; and the instant the smoke cleared we discerned the English colours flying on the walls of the Spanish Castle.

In the evening, Padre Guircino came to the fisherman's hut, and told us that peace was taken by the English;—O, what blessed news for us!—and begged of me to go with him immediately to his monastery; and Lady Eliza went to the Convent of St. Anna, where the Lady Abbess kindly awaited her arrival, as they expected nothing less than a total pillage and misusage. We accompanied him, and disposed ourselves according to his request; for we owed our lives to him, and to the noble woman who now desired the protection of my wife's presence. In the evening, the Castle of Gloria opened its gates to the British, and the redoubtable *Don Francisco Martinez de Retz* surrendered *Porto Bello* to the gallant *Vernon*! but there was neither pillage nor misusage.

Towards the afternoon of the 22d, I wrote a note to the Admiral, stating our case and situation to him as concisely as possible. To which I received an immediate answer requesting my presence at the Government-house when convenient. Captain Knight was there before me. He also was ill: we were shocked when we looked upon each other. Without

preamble, the brave Vernon expressed his indignation at the treatment we had received; then instantly summoned the Spanish Governor to attend. This *hidalgo* shortly after entered, a prisoner of war, into the very room where we had last seen him so haughty and vindictive, attended by some of the very men who were now with him sharers in his captivity.

A sort of ring was now formed, with the Spanish Governor in the centre, his interpreter standing by his side.—“I have no quarrel with Don Francisco Martinez de Retzez,” said I, “on my own account; but I have, and ever shall have, a quarrel with him on account of the King, my master; whom he most grossly insulted, in the presence of Captain Knight and myself; and for the resenting of which, we have endured, as it was our duty so to do, the severest treatment at his hands.”—“What did he say?” exclaimed the Admiral. “He first insulted Sir Edward Seaward,” replied Captain Knight; “and when I told him, he should recollect that Sir Edward Seaward was equal in rank to himself, holding honourable commissions under the King of England, he replied,—‘I do not consider the King of England himself equal in rank to me; for he is little better than a Dutchman.’” Old Vernon, on hearing this, instantly turned round upon his Excellency Don Francisco Martinez de Retzez, with a voice of thunder,—“You damned poltroon! with all your long yarn of hard names, what shall I call you? Down on your marrow-bones, you scoundrel, and beg pardon of these gentlemen, and of the King, our master, or I’ll kick you from Hell to Hackney! Tell him that,” said he to the interpreter. The interpreter was dumb-founded: however, the looks and menaces of the Admiral left little to be interpreted. After some pause and explanation, this mighty Don asked pardon of Captain Knight and myself, but he would do no more. This would not satisfy the Admiral, who insisted on his eating the words he had spoken disrespectfully of his Majesty; at the same time, taking a guinea from his pocket, he threw it on the floor, saying,—“There is the King’s picture! down on your knees, you blackguard, and ask forgiveness;” laying hold of the Spaniard by the neck as he spoke, and bending him to the ground. The astounded Governor took up the guinea from the floor; then putting it down again, said, in a muffled voice,—“*Yo le ofendido.*” This was considered as sufficient; and the question, so far, set at rest.

On quitting the Government-house with my fellow-sufferer, we met Drake, crossing the Prado, who had been making inquiry for us everywhere. On seeing me, he stood still; but as we approached near to him, he burst into tears. “Cheer up, my good fellow,” cried Knight. “All’s well! You see we are alive and kicking.” Drake threw himself on my neck, saying,—“I hope all is well! Is Lady Seaward well?”—“All is well, my dear Drake,” I replied: “you shall soon see her.” We now bent our steps to the Convent of Santa Anna. On our arrival there, we

were met in the vestibule by my happy wife, and the Lady Abbess. She brought us some sweetmeats, and cool drink made of red sorrel; by which, and this blessed meeting of long-separated friends, we were much refreshed both in body and mind.

Drake told me, that after he had picked up the Marten's boat with Mr. Rentone, he made an unsuccessful attempt to assist us. But on seeing the destruction of the Marten, he made the best of his way to Jamaica, with the account of what had happened. "I reported the business, as much as I knew of it, to the Commodore and Governor of Jamaica; and asked permission to be permitted to embark all the force of Seaward Islands, in the vessels that belonged to the place, and make an attack on Porto Bello, to attempt your rescue. But I was told," continued he, "that the scheme was a mad one; and I had something like an assurance that there should be no occasion for it. I then received orders to visit Seaward Islands, but to return to Jamaica; which I did before the end of September. On my arrival there, I learnt that orders of reprisal had been issued against Spain; and I became desirous, of course, to get out to sea, for a chance of making prizes; but the Commodore would not allow me to stir. However, on the 23rd of October, Admiral Vernon made his appearance at Port Royal; and I was then informed why I had been detained. It was to accompany the Admiral's squadron to Porto Bello, to assist, by my local knowledge, in the meditated enterprise. This information," exclaimed my gallant friend, "was more acceptable to me than a thousand galleons; and I now rejoice, my dear Sir Edward, in seeing the noble prize before me—You and She, whom we all devotedly love." "We must leave this hateful place, my dear friend," said I, "as soon as possible. Have you any money on board?"—"I have," he replied; "and the money and clothes belonging to you and Lady Seaward, which were embarked when you came here."

In the afternoon some clothes arrived for myself and Lady Seaward, and a bag of 1000 dollars. I shared my clothes with Captain Knight; and, after much entreaty, prevailed on him to accept 100 dollars, as a loan to meet his present emergencies. The good Friars sent into the town, at my request, and procured us some excellent Spanish shoes, and a couple of *sombreros*, or cocked hats, in their fashion. In the evening we went to the convent, taking with us two lay brothers of the Franciscans. After they had retired, I whispered my dear Eliza—"Here are 500 dollars, which place at the pleasure of that good lady: but tell her, we wish the lay brother, and the negrowoman, at the deserted monastery, to have 50 each: and we desire that the fisherman and his wife may have 100 each. The other 200 are at the disposal of the Lady Abbess, to relieve the distressed." She then addressed the good lady in French, handing her the bag; which was graciously received, with many commendations for our generosity, and a promise of faithfully applying it.

On the following morning I sent for the doctor to the monastery, and presented him with 100 dollars, in the presence of Padre Guircino. The worthy *medico* had never seen so large a fee before; therefore his grateful acknowledgments were proportioned. "But how can I return your kindnesses?" I said, to good Father Guircino. "I am the servant of God," he replied; "you owe me nothing." This was true religion, worthy of imitation by many who despise all that are not so happy as to enjoy the light of our Reformed Church.

A little before noon, Captain Knight and myself went to pay our respects to the Admiral. At first he did not know us; and, on recognising us, he affected not to do so. "Who the devil have we got here?" said he, turning to Captain Knight. "You are a Spanish *hidalgo*, I suppose!" Poor Knight looked embarrassed, and bowed; then pointing to me, said, -- "Sir Edward Seaward has kindly given me a suit of his clothes." The old gentleman laughed heartily; immediately afterwards saying, "Sir Edward, I beg your pardon: it was your long-toed shoes, and *three-cornered scrapers* that puzzled me." He took the opportunity of speaking with warm approbation of Lieutenant Drake's conduct; regretting that, as so few Spanish vessels of war had been found here, there was no promotion for him, although he well deserved it. I then took leave of the brave old Admiral, wishing him success in further humbling the haughty spirit of Spain, and hastened on board our little vessel.

As the high land above Point Porto Bello receded from our view, we descried a ship on our weather bow, steering in. Drake asked me if I thought he should take a look at her, or keep on our course. I answered, -- "Certainly, take a look at her; she may prove a prize to you: but take care you are not brought to action by a superior force: recollect who we have with us." -- "I will take care of that," he replied. Then taking me at my word, he wore, and stood athwart her, having previously hoisted Spanish colours. In less than an hour he came within hail of her: she was a Spanish merchant ship, but mounted eight or ten guns. As we stood across him, Drake ordered our proper ensign to be hoisted; then wearing short round, boarded him on the quarter in a moment, and carried him in five minutes, without firing a shot. He was from *la Guira*, with indigo, cocoa, Peruvian bark, and other merchandise, bound to Porto Bello, having a complement of twenty-four men. A prize-master, with a sufficient number of hands, being then put on board, the two vessels stood on quietly to the northward.

On the evening of the 29th, the promontory of St. George's Island was discovered by the man at the mast-head. We ran in towards it, until the sun had set; when Drake thought it advisable to stand off until the morning. About eight o'clock the sea-breeze reached us again, and we again made sail; the *Porghee* having hoisted my flag, the *St. George's* *jack at the fore*. The prize hung out her own colours, with a union jack

over them. The colours were up on the promontory—and our hearts were up also.

The Porghee had scarcely anchored, when the deck was crowded by those we loved, and by those who loved us unfeignedly. They who could not embrace us, embraced one another, and wept, or looked silently on us, endeavouring to conceal their tears. The sickness and sorrow I had endured at Porto Bello had made a deep impression on my frame and features, and the people saw it. My dear Eliza, too, worn almost to a shadow, looking not like a thing of earth, but in semblance of a disembodied spirit, stood by my side. Her eyes sympathised with the people; and I, too, was unmanned by the scene.

CHAPTER XXVII.

By dinner-time we were sufficiently refreshed to meet our friends, and to converse with them on the subject of our late sufferings, and our glorious deliverance. Drake, meanwhile, had merely given them a brief outline of what had happened to us.

After we had brought the subject to a close, I could not suppress my anxiety to know the posture of our affairs at home. But Dr. Gordon was of opinion I should not engage in any business matters whatever, for some days at least. "I look worse than I am, Doctor," said I; "we shall see what to-morrow may say."—"Then, Sir Edward," whispered Van Kempen, who had stood silently by my chair for an hour, "I shall be right glad to say a word to you to-morrow."—"Say it now, my good friend," I replied, "if it be a matter of any moment to you." "The Porto Bello market, sir. I saw the thing the instant Captain Drake told us the English had taken the place. I hope, therefore, you will consent to our proceeding thither forthwith; for all the world will be there in a few weeks." I consented to this proposal, without hesitation, complimenting Van Kempen on his commercial acuteness.

Soon after they were gone, Dr. Gordon said, "It was an incumbent duty on him to take care of Lady Seaward and myself: and that rest of mind and of body were essential to the re-establishment of our health: that for the present he would not decide on the medical treatment to be pursued; but he was inclined to think we had taken too much Jesuit's bark, or it had been given injudiciously; by which error the hepatic functions, as he expressed it, had been partially suspended; and he feared that, in consequence, the spleen had begun to enlarge, if he might judge by the peculiar aspect of countenance which that disease uniformly

produced." Diego now ventured to say, "Master Diego hopes Master Doctor will allow him to take Governor, Sir Edward, and his lady, every morning for ride on mules, or for row them about in barge, before breakfast." On this, dear old Rota, stepping forward, put in her word, saying, "And I will have nice chicken, boiled in milk, with little mace, for my lady, and good Master, Sir Edward, when they come back: and that better than Doctor physic for them."—"We will discuss your proposals by and by, dame," replied Dr. Gordon; "for the present they must be kept very quiet; and, if you please, Mr. Diego and Mistress Rota, I am the responsible person."

On the morrow, Dr. Gordon paid us an early visit, and proceeded, *secundum artem*, first with me, and then with Lady Seaward. The pulse was counted, the tongue examined, the liver and spleen pressed upon by his hand: sometimes we were desired to make a deep inspiration, sometimes to sneeze. This being done, he sat down for half an hour without speaking a word. As he looked more grave than usual, my dear wife at last addressed him:—"Dr. Gordon, if you think Sir Edward's case serious, I insist on your telling me so unequivocally, that he may immediately return to England."—"Indeed no, madam," he replied; "I think, by small doses of sweet mercury and Turkey rhubarb, and the warm salt-water bath, at a temperature of ninety-six degrees, with gentle exercise on the beasts you have here, taking a sail or a row now and then upon the water, observing a milk diet chiefly, and relaxation of mind—on the part of Sir Edward—you both may very soon be pretty well again. But I cannot say," continued he, after pausing a minute, "that either the one or the other of you will be just so well as before you had the fever at Porto Bello."

When the Doctor left us, Master Diego and our kind Rota were overjoyed to find how much there was for them to do. The old lady prepared a bath for me without loss of time, and on my return I was met by my dear sister, with her baby. The sight of the little innocent gave me inexpressible pleasure. I thought its eyes so like those of my Eliza, that I felt as if I could gaze on them for ever. "You will call it Eliza, my dear sister," said I, as I looked wistfully upon the sweet angel.—"Yes, brother," she replied, "most willingly; it was Drake's wish that I should do so, and I am now doubly happy in knowing that it is yours also. Besides, it is the wish of my own heart," continued she, going over to my dear wife, and kissing her as she spoke: "it will make me happy to call my child Eliza, for you know how much I love you."

Doctor Gordon came in, accompanied by my brother and Van Kempen, in the evening, bringing with him a *bolus* for each of us, which we were to take at night.

After settling a point in dispute between him, as fiscal, and the other gentlemen, I told our merchants that Captain Drake would convoy their

vessels to Porto Bello as soon as they could be got ready. Then, pleading indisposition, I left them, and joined my Eliza in her own room. There I found her with Rosalie, and our dear little dog, playing on a fine large palm-leaved mat, that had been made for us by Ximenes in our absence. I was not ashamed to join the innocent party, but sat down among them, till Fidele by his kisses and caresses drove me from my position, to the great amusement of Rosalie, and delight of my Eliza. But we had now to take Doctor Gordon's *boluses*. They were little less than a musket ball: it was impossible to swallow them. After some deliberation, we proposed to chew them, as they were principally rhubarb, and wash them down with a cup of coffee, which we both effected tolerably well; and in this way we contrived to take the medicine, as long as the Doctor thought necessary to prescribe it, which might be about three weeks. I often spoke to him, to put it in some other form; but he uniformly objected, saying, "It is the *deobstruent bolus*, and therefore cannot be other than a bolus." To this pharmaceutical dogma we were obliged to submit, but had we not fallen on the expedient of the coffee, by which it was no longer a *bolus*, we either must have been choked by the remedy, or deprived altogether of its benefit.

In a few days the vessels sailed for Porto Bello. It was on the 4th of December. I seized on the opportunity to send half a dozen of my best sheep to the Admiral, with a handsome private letter, in addition to the public one, on the subject of our two vessels going to his port.

After their departure I was glad to find myself able to attend at intervals to the details of what had happened, and to what had been doing during my long absence from the settlement. Sickness had certainly been more prevalent during my absence than usual; in consequence of which, one of the women from Carolina had died, and two of the German children. But Diego had a serious visitation to impart to me, worse than the plague of the small-pox. The place was over-run with *rats*; and he could not imagine whence they came. I now wished that some adventurous *Whittington* might come to the port with a cargo of *tabbies*; and in the humour I was in, when Diego had imparted the information to me, I think I should have given him his own price for the investment, although I might know my conscientious fiscal, the Doctor, would not remit one fraction on the *ad valorem* duty, if it were to save his own nose from being gnawed off by the vermin.

There were, however, some small dogs at German Town and Allwood's Bay. "When we get in crop, sir," said Diego, "you give me dogs; and Jemmy Purdy, he famous rat-catcher, sir; we then dig all them out, and kill every one. *Donna Rata* always live under cane roots, sir, and about in holes." When the time for taking up the crops came, which soon arrived, Diego marshalled his forces. As the rats were dug out, or

started, the dogs generally caught hold of them, but the creatures were very large and powerful, and bit sharply, so that sometimes the dogs let them go. Purdy, however, always killed his rat: he caught it adroitly, and grasped it fearlessly, throwing it with great force into the air, never failing to strike it as it came down with a short stick he held in his left hand, which he suddenly shifted over to the right. "Hit him at once with your stick, while he is on the ground Purdy," said I, "instead of killing him as you do."—"Can't, sir," he replied; "he stop for me to put hand on him; won't stop to hit him with stick: and if I hit him with stick when I catch him, if I don't kill him dead he will bite me to the bone." And this was true enough; for although the people were armed with sticks, and the rats passed closely among them, not above two were struck and killed; and one negro was bit severely, who had caught a rat with the hand, and then struck it with his stick while he had hold of it. When the enterprise was finished, although the dogs and Purdy had killed nearly thirty, I was convinced as many more of these little barbarians had escaped.

An accession of five families from Kingston, Jamaica, had been made in my absence. They were all people of colour, that is, Mulattoes, and had been induced to come, through the representations of the elder Allwood, who had made a trip in my brother's schooner. One of the men was a tailor; the other I do not know what to call him; there was reason to suspect he had been a slave on some plantation in Jamaica, brought up to the anvil, under his master's white workmen. In consequence, I instituted an inquiry, but as I never could get at the truth of the matter, I chose rather to run the risk of letting him remain quietly where he was, than send him back to Kingston. Still I felt, that although I did not encourage slavery, nor allow it at Seaward Islands, yet it was not for me to permit Mr. Allwood, nor any one else among us, to believe that I would connive at the desertion of slaves from their masters in Jamaica; whose legal property I was bound to consider them, how repugnant soever it might be to my feelings as a man and a Christian to do so.

About a month previous to my return, a discovery of some consequence had been made at German Town, by Adrian Wor and William Schwartz. The few pipes brought by the Germans had become quite useless, being either worn out, or broke entirely; but Adrian Wor, by accident, found some good clay below the rocky face of the hill east of the town, with which he contrived to make a few short shapeless pipes. The two men then tried their hand at fabricating some brown dishes, in which, after a few failures, they succeeded so well, that I desired Hart should go over to German Town, with a load of bricks in the Avon, and erect a spacious kiln for these men; which he did, and finished it before the end of the month.

On Saturday, the 22d of December, there was a grand field-day. We

mustered seventy-two rank and file, including Sergeant Craig, the two corporals, the drillman, and drummers; besides three artillery-men, who attended muster with one of the field-pieces. Both great guns and small arms were exercised; the business finished with firing ball at a target.

On the following day, which was the Sabbath, I had the pleasure to see a full attendance at divine worship. The people were all remarkably clean and neatly dressed, every one wearing straw hats, the manufacture of the island. Many persons, black as well as white, joined in the hymns; and a joyous feeling seemed to be imparted to the whole congregation, by the discourse of our excellent pastor, who took his text from the second chapter of St. Matthew:—"Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and are come to worship him."

The Tuesday following was Christmas-day. The dawn was awakened by the drum and fife playing, "*The Reveillez*." Every thing had been provided for the *Isthmean games*, and a festival enjoyment prepared, for the people, and ourselves, as on the preceding year. All our friends banquetted with us at the mansion. Master Diego stood behind my chair, in state, dressed in his blue and gold, being more superbly attired than, but equal in self-importance to, *King Cudjoe* of the *Maroons*. I confess I felt proud, as I sat opposite to my beloved wife, in gazing on her, and on the cross she wore; and in the recollection of the love and friendship the royal bestower of it had on all occasions manifested for her who wore it. I felt proud, also, in seeing myself surrounded by affectionate relations and kind friends.

After dinner, Rosalie came in with Mr. Rowley's children. She, as well as they, was desired to take a seat at the table. Rosalie was modest, though frank and lively; she hesitated to take the chair offered to her.—"Mademoiselle Filibert," said my dear Eliza, "I seize on the opportunity this day affords me, of seating you among my friends, and by the side of those dear children whom we love. Their father, and your father, and my father,—ministers of the same Lord, whose day we now celebrate,—presents a bond of union I am not disposed to reject. I therefore desire you to be seated among us; and because I esteem you for your own sake, I wish henceforth to rank you among my friends, and to treat you as my companion, and as one of the family."—Rosalie expressed her thanks, with much good feeling and courtesy, as she sat down; on which I drank her health, all our friends following my example. Then she sung, and played to us on her guitar; and the day was made to resound with decent joy, throughout the settlement.

On the 27th, we had the pleasure to receive intelligence from the *look-out* on the promontory, that the *Porghee* was in sight. I was rejoiced to see Drake again. He brought me a letter from the Admiral, which was short, but quite satisfactory:—

"Dear Sir,

"All you wish shall be done. Thank you for the sheep.

"Yours,

"Edward Vernon."

"Laconic enough, Drake," said I: "however, it says all I should desire. —The Admiral, we know, is a man of deeds, and not of words."—"I assure you, Sir Edward," replied Drake, "he was not so hard up for words in speech as on paper: he said you were 'a fine fellow, dirtily used;' and he had great pleasure in serving you.—The manner in which he behaved, showed his sincerity." Then turning to my brother, who stood by, eager to hear more,— "Mr. Seaward," continued Drake, "I have a letter for you, from Mynheer Van Kempen, and a remittance on board on account of sales, up to the day of my departure, to the tune of 6000 dollars."

Drake then resumed his discourse to me. He had arrived at Porto Bello on the 8th; and he sailed thence again, in company with a squadron of men of war; but finally received orders, on the 24th, to make the best of his way to Seaward Islands, and thence go on to Jamaica with the prize. "Well, Captain Drake," said I, affecting an austere tone, "and what is your intention as to the time of your sailing for Jamaica?"—"To obey the Admiral's order promptly, Sir Edward," he replied: "I will sail to-morrow, if you have no objection."—"To-morrow, Drake—are you mad? look at the weather," was my reply.—"The weather must not prevent me, Sir Edward; it ought not. The Admiral is at sea, and I dare not skulk in harbour," answered my gallant friend.—"Then, Captain Drake, for the good of his Majesty's service, the Governor of Seaward Islands will prevent you," said I, "from drowning yourself and crew, because you think it your duty to obey the Admiral's orders, in the face of an approaching tempest! Get your schooner into Peccary Creek; tow your prize in there also. Do it without loss of time: and you shall have my written order for all I now command to be done."—"Sir, I obey," said Drake gravely; then, taking a glass of wine, he quitted the hall to put my orders into execution.

The bad weather did not come on so instantaneously as I expected, yet it continued to lower and threaten daily; being sometimes calm, sometimes blowing sharply all round the compass. On Tuesday, the 1st of January, it was calm during the greater part of the day. At sunset the clouds gathered and broke, sending forth awful shoots of forked lightning, closely followed by heavy peals of thunder, like the firing of the ships at Porto Bello on the Hierro fort. It then blew a tremendous gale, mostly from the westward. The storm continued with little interruption for three days, blowing a hurricane, and pouring down sheets of water at intervals, like the cascade of a great river.

Early on Saturday morning our three *look-outs* were on the alert, one on the promontory, another at the flag-staff on the height above German Town, and the third on the summit of the Sugar-Loaf Hill on Edward's Island; where Drake had planted a flag-staff also, and up to which an indifferent cork-screw walk had been cut in my absence. From this last post a vessel was seen in distress to the north-west, evidently stranded. Although the weather continued still boisterous, and a heavy sea was rolling in upon the reefs to the westward, Drake lost no time in manning my barge and his own boat with some of his best men, and made the best of his way round the south headland of Edward's Island, keeping between the innermost range of breakers and the shore.

A little before noon one of the boats returned to say, that the vessel was a Kingston privateer; and that all the people would be saved. Before night, the whole of the crew, thirty-five men and the captain, were safely landed at the village, and every comfort afforded them that our present situation would admit.

In consultation with Mr. Rowley, I determined to borrow the Lord's lay, and work, as our need was pressing; and to dedicate an early day, in lieu, to fasting and prayer, which we might hope in mercy would be accepted. This I made known at night to the people; and we proceeded on Sunday morning, at daylight, the day being fine, and the weather settled, to repair our most urgent damages. During the greater part of the week every person in the settlement was actively employed one way or other, in repairing the injuries sustained from the hurricane, and in furnishing supplies for the privateer's crew.

On Friday we held a solemn fast; and on the following Sunday divine service was observed with due solemnity; after which, Mr. Rowley christened Drake's dear little girl "Eliza." The privateer's men remained at their work as usual; but I sent a message to the Captain, requesting him to come to prayers: this he treated with derision, only laughing at the messenger.

Drake sailed with his prize on Tuesday, the 15th, and my brother accompanied him, taking with him the 6000 dollars that Van Kempen had sent from Porto Bello, and about 14,000 more, which he had lately amassed by commerce. Drake told me I must not expect his return under a month, for the schooner required new sheathing, and many other repairs. Diego, who then stood by at the time, eagerly said,—"And 60 cats, Captain Drake."—"Thank you, Master Diego," I exclaimed, I had forgot that most important commission. Bring us a good complement of rat-killers, but not quite 100."—"Not one too much, sir," resumed Diego; "the rats very powerful, sir."—"Very well," replied Drake, "I'll see to it, Master Diego."

The captain of the privateer would neither send any one to Jamaica, or the Porghee, nor write by Captain Drake, nor give any clue to whom

his vessel belonged; which induced us to suspect there was something wrong about him and his vessel. He himself was an Anglo-American, named Barnes; his crew, whites, mulattoes, and blacks; some of all nations; something like ourselves in that respect. The Porghee was not two days gone before this fellow and his people began to manifest not only ungrateful, but insubordinate conduct. Although they were well supplied with provisions every morning, a strong party of them went over to German Town, where they took away fowls, and behaved with great indecency to some of the women. On hearing this, I sent to Martin, ordering him to return with the Avon and the other boats, but to leave one canoe. I was not a little astonished when Martin re-appeared without the boats; but I was doubly astonished when he said, "They take away the boat from German Town, sir,—privateer, no English privateer at all, sir, no more than *buccaneer*; rob, plunder, and kill everybody.

This was a very unpleasant business. The villain had all our boats, excepting my barge, and two canoes; and I now had sufficient reasons for considering him an arrant pirate, and for believing that his intention might be to put to sea in the Avon, with his most valuable effects, and rob and plunder the settlement for sea stock; and perhaps take all the other boats with him for his better accommodation. I, however, dissembled my displeasure; and provisions were forwarded the next morning as usual, with a civil message, requesting the boats; to which he returned a surly answer, saying—"He was not done with them;" at the same time making a requisition of certain things to be sent the next day, in addition to the customary supply. When I received his message, I lost no time in making the best dispositions in my power to get our whole *band* together, so as to transport them to Allwood's Bay by ten o'clock that night, which was very quickly and quietly accomplished.

Sergeant Craig supplied every man's cartouche-box with twelve rounds of ball cartridge, and made the men dress. This was the more necessary, as I learned from Martin that the fellows had saved both half-pikes and cutlasses from the wreck, and also fire-arms, though he believed no gunpowder.

By eleven o'clock our whole body, about sixty men, were formed in double rank in front of Allwood's house. At the same time I despatched the barge round with Diego and his own crew, accompanied by Martin and Purdy, all well armed, with directions to seize the Avon and the other boats, or to prevent their escape, should any of the pirates be embarked in them. In an hour we arrived at the further end of Long Bay, where we halted, and fixed bayonets; and then surrounded the canvass sheds of the pirates, by five divisions, of twelve men each. In an instant the fellows were on the alert, the Captain hallooing out "Cutlasses!" On which I said, in a loud voice, "That every man of his should *instantly be shot* who appeared with a pike or cutlass." I spoke loud

enough to be heard by the whole party. But the Captain was not disposed to yield; I was therefore obliged to order the people to charge the villains. Young Allwood was cut down at the onset, and another man of ours also: but our bold fellows pushed forward on them, at once overpowering them. But even then we found much difficulty in completely subduing and securing them, they being desperate ruffians, and their Captain fighting like a badger in a corner of the rock. As fast, however, as we could do it, they were tied, two and two together, with their own ropes; and the whole crew, except two killed and four wounded, were made to sit together on the sand, with a guard round them.

My thoughts soon turned on those left at home; and in consequence I despatched messengers to inform Lady Seaward and all hands that the pirates were secured. For I felt that my own dear wife, and every other man's dear wife, might not be without great anxiety on the occasion; although no one could have expected that fellows almost unarmed would have offered resistance to a body of well-appointed men double their numbers.

Doctor Gordon took charge of the wounded men on the field; and at dawn of day, the two men killed were buried where they fell. On examination, I discovered a little bag in the Captain's pocket, which contained emeralds of some value; likewise some Portuguese Johannas, and moidores, in his purse. The men, also, were despoiled of some gold, a good deal of silver, and a few knives.

The captain remained perfectly sullen: he was an ugly black-whiskered fellow, looking like a wild boar tied for the slaughter. But some of the men were conciliatory, saying a good deal; enough to let us know there were plenty of pieces of eight, and some smaller money, in bags under the canvass sheds. There was no article of value besides the coin, of which there were 9000 pieces of eight, in bags, and four bags of piastres, amounting to 4300 pieces of eight more. There were thirty-six cutlasses, as many half pikes, twenty old muskets, five hangers, one of which was very handsome, a parcel of damaged sails and spars, some bales of silk, and other things. It came out, before we had done, that it had been their intention to have built a small vessel out of the remains of the wreck, with which they intended to depart; but as the Captain thought the Avon might do just as well, he said it would save a great deal of time and trouble if they would seize her: and they confessed that they did intend to put his plan into immediate execution: but where he was to sail with her, they did not know, or would not tell.

My dear wife, with Mr. and Mrs. Rowley, and Rosalie, with kind-hearted Mistress Rota, were all upon the beach to greet me on my landing. My beloved Eliza caught my hand, as I stepped from the boat. "Welcome, my Edward," she said; "is all well?"—"All is well, my love," I replied; "*by the mercy of God*, we have been rescued from the

perfidy of those villains." Mr. Rowley would have given me his arm, but that my dear Eliza would not concede to any human being: so, ordering Diego and his men to bring up the bullion and the arms, I leaned on one who was born to lean on me; and we walked up quietly together, followed by our friends.

At breakfast, I detailed all that had occurred. To many, such a recital would have occasioned only emotions of indignation at the ungrateful perfidy of the pirate and his crew: but Mr. Rowley lamented over their lost condition, as sinful men; and my tender Eliza dropped a tear, when I said, "Two of them were killed, and buried on the spot where they fell." After this I walked to the plank-house; before which all the prisoners were standing. I desired Sergeant Craig to unpinion the Captain, but to keep his legs fettered, and then confine him in the plank-house; where a sentry must always be kept over him. All the other fellows, who amounted to twenty-four, were marched within the cave storehouse stoccado. I told them, I knew they were pirates, without letter of marque or commission; and that as such, every one of them was liable to be hung; but now was the time for any who chose to save themselves to come forward and depose to the facts of their Captain's conduct; and that within an hour I would send to see who were disposed to speak the truth. This was declared in English, in French, in Spanish, and in Dutch, by different persons.

Within the hour, two men came forward, and were brought to the mansion. They were Englishmen, and Cornishmen from *Mevagissey*. They stated that they had entered with the pirate, to save their lives; that the vessel they first belonged to had been plundered and burned by the pirate; and all the rest of the crew, with their Captain, been made to *walk the plank*. They detailed enormities I will not repeat; but stated that the pirate had a rendezvous, where another like himself resorted to, on a small island near the Mosquito shore. I took the depositions of these men before Mr. Rowley; and then placed them again in confinement, but separate from the others, in a house of the village. I desired two more witnesses of a different nation, which I soon found in a Frenchman and a Spaniard, who, on being examined, substantiated what the Englishmen had said. I took depositions from these men also; and this was enough.

I was determined not to allow the great body of villains to eat the bread of idleness; and I ordered the twenty that were confined within the stoccado to be divided among the settlers, and set to work to-morrow morning, tied by the leg, two and two: Diego being instructed to employ the four *King's evidences* on our own grounds, at the silk cotton-tree plantation.

Early the next morning twenty cutlasses were distributed among the *most discreet* men of our different settlements, and the pirates divided among them. The smith was ordered to make substantial irons for the

legs of the pirate Captain; for this ruffian breathed nothing but vengeance and defiance. I, however, kept him on biscuit and water, and obliged him to pick oakum for his pastime and maintenance.

The agricultural operations now went on apace; every one being employed, and the additional piratical hands giving great assistance. There was, however, no muster-day on the following Saturday. But we observed the Sabbath as usual, and brought the delinquents up to the hallowed spot, as possibly some good might come of it. On the following Saturday, the 2d of February, the labours of the field being nearly finished, I felt myself at liberty to resume our military muster.

When our men were drawn up, I addressed them on the subject of the late encounter on Edward's Island. I told them that the persons we had made prisoners were pirates,—miscreants that plundered all nations; who, not having the fear of God before their eyes, ran forward in a career of wickedness, carrying death and destruction in its path, to every one they could overcome; but now ending, as all wickedness does end, in their own destruction. Then I said—"My brave fellows! you are all entitled to my best thanks, for you all did your duty cheerfully and unostentatiously. Considerable booty, in silver, has been taken; and I shall lose no time in petitioning the King of England to allow me to divide it among you, in such proportions as he may direct."

In the evening, when Sergeant Craig came to me for orders, he told me that Barnes, the Pirate Captain, said, he did not think, when the King's schooner sailed, there were above seven men-at-arms left on the island;—that he was thunderstruck when he and his party were surrounded by soldiers,—he could scarcely believe his eyes, and for a few minutes thought he must be dreaming;—that if he had known how it was, he would have put our pipe out the night before,—he would have given the Governor promotion! "The rascal had the hardihood to tell you this, Craig?" said I.—"Yes, sir," he replied; "and seemed to have no other regret, than his not having done it."

On the next day, which was the Sabbath, our good minister preached expressly to the deluded men; but I did not admit their Captain. He was kept in close confinement at the plank-house, with a sentry over him. However, in the course of the week, Mr. Rowley desired permission to visit him in his clerical capacity; which I readily granted.

On Monday morning, I turned out the pirate crew in a body, and told them, that their fate, perhaps, depended on their orderly behaviour: that I was about to try them, by sending them altogether to complete a road on the opposite island. They promised fairly; and I sent the whole gang, excepting the King's evidences, to Allwood's Bay; placing over them as a guard the three artillerymen, with orders to see them finish the spiral road up to the summit of the Sugar-Loaf Hill, agreeably to the plan Drake had once explained to me.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON the 26th of February, Van Kempen returned with the galliot and schooner from Porto Bello. His expedition had been successful beyond expectation. On Wednesday, the 5th of March, Drake made his appearance, and came to anchor in the afternoon. He brought a schooner with him under convoy, and the Mary, my uncle's brig, also came in with him. Drake also brought an officer of engineers with him. This officer had been sent from England to join Admiral Vernon, but arrived too late by a few days, the Admiral having sailed from Jamaica, on the 25th of February; to which place he had gone, after the great January storm, by which he had suffered severely.

I greeted my brave fellow with a hearty welcome on his landing. "I must see my Maria," said he; "but will come again before sunset."—"Not so fast, my dear friend," I exclaimed; "I cannot allow you to go to Spring Hill without first telling you that it is occupied by pirates." Drake stared at me; and then said, "What am I to make of this, Sir Edward?" "The fact is," returned I, "we have been under the necessity of seizing those fellows you saved from the wreck. I have discovered them to be pirates; and there are now twenty of them, under a guard, employed in making the corkscrew road you projected, from the base to the summit of Sugar-Loaf Hill."—"I should like to see it," exclaimed the engineer. "We shall have the pleasure of showing it to you to-morrow, Captain Frazer," I replied. "Now, my dear Drake," continued I, "be off and do not let me see your face here again to-night; but to-morrow, as early as you please. Drake did not wait another bidding; but was making his escape in right earnest, when Master Diego, like a black genius, seized on the unlucky wight, exclaiming—" *Los Gatos Capitan nobile!*"—"What the devil do you want, Diego?" replied Drake, hastening away, with my zealous *major domo* at his heels.—"The cats, Captain Drake!" vociferated he.—"O, there are two sacks full of them," rejoined Drake.—"Your pardon, *Capitan nobile*," replied Diego, making a dead stand, and bowing profoundly; "I ask pardon for great bad manners, sir." Drake was the best tempered fellow in the world; so, turning round, he took off his hat, and having returned Master Diego's low bow, made a precipitate retreat to the boat, and rowed off, with all expedition, for his *château*.

After coffee, Captain Frazer and myself walked out to the battery. He surveyed it for some time without making any observations, then asked me what other batteries I had on the Island. I told him, we had only one gun on the height above us. Sergeant Craig was in attendance; so we ascended the promontory all together. From the flag-staff, Captain

Frazer had a bird's-eye view of the islands, their channels, and harbour. He asked many questions respecting all these points; on which I was able to satisfy him tolerably well.

Next morning I laid the chart of the islands before Captain Frazer, by his desire; and he soon made it clear to me, that the ten guns were placed in a worse than useless position. He said, where they now were, they could make no defence against the entrance of ships; and that the battery was too weak to do anything after a force had got in: in fact, it would only serve to draw a destructive fire upon my own residence. He thought the rock below the conical hill was the best place for a battery. "And," continued he, "if you were to place a large gun, with a depressing carriage, on the summit of the hill above the rock, that gun would command the fort below. But we will visit the opposite side, and I shall then be able to speak more positively on the subject."

After breakfast, we went to Allwood's Bay, and reconnoitred the rock opposite the great conical hill. Here Captain Frazer now expressed himself as being quite certain of the eligibility of the plan he had suggested. Drake was delighted with what had been done, and by the plan in contemplation. When we had wended up the spiral road, until it brought us immediately opposite to the black rock, on which the new fort was to be constructed, Captain Frazer suddenly stood still, and said—"We will throw a drawbridge over the narrow pass, from this point, to our intended fort. I think we stand twenty-four feet above the pass. This must be the only entrance to the fort. Such a position will add much to its security." I was much pleased with the idea; and admired the sagacity, which, in a moment, saw its application to the situation of our proposed new battery.

After paying our respects to Mrs. Drake, we proceeded in my barge to reconnoitre the positions at the northern entrance of the harbour. After some time Captain Frazer fixed on the steep rocky eminence situated towards the n. e. point of Edward's Island, for two guns; which would at once command the northern channel, cover Peccary Field Bay, and co-operate with the fort, to be built opposite Spring Hill, in scouring the whole harbour.

Having completed the object of our survey, and being near the spot where the pirates' vacant encampment yet stood, I told them the story of the conspiracy, and fought the battle over again. "The scoundrels!" exclaimed Frazer.—"Ah, but brave fellows, Sir Edward!" cried Drake; "fine fellows, if in a good cause! See how they laid about them with their cutlasses! if the King of Spain's guards had been opposed to them, it would have been the same."—"That's all very fine," observed Captain Frazer, "but their cause was a bad one, and that is the present question; and if they get their deserts, every man of them must be hanged."—"I own that; but I have promised to save them all, if I can," said I,

"except the captain. And it is my intention to send him, by and by, in the Porghee, to Jamaica to be tried. Four of his crew have impeached him," said I, "with plundering vessels of different nations, and forcing their captains, passengers, and crews to *walk the plank*."—"Walk the plank!" inquired Captain Frazer; "what is that?"—"It is," I replied, "nothing more nor less than forcing them to walk overboard into the sea."

After dinner, Captain Frazer was so kind as to draw out plans for the two forts he had suggested; and made the model of a depressing carriage, for the large gun, to be mounted on the summit of the Sugar-Loaf Hill: which sort of gun, he said, he had no doubt could be easily obtained at Porto Bello; as most likely it was in contemplation to demolish the fortifications of that place entirely.

By Saturday the 8th, the shipping arrangements were completed. The galliot was loaded with the goods purchased from the *Mary*, and the chartered schooner was full of the merchandise brought in her from Kingston. With these vessels, Van Kempen sailed, under convoy of the Porghee, for Porto Bello; and the *Mary* went out at the same time for Honduras, to take advantage of the escort for a short distance. I wrote a letter to Admiral Vernon, by Captain Drake, requesting two forty-eight and fourteen eighteen-pound guns, with fifty or a hundred rounds of shot for each. On receiving my letter, and last instructions, he and Captain Frazer took their leave; my best thanks being returned to the engineer, for his very valuable services in pointing out to me the proper way of defending our harbour.

We had no military muster to-day, but Diego mustered his cats, whose rank and file fell short of a hundred by fourscore and ten; however, he was rejoiced to see even the few that had been brought. And having spoken to Van Kempen on the subject, he hoped in time to be master of an ample supply.

In a few days the Tom Cod sailed for Jamaica, with her loading of the merchandise brought from Porto Bello. After the departure of all the vessels, I looked closely into every thing at the settlement, seeing that every one was industriously occupied in their calling, even to the children. And in a little time I caused the central point of the open space to be occupied by a beautiful little *jet d'eau*, conveyed through a small leaden pipe from the spring above the silk-cotton tree, and made to play into a stone basin, which had been brought out to me in my uncle's brig. This *jet d'eau* was a delightful object, when looked at from the dining hall through the great door to the east; especially when the sun rose high enough above the promontory to shine upon it; a rainbow was then seen in the air, quite close to it. And now that the pen and poultry houses were removed, the finely wooded hill appeared through the shining spray.

On the 26th, Drake came back from Porto Bello, *well laden*; and had left Van Kempen behind, with the two merchant vessels. The Porghee had arrived there with her convoy, on the very day the Admiral returned

from bombarding Carthage, and Drake lost no time in waiting on him with my letter, and to introduce Captain Frazer. "I am glad to see you, sir," said the Admiral to Drake. "But what are *you* sent here to do?" was his salutation to the Captain of Engineers, who bowed, and presented his letters. The Admiral went aside, until he had read them, and mine; then returning, said—"Mr. Drake, you may take away as many iron guns, and as much shot, from the batteries of Porto Bello, as you please. Captain Frazer, I have no doubt you are a very clever fellow in your way; but the Captain of the Diamond is also a very clever fellow, a capital engineer, both ashore and afloat; so, if you please, you may take the command of Gloria Castle, or any other fort or place here; but I will not embark you in my ship."

Drake, having got a *carte blanche* for iron cannon and shot, helped himself in the course of a week to sixteen large guns; two of which were calibred for shot of forty-six pounds' weight; the others for just half that weight of metal. These sized guns are awkward for an English fortress, there not being any English shot that will fit them; but Drake had taken pretty good care to provide against that circumstance; for he not only brought away their carriages complete, rammers and all, but also above fifty tons of shot.

The Admiral sent for Drake after some days; it was on the 21st. He then talked to him about the prize, saying there should be 5l. a man head-money. He was, however, so well pleased when he heard that his share was at least 10,000 dollars upon the cargo, that he said—"What can I do to serve you, Mr. Drake?"—"If you will send Sir Edward Seaward some gunpowder with the cannon," replied Drake, "I know it will be acceptable."—"Sit down, sir," said the Admiral. He then wrote an order for forty barrels of Spanish gunpowder; which he gave to Drake, with a letter for myself; ordering him to be ready to put to sea with the squadron on the morrow. The Admiral's letter to me was in the usual style, short and pithy:—

"I have sent you some Spanish guns; and, at Mr. Drake's request, something to cram them with. He says you have taken some pirates; send them to me, as they are *men at arms*, I will find work for them.

"Yours,

"E. V.

"P. S. I'll send you some sick, and a vessel to repair now and then; Mr. Drake says you have brave means and good will. Some day or other I may take a look at you. E. V."

When I had read this letter, which was after Drake had finished his recital of what had occurred, I said—"Your zeal is great, my dear friend; thank you for what you have accomplished." I walked with him down to the beach, and on our way we met Master Diego, who had been

on the look out for the needful. His boat's crew were at his heels, every one with a fine cat under his arm; Diego carrying a monstrous beast, as black as himself. "Thank you, Captain Drake," he said; "will shake rats now, sir, out of their skins."

On the following morning, I went over to Allwood's Bay; and being joined by Drake, it delighted me to witness the complete manner in which the spiral road to the summit of the Sugar-Loaf Hill had been finished: but it was necessary to make a platform on the top. This we now marked out, twenty-four feet in diameter; informing the artillerymen, that a forty-six pound gun was to be mounted on it. With this piece of intelligence they were highly delighted.

While Drake was employed discharging the Porghee's ordnance, I wrote my letters to the Governor of Jamaica, in which I enclosed the depositions regarding the pirates; and on the 29th the Porghee sailed for Kingston, with the pirate Captain Bartholemy Barnes, and the four men of his crew that impeached him. I told the Governor that Admiral Vernon would find use for the pirate's crew; and, indeed, it might be just as well to suffer them to be killed by the Spaniards, as to take the trouble of trying them, and hanging them ourselves.

Drake returned to us again on the 14th of April; after having delivered the culprit into the hands of justice, and witnessed the termination of the affair. Barnes was tried, condemned, and hung in chains on Port Royal Point. The four King's evidences were sent on board men-of-war. But there was a strong sensation at Jamaica, against the rest of the crew that remained with me; and nothing saved the men, but an idea of their being already sent to the Spanish Main, and in actual offensive operations against the enemy. This business, therefore, was well settled.

Drake brought me letters from England truly afflicting. My dear and worthy Mr. Goldsmith wrote to me a most distressing account of the peasantry about him; indeed, of the whole country. The frost had been so severe from Christmas-day, to the time at which he wrote, that all the wheats had been destroyed in the ground; and he said, if it were to continue much longer, a famine must be the consequence. The Severn was frozen for many miles beyond Bristol harbour; and he had heard that a fair was holding on the Thames. The village *elm* had been riven by the frost to its very root; and the main trunk of the great *oak* at *Shellard's Lane* had been split, if not destroyed. In consequence of this, I wrote to our friend and father, authorising him to remit half the year's rent to my tenants, and to distribute 100*l.* among the poor of *Aubury* and *Hartfield* (in addition to the money already allowed), in such sums and at such times as he might see necessary.

For very many months, there was not a foreign arrival in our harbour, which I attributed to the war with Spain. But on the 23rd, a French *brig*, bound to the Spanish Main, which had struck on a reef of rocks

somewhere to the south-west of us, came in. I received the Captain with great civility, telling him his vessel should be repaired. In the meantime, Van Kempen and my brother bought all the cargo; and sold him cacao, and other South-American produce, cheaper than he could buy it on the Main. In a fortnight, he put again to sea; having made a better voyage, he said, than if no accident had happened to him; and our merchants, and honest fiscal, had also good reason to be satisfied with the reef that sent him to our port, for they also had made a good thing of it.

Drake had been employed, since his last arrival, in getting one of the largest guns up to the flag-staff on the promontory; whence he then moved the twelve-pounder already there to the face of the precipice that overlooks the isthmus. He was indefatigable at Spring Hill, while the platform was finishing; and also in forwarding the building of the fort, which went on with great spirit. On the 1st of May, he got the other large gun up to the platform, and on the succeeding day carried up the shot, and fixed the gun for service.

By the middle of May, I felt that I could dispense with the labour of some of the pirates, although a busy time of the year: indeed, I was glad to do so; for many of them had become unruly, and, strange to say, more especially those who had been wounded. I therefore picked out ten of the best behaved, to retain with us, and sent off all the others to Porto Bello, giving to each man the money that had been taken from him. The Admiral was not in port when the Porghee arrived, but the gang of pirates sent was delivered over with my letter to the senior officer.

Drake had the good fortune, on his return, to fall in with a Spanish privateer of fourteen guns, and capture her, after a severe action, in which seven of his men were killed and eight wounded,—nearly half his number; but, happily, he himself escaped without a scratch. It was a moment of exultation, to see the little Porghee coming round the point, with her prize, a vessel more like a sloop of war than a privateer! and our gallant friend leap on shore with his hat in one hand, and a sheathed cutlass in the other, calling out to me, as I stood on the rocks below Fort George, ready to receive him — “There she is, Sir Edward!!!”

This affair made work for Doctor Gordon; and he lost no time in attending to it. The privateer carried seventy men, thirteen of whom had been killed, and twenty-three wounded: more than the whole number of Drake's crew. There was some valuable merchandise discovered to be on board the prize; cambrics, silks, cloves, and other articles of consideration. These she had plundered out of a Dutchman; and after doing so, she scuttled poor *Mynheer*, and then put the crew on shore upon a small island. But she had also taken an English ship, the *William and Mary*, which he sent into La Guira; but as she could not spare many

hands to send with her, she had only trusted the captain and mate to remain on board, the crew having been transferred to the privateer. These were released by the noble achievement of the *Porghee*; making a welcome addition to Drake's strength, at the moment of the capture.

Towards the end of June, Drake sailed with his prize for Jamaica; the English seamen taken in her, except two, having entered on board the *Porghee*. The story of the rich prize she made some months before had no small weight in determining them to this step: besides, they had seen their new commander was a brave fellow; and, perhaps, they apprehended they might be pressed into some king's ship, they would not like so well, on their arrival at Port Royal, if they went there without being provided already.

In July, Drake returned, bringing the artillery-men with him; and it rejoiced us all to hear that he had received 22,000 dollars for his own share of the Spanish ship he took in November; and that the privateer was likely to prove a good prize also; as many persons seemed eager to buy her; and the goods she had on board, although not of much bulk, were of great value. The crew of the *Porghee* were now all flush of money, which they literally threw away among the people at the settlement.

By the middle of August, the battery below Spring Hill* was completed; twelve twenty-three pounders mounted, and a flag-staff put up. Then, with some ceremony, I named it, after the gallant Admiral who had sent us the guns, "*Fort Vernon*." The workmen were now despatched to the other end of Edward's Island, to erect the projected two-gun battery there; and Xavier and Derrick were employed in building a barrack, for eight artillery-men, at Fort Vernon.

Ever since the sale of the pirate's hull, Allwood had been busy at intervals breaking her up. He proposed, with these materials, to build a small schooner at this place; and having consulted me on the subject, I promised him every facility. "I feel something due," said I, "to the man who lays down the first keel on Seaward Islands. Besides I wish to show you, Manus Allwood, that I have not forgotten your gallant conduct on the night we attacked the pirates." Manus was gratified every way by what I had said; not only thanking me, but looking vastly pleased, a tulip blush having risen on his dingy cheek before I was done speaking to him.

By the middle of October, the two-gun battery was finished; and by the help of the carpenters now at work on Allwood's vessel, the sergeant of artillery succeeded in getting up the two guns; and on the evening of the 15th he reported the battery complete, and fit for service. Orders were now given to have all the gun-carriages and guns painted at all

* *Spring Hill*, *Sugar-Loaf Hill*, and *Conical Hill* are different names for the same hill. — *Ed.*

the forts; and the persons employed on this business were afterwards directed to paint the great storehouse at the cave, and also the mansion, and all the houses belonging to it, to preserve the wood. This was an expensive and tedious operation, but so necessary that it could not be dispensed with.

The wages to our Spanish masons now amounted to 348 dollars; and as I had engaged to go on paying them, until I could send them back to Porto Bello, I set them about building a handsome stone fountain of coral freestone at the village, to be in direct communication with the rock whence the water first gushed forth. It was to be done, and was done, on a plan of their own, the Spaniards being well acquainted with such erections. This fountain was made to pour itself through the beautiful mouths of twelve large conchs, into a great reservoir below; the shells being cut across with a saw, so as to separate the spiral end, leaving the opening to the mouth unobstructed. The villagers now received their water pure and cool, from the mouths of the gushing shells; and I regarded it altogether as a fine achievement.

As the 30th would be the anniversary of the birth-day of our august sovereign, I resolved to make it a festival. At sunrise, all the colours on the islands were hoisted; and as it was necessary to scale the Spanish guns, the forty-six pounders were fired from the promontory and Sugar-Loaf Hill, at the moment their flags went up. We had a grand field-day on the open ground between the mansion and the fort; and all the people, including the crews of the vessels, the Spanish masons, and the ten remaining pirates, were regaled under the canopy of the great silk-cotton tree. I gave a fine dinner, also, at the mansion; and when the King's health was drunk, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the batteries; beginning at Fort George below us, where the St. George's flag displayed itself; the salute being then taken up and finished by Fort Vernon. The people, still assembled, now cheered; and a twenty-gallon cask of Spanish wine having been just served out among them, neither Spaniards nor pirates made any objection to drink to the health of the King of England. At nine o'clock the drums beat; and, to show a good example, all my guests at the mansion went away. The people, observing the movement, of course separated, and retired cheerfully to their respective homes.

I still retained the ten pirates, finding them not only useful, but orderly; and I had released them from their state of slavery on the King's birthday. These men eventually proved themselves reformed, some of them serving in our vessels as sailors, and two of them settling in the village, and plying as ferrymen between St. George's and Allwood's Bay.

Our numbers were now very much increased, not only by the accession

of adult persons, but by births, which had been numerous; and the young generation was springing up around us, almost beyond knowledge; but the most agreeable reflection was in knowing that they were growing up in industry, and in the fear of God.

Early in December, Drake returned from Porto Bello with his three vessels under convoy; and in a few days after, he proceeded to Jamaica, taking my brother's schooner with him deeply laden. He did not delay on this voyage, but made haste to return home, on account of the approaching stormy season; and came to anchor again, with the Tom Cod in company, on the 18th. He brought us letters, one of which was from the Secretary of State, on the subject of the money taken from the pirates. It stated, that I had a right to three-eighths of the whole; and that I had permission to divide and distribute the remainder among the persons actually engaged, in such proportions as, in strict justice, I might think them respectively entitled to.

On the 20th, which was Saturday, the muster took place as usual; and I took the occasion to read the Secretary of State's letter: and I then appointed Monday to pay the money.

On Monday the people assembled on the open ground before the mansion. I stated to them, that there were nine bags with 1000 *pieces of eight*, hammered *cobs*, in each; the *cob* being in value 3s. 4d. English money, but in Jamaica currency 5s.; and there were four bags, containing 17,200 *piastres*; each *piastre* being two *ryals*, viz. the fourth of one *cubbed piece of eight*. After some further explanations, every man received 150 pieces; the three Corporals, 200 each; Sergeant Craig, 300; and Dr. Gordon, 1000.

The money being thus distributed, I said, taking from my pocket the small bag of emeralds I had found on the pirate Captain,—“Here are some emeralds: I do not know what they are worth; nor can I know, until they are sent to England; but if you will confide them to me, I will take care that you shall have their value among you, when they can be sold.” They all cried out with one voice,—“Keep them!—give them to our honoured lady.” They then called for Lady Seaward; on which I sent Diego to tell her the people desired to see her. Mr. Rowley followed Diego; and soon after, my dear wife appeared, leaning on Mr. Rowley's arm; the people cheering, and making way for her to pass. In a few minutes, I took her by the hand. For a moment there was a dead silence. Master Diego, who had followed from the mansion, now stepped forward, and, taking off his hat, spoke as follows:—“Brave and good men, I speak because I am old man. My good master, your Governor and mine took me from canoe, with Xavier and our wives, nearly starved and perished: my kind mistress, your lady and mine, fed us and our wives; she caught the fish with her own hand that fed us; for this, I ask to be the one to give the emeralds to our lady, as a token of our love and

duty." As Diego finished, the people cheered him. I then put the little bag into his hand; on which, kissing the ground, he laid it at Lady Seaward's feet, saying,—“Diego's heart is with it.” My dear wife gently took the bag from the ground, when Diego laid it down; and also taking up his last sentence, she said, in an under tone—“I value your own gift, my honest and faithful Diego, not less than these jewels.” She then would have addressed the people, but her voice failed: but she wrapped the little bag in her cambric handkerchief, and put it in her bosom.—“Tell them, my Edward,” said she, “that I accept the jewels, and will wear them as I would do their affections—at once my pride and ornament.” I repeated her words aloud: and after a little more cheering, the people retired; and my dear Eliza, leaning on my arm, walked with a slow and pensive step up to our residence.

When we sat down, she trembled, and changed colour.—“You are ill, love,” I said.—“I am overcome, Edward,” she replied: “this is too much for me! An injury, or an injustice, I know how to bear; it is my duty: but this mark of honour, this almost devotion, from the people! and then our faithful Diego, how he showed himself on the occasion! it is all too much.” A tear, that natural solace of strong feeling, came to her relief, and restored her to herself: then smiling, she took the hands of Mrs. Rowley and Rosalie, who stood over her, saying, “My kind friends!”

The Thursday following being Christmas-day, large preparations were made for its celebration; and I thought this a fine opportunity for James to release his bondman Jacob; who had been one of Diego's patriarchs, mentioned often in the early part of this diary. When all the settlement was gathered together, I formed the people round me in a ring, with our revered pastor, my brother, and Jacob, his bondman, standing by me. I then addressed the people in these words:—“By some mistake there remained 175 pieces of eight of the pirates' money unappropriated, and also some gold pieces found in the captain's pocket. It was my intention to propose to you that it should be paid to Mr. Seaward to purchase the remainder of the bondage of this brave man (pointing to Jacob), who was wounded in the service of the public; but Mr. Seaward will not accept of it; he stands here to give the man his freedom, on this day, and at this place, as a reward of bravery.” The people cheered. My brother then took Jacob by the hand, saying, “*You are free*: go where you please.” They cheered again.—“I think, good Master Seaward,” said Jacob, as soon as he could be heard, “I am *free*; and now, if Master Seaward please, I will go back to Peccary Field to-night, and *free Jacob* and *bondman Jacob* will be just the same.”—“I will divide the money among you,” resumed I to the people.—“No! no!” was the reply from many; then, after a little pause, and some stir among them, John Reynolds, one of the settlers from Carolina, came forward, and said,—“It is the people's wish that the money be made an offering to our worthy clergyman.—We desire you

will accept of it, Mr. Rowley. We owe you much on our own accounts, and on behalf of our children; and we know how little you get for all you do." Mr. Rowley bowed, saying, "In the same spirit you give, so I receive. Good people, I return you my thanks for this mark of your esteem."

We now left them to their amusements; and as the Porghee and all the other vessels were in port, the sailors contributed not a little to the jollity and drollery of the scene. The flags were flying on all the heights, and at all the forts, and the vessels displayed their colours. At twelve o'clock the people sat down to a plenteous feast—turtle, mutton, pigs, and poultry, and when they were all seated, having now a good store of gunpowder, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired from Fort George; and they then set to in the true English style of rejoicing. The day went off well and soberly: which I was glad to see, for I knew there was a great deal of wine on the island belonging to different persons. I had prohibited spirits as contraband; but as the people were becoming rich, I felt I must concede something; I therefore had allowed wine to be bought and sold; still no intemperance, even among the Germans or sailors, took place.

On the following day all the vessels were moved into Peccary Creek, for safety against the storms which we now might expect to visit us. The muster on Saturday was dispensed with, the people being desired to remain at their homes, and secure every thing against the breaking up of the weather. It however still remained fine; the people assembling as usual to prayers on the Sabbath. At night, however, the rains began, but unattended by anything like a hurricane, or even a gale of wind; and so they continued with little intermission for five days, pouring down in torrents.

On the evening of the 2d of January the sky brightened up; and on the next day the people throughout the island began the important operation of putting in their crops.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHEN our agricultural labours were accomplished, all the vessels put to sea on a commercial errand, under convoy of Captain Drake.

Ever since John Reynolds made the speech to Mr. Rowley, in the name of the people, I regarded him with some attention; for I was much struck at the time by the propriety, if not elegance, of his manner and diction on that occasion. It now happened, that in a conversation I held with him, he confessed to me that he was the son of a squire in the West of England; that he had been wild and unmanageable from his boyhood; that at the age of twenty-one he married a poor girl, his present wife, *whose person he could not otherwise obtain; and that, being thrown off*

by his father, and penniless, he took advantage of the government offer to send persons free of expense to Georgia; but, as I already knew, he never reached that port, having sailed from Carolina to settle here. "And am very glad," continued he, "that I did so."—"It will be your own fault, sir," said I to the poor fellow, "if you have not reason to be glad; but if I take you by the hand, do not venture to try me as you did your father." I then recommended him to the attention of my brother and brother-in-law Kempen; who, I rather thought, would be glad to employ him as a clerk until something better turned up for him. Nature had done a great deal for him: he was a man of quick parts, and of humane disposition, highly sensible now of every kindness shown to him.

About the close of the memorable year 1733, I received a letter from Captain Knight, my fellow-sufferer at Porto Bello. He had arrived in England last August, in the Torrington, in company with the Diamond, Captain Knowles. By the same opportunity I received also letters from my bankers, and one from Gloucestershire, with a long account of the destructive consequences of the severe and continued frost of January and February of last year; accompanied, however, by pleasing details of the great good our dear and revered Mr. Goldsmith had done, and was still doing, by the means I had afforded him. Well, notwithstanding all this, my banker's account had continued to improve; and I bless God that he never suffered my bowels of compassion to be shut up, or my hand to close, against my fellow-creatures, and still he increased my wealth: my riches multiplied, without my bestowing a thought or a care about them.

The accounts I received of the ill success of the grand expedition made against Carthage in the spring vexed me a good deal. I was hurt because of the failure of his Majesty's arms; and I was sorry that the gallant Vernon had in some degree sacrificed the interests of his country to his dislike or contempt of military men. But I had great reason to be uneasy on our own account; having received intimation that Don Blas de Seso had declared "the English should not now be allowed to hold a hawk's nest in their seas," alluding to our settlement.

Towards the autumn, several Kingston privateers rendezvoused here; and some prizes were brought in. They were a great nuisance to the place; so that, although they spent some money in it, I heartily desired never to see any of them come into the harbour. I had found it impossible to prevent the ingress of spirits, but I put the high duty of one dollar a gallon on it, whether rum, brandy, or Hollands; while I permitted wine of every description to be landed duty free, the *ad valorem* import accepted.

Mr. Rowley preached, and I was vigilant; but all my efforts to preserve the orderly conduct that had previously existed were unavailing. This was a most unpleasant state of things. A profusion of money, the intro-

duction of wine and spirits, and the presence of our profligate visitors, were the principal if not the sole causes of all this disorder. My dear wife, in anguish of spirit at what she saw, often said to me, "O my Edward, if we do not take great care, the fate of Port Royal must be ours!" After much perplexity, and frequent counsel with those I loved and esteemed, I resolved (at hazard of proceeding illegally) to forbid any privateers entering the harbour, unless in distress. Accordingly, henceforward, I did not suffer one of them to come in, but warned them off, when they approached: and, if they persisted, gave them a hint from the forty-six-pounder on the promontory, that I was in earnest.

In this way, I eventually got rid of them; and it was my great happiness to see the people to a man return to their industrious and sober habits.

By a strict observance of divine worship, by the blessing of God, by precept, and by example, and by strict and impartial justice, and a due vigilance, I had the satisfaction, when our Christmas of 1741 came round, to see and to feel that we were again what we before had been: and I took the occasion which that sacred day afforded me, to address the people at some length. I endeavoured to show them how narrowly they had escaped destruction: and I trusted in future that no bad example, nor any other motive, should induce a single individual of them to desert the path of duty; but that they would all live orderly, industriously, and soberly; as many present had done hitherto without wavering, through all the temptations which the licentious strangers had thrown in their way. I concluded with recommending them to the protection of Almighty God, for the sake of Him whose incarnation we were about to commemorate with thanksgivings and rejoicings. And I desired them now to enjoy themselves in all mirth with sobriety. They did not cheer me—I was glad they did not—but a more grateful sound reached my ears—"We are sorry that any should have offended. We have no complaint to make. The Governor has done well."—"I am satisfied," I replied; "I am your friend as well as your Governor." They now cried, "Long live Sir Edward!" as I left the ground, accompanied by Drake and Mr. Rowley. My dear wife anxiously awaited my arrival at the mansion, to know the result of my address to the people. For this year had been a year of great anxiety and uneasiness to us on their account; and it was gratifying to her kind heart to hear how well they had received my admonition.

We commenced the year very well: the people were not only rich, but industrious; and the public coffers also in good case. We had improved in all the arrangements of social life; uses were found for money in this way, by which a salutary emulation was excited; an emulation for something beyond a hut, a garment, and a meal; and evidences of it were to be seen at every habitation within and without, and in the dress of the *inhabitants*. Our produce for export was of some value, especially hats,

Indian arrow-root, cigars, and stockings; besides now above twenty bags of cotton had been picked and cleaned. In the spring my schooner was launched, which I called the *Francis Drake*, in compliment to my friend.

This was the first year of jubilee on the island; and, on the 9th of April, John Stone and Harry Rock, the two sailor boys, and Allan Derrick, the ship carpenter, and Priscilla his wife, and three other negro women, received their freedom in form; proclamation having been made on the spot, for any man to come forward and say *why the person whose name was now called should not be free*. In July, Diego's other three patriarchs had their manumission. And in December, Harold and Marcus the sawyers, with seven other men, five of whom were the artificers' apprentices, and four women also, received their freedom from bondage. The law of the settlement was thus established: the act done would be referred to as a *precedent*.

CHAPTER XXX.

In September, the Sea-Horse, Captain Limeburner, arrived from Jamaica, with despatches for me, on his way to the Spanish Main. He saluted us with thirteen guns, as he approached Fort Vernon; and, as he hauled up for the anchorage at Fort George, we returned his salute from the battery. He was received with a sergeant's guard; and the two sentinels, placed for the occasion before the mansion, presented arms to him as he put his foot on the step of the piazza.

After the moment of ceremony was over—"Here are despatches for you, sir," he said; adding, almost in the same breath, "What a thundering piece of ordnance you have got on the height above us here! What a place this is! I see nothing but flags and forts, and soldiers. I expected to find a miserable, blackguard hole, like the Caymanas; but this is another Gibraltar!" I smiled as he spoke, making no other reply than "I am happy to see you here, sir," and then begged permission to read the despatches he had brought me, and went aside for that purpose.

Without much preamble, they set forth grievous complaints, as made by the owners and captains of privateers; followed by a remonstrance, and something like a rap over the knuckles, for denying them rendezvous at Seaward Islands. The next matter was relative to making a settlement at the island of Rattan, near Cape Honduras; requesting I would send Lieutenant Drake to the Mosquito shore, to co-operate with Lieutenant Hodgson about supplies for the troops, and workmen now employed on the forts and town already in progress on that island; and to do every thing in my power to forward or succour the undertaking. This overteeming despatch concluded by observing that, of course, I was aware of

the Spaniards having taken possession of Porto Bello, and that a large naval force of the enemy was at this time collected at that port.

After reading the packet, I desired to know how long we should have the honour of Captain Limeburner's company, hoping he would not sail very soon. "I will stay a few days," he replied, "if I may get any fresh provisions for the ship's company. I had but just dropped the anchor at Port Royal, after a long cruise, when I received orders to put to sea for the Spanish Main, and with your despatches. All hands on board will soon be eaten up with the scurvy, if I don't look sharp. Can the lads buy any fresh *prog* here, such as turtle and vegetables?" Instead of making him any reply, I addressed myself to Diego, who stood full dressed. "Let a supply of turtle, and yams, and plantains, and pumpkins, and melons, for one hundred and twenty men, be sent on board the frigate immediately; and to-morrow morning, at sunrise, let them have a full supply of fish; and every day while his Majesty's ship remains here let them have the same." Diego bowed profoundly and retired. Captain Limeburner stared, and, being an ugly fellow with a cast in his eye, it was difficult to guess whom he looked at. Drake was ridiculously moved, either by Master Diego's bow, or by the naval captain's astonishment; and finding it impossible to preserve his gravity, he walked away into the back hall. "You don't mean this as a present, Sir Edward!" said the Captain. — "I do," I replied. — "I did not fish for that," he rejoined: "my crew are flush of money; let them buy what they want. I wish to see the fellows eased of their cash; it's as bad to them as the nightmare; they are never easy till they get clear of it." The stranger endeavoured to be very agreeable, appearing to be mightily taken with the ladies, and soon got into conversation with them; but it was all about this wonderful place. "He had made the land at the risk of his ship; he never saw a place so beset with shoals and breakers. If the directions he got at Jamaica had not been very clear, he could not have done it." — "I am happy no accident happened to you, Captain Limeburner," said my dear wife; "I should have trembled, had I known so large a vessel as yours was endeavouring last night to make her way to this dangerous land." — "As to the matter of that, madam," replied he, "we are but a *cock-boat*, where there is plenty of water; but no seaman likes your reefs and breakers, running twelve or fourteen leagues off shore; and I hope you don't laugh at me." This was an unmerited retort to my gentle Eliza; but at once she made him this reply: "You are accustomed to rough and brave companions, Captain Limeburner; we are not brave enough to jest with another's feelings, or to laugh when the question at issue is life or death. As I felt so I spoke; and I am happy to see you here in safety." — "I ask your Ladyship's pardon," said the honest tar: "I thought you might please to be witty at my expense; ladies do so sometimes. An Admiral's wife made me look very foolish, not long ago, by a joke; but I won't repeat it; none

but sailors and sailors' wives are up to it." Our visitor was now again in good humour, and began to expatiate on the amazement every thing he saw here had produced in his mind. "Why," said he, directing one of his eyes through the open doors to the east, while the other, I think, was cast on Rosalie, "I have not seen anything like that beautiful water-spout since I was at Hampton Court." My courteous wife thanked him for deigning to compare anything here with what he had seen at the palace of our gracious King; but Rosalie, never having heard a *jet d'eau* called a *water-spout* before, or for some other reason, covered her face with her handkerchief.

I went on board in state, accompanied by Drake; and although the ship had not been three hours at anchor, she was moored, the sails were furled, the yards squared, the decks clear, and the awnings spread, the ship's company clean, and the marines dressed. There was no clamour or noise; every thing bore testimony that a ship was Captain Limeburner's proper station in life. On my return to the quarter-deck, I requested the pleasure of seeing Captain Limeburner with his officers at dinner.

At the appointed time our guests from the frigate arrived, and we sat down to fare as sumptuous as the island could produce.—"What! and mutton too!" cried he.—"Yes," I replied; "and I shall have the pleasure of sending some of it alive, for you and your officers to take to sea."—The officers thanked me: Limeburner said nothing. The dinner went off very well; it could not be otherwise: my wines also were excellent, but our naval guests hinted that a bowl of punch would be preferred; so, accordingly, a royal bowl of lime-punch was produced. The officers did justice to the beverage, and became very merry.

The next morning, early after breakfast, a party, including Captain Limeburner, and four of his officers, set forward to see the fort, and explore the corkscrew road to the summit of the hill. We proceeded directly through the first gate; the road winding from thence to the westward, while our backs were turned on the fort. "I should like to see the fort first," said Captain Limeburner.—"We are going there now, sir," replied Drake.—"A rum way to get to a place," cried the Captain, "to make sail from it." I smiled, and we kept on our course, till we found ourselves at the drawbridge. "Well, this is capital!" exclaimed our companion, as we passed over into the fort. "This fort is well placed," he observed, "for giving a raking fire to any ship coming in from the southward." I told him to whom I was indebted for the plan. We now left the fort, and proceeded to ascend the hill in the same direction. The effects this spiral road gave to the eye of the spectator, with respect to the surrounding scenery, were truly astonishing: at every step something was seen and something lost sight of. At length we arrived on the platform, from whence the *coup d'œil* was truly delightful; but the large gun

rivetted the attention of our companion. "I suppose," said he, "it is the fellow to this you have got on the other height." I told him it was. "And the Spaniards," exclaimed he, "allowed Porto Bello to be taken, with guns such as these to defend it! the lubbers!—With this gun, in this place, Sir Edward," continued he, "you should beat the devil out of the bay, if he were to come in." Saying this, he put his hand in his pocket, and gave the sergeant of artillery a dollar, to drink the King's health.

We had just time to put off our coats to cool, so as to dress for dinner after the fashion of old Commodore Gunman, when dinner was announced. Some odd things were said at dinner by our nautical visitors, which made our ladies smile; but I will only repeat one of them. When the roast kid was brought on table entire, and with his head erect, a young midshipman present mistook it for a dog; and the moment it was set down, he cried out, "bow wow!"—"O no," said Rosalie, who sat next him; "*c'est un chevreau*."—"He is a queer shaver, sure enough," replied the boy; "but you must not gull me with an outlandish name; may be you call him Pompey."

After dinner, the conversation turned on the uniform worn by the navy. "I have heard," said I, "that his present Majesty, having determined on giving a uniform to the navy, was led to make choice of that you wear, from seeing a blue riding dress, with white lappelles, on a beautiful lady of rank, at a hunting party."—"That's Betty Martin!" replied Captain Limeburner.—"Who?" I rejoined.—"O, it's all my eye, that," he exclaimed: "nothing but a cram for land-lubbers." After pausing a moment, and looking a good deal vexed, one eye resting on me, the other directed to the harbour, he resumed:—"Why, our uniform was worn by *Admiral Noah*; ay, and before his time: *Old Ocean* himself wore it time out of mind. You have noticed his *blue jacket*, I suppose, and have seen his *white lappelles*, when he puts on his *full-dress uniform*: and he always wears that, d'y'e see, in a gale of wind."—"Thank you, noble Captain," I replied; "I shall not forget to note that down, as a brave essay to reflect honour on the coat you wear."

On the following day there was a grand market at the village. Boat-loads of sailors came on shore from the frigate, and bought largely; chiefly stockings and hats, and plait for hats; also some shopkeepers' goods; no small quantity of tobacco and vegetables; and having taken a great liking to Gortz's sausages, he supplied them abundantly. Captain Limeburner landed his marines a little before noon. They beat us in exercise; but our men beat them hollow in firing at the target. Captain Limeburner was very angry at this, threatening to flog the marines if they did not do better. "Don't blame the men, sir," said Craig, respectfully, who stood by us: "give them practice, and they will fire well;—no man can do anything well, that he does not do often." The naval

captain, with one eye still fixed on the marines, cast a piercing glance on poor Craig with the other, saying in reply, "Who the devil are you, to prevent me flogging my marines, if I like it?" On which Craig again respectfully put his hand to his hat, and walked away to the left.

After the business of the day was over, we all dined on board the frigate. The dinner was rude, but hearty. A horn-blower stood under the half deck, just before the cabin door, playing on his instrument all the time we were at dinner. Some of his blasts were almost ridiculous; but our unsophisticated host often praised the music, declaring "he was the best horn in the fleet." In the course of conversation, Captain Limeburner proposed sailing the next day; saying, "the fellows had now plenty of *fresh grub*, and he must see what the *Dons* were about on the *Main*." I, however, succeeded in persuading him to remain till Monday, and attend on divine service to-morrow with his officers and crew. "Man does not live by bread alone," observed Mr. Rowley, opportunely, "but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God."—"I approve of that," replied Captain Limeburner: "although a sailor, I hope I am not quite a *Turk*, though they say I am a *bit of a Tartar*." This remark drew a smile from his officers; the allusion seemed not to be lost on them; and it could not but bring to my mind his reply to honest Craig—*Who the devil are you, to prevent me flogging my marines, if I like it?*

On Sunday we were much crowded, even under the canopy of the great tree; but it was a most gracious sight to my dear wife and myself—so large a congregation; namely, our now numerous people, and all the frigate's crew, assembled to worship on the very same spot where, in time past, she and I alone, with our dear little dog at our feet, lay waiting patiently on that gracious God, who had not only answered our prayers in mercy to ourselves, when we alone were the inhabitants of the island, but who had now almost miraculously raised in this spot a consecrated temple to himself, and brought to it even a multitude of grateful worshippers. "I am like Jacob," said I, "who had crossed Jordan with his scrip and staff only; and, behold, he returned over it at the head of *two bands*!" A celestial tear stood in my sweet wife's eye, when I said this to her; and I thought Rachel, the beloved of the patriarch, must have looked like her.

Early on Monday morning, half-a-dozen sheep, a few turtle, some poultry, and a large supply of vegetables, were sent on board the frigate with my compliments. The Porghee was getting in readiness to sail with the frigate. As soon as the sea-breeze set in, the two vessels weighed, and stood out to sea.

By one of our vessels from Jamaica, in October, I received a gracious letter from my friend Lord Harrington, in which he told me the King had raised Sir Robert Walpole to the peerage; and had given himself

also a step or two in the same way. When I read the letter after dinner, I observed, that "Lady Seaward would have been burned for a witch, seven years ago."—"How so, Edward?" she exclaimed.—"On a memorable occasion, my love," said I, "you predicted that the King would dismiss Sir Robert Walpole with either a fool's cap or a coronet."—"May a good spirit now guide him!" she replied. "I forgive him; but his country and posterity, I fear, will not. *History* seeks justice, without mercy." At this remark, Mr. Rowley shrugged up his shoulders; and I proposed the health of my noble friend, by his new titles of Viscount Petersham, Earl of Harrington.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON Tuesday, the 7th of December, early in the morning, the *look-out* at the flag-staff on the promontory reported several large ships in sight, but could not tell what they were. In about half an hour I made two of them out to be large frigates, and three others armed brigs: they were then becalmed. "O, they are English," said I, giving Drake the glass. He had scarcely put it to his eye, when he exclaimed, "*All Spanish!* Sir Edward."—"Not so!" I replied; "are you sure of that?" He took another look at them. "The sooner we are at quarters," he cried, "the better; they are all Spanish men-of-war." I made him no reply; but stopping for a moment, called for Price, the fifer, and bade him run down before us, and say I desired the bugle to be sounded *to assemble*; and then return to the signal-post.

After this, not a word was spoken during our return. A thousand things to be done, and which *should have been already done*, crowded into my mind. I had but just time to give them anything like an arrangement before I sat down in my own hall. In a minute I was on my legs again, strong in a feeling of collectedness for the occasion.—"Captain Drake," said I, "let the Porghee be towed round, and moored athwart the mouth of the cove, under the precipice on the east side of the isthmus, ready to slip, if necessary; the Avon, and boats, to be kept ready for any service that may be required." He went to put the orders into execution, not making any remonstrance or reply, beyond saying, "It shall be done."—"Mr. Van Kempen, get some water-tight casks and provisions up to the promontory, lest we should be driven to make a stand there, with all our women, and their children." He began to talk. "Take example from Captain Drake," I said, hastily, "and do you as you are desired!" "Crnig," said I, lowering my voice as I spoke to him, *who at the time was standing very near to me*, "I believe we shall have

to fight; see that every thing is ready for the small-arm men; sixty rounds in their cartouch boxes, with a spare flint. And take care to deposit kegs of ball cartridges in such places as you think may be safe and right, in case of being hard pressed by the enemy, should he land. I intend thirty of our men to be detached to Sugar-Loaf Hill, besides twenty sailors to the battery."

By this time the people had collected; among whom was the sergeant of artillery from Fort Vernon and one of the artillery-men from Pirates' Fort. Every boat was in requisition, everybody was employed. My brother and the Doctor waited for orders. I took my brother aside: "James," said I, "go home immediately, and let your wife and children be removed to German Town, with all your money. And remember, in case of an attack, it is my wish that they, and all the German women, take refuge on the height where the flag-staff is. But when they are there, take care that no person hoists the colours; for by so doing, the place of their refuge would be shown. Doctor Gordon," said I, "let your wife accompany Mrs. Seaward to the height above German Town, to be out of the way. I fear there will be work to-day for you."

Ten o'clock had arrived, without any decided report from the flag-staff. I sent up Orderly-Corporal M'Nabb, to try his sagacity; he returned, saying, "that all the vessels were laying to, except one of the brigs, which he supposed was seeking to find the channel; but she was looking for it off the Turtle Islands." Drake now rejoined me; having stationed the Porghee across the cove, our haven of safety not to be forgotten. I told him my arrangements in a few words, and desired him now to go with all speed to Spring Hill, for Mrs. Drake and the dear children; and to send all the women and children from Allwood's Bay, to take refuge "on your head, my dear friend!" said I, "on *Drake's Head*." Drake smiled, and bowed, and went off; and within an hour returned with his precious charge, in my barge; and all the other women and children for Allwood's Bay, in the Avon.

Our people were every one in motion; like ants, whose hill had been suddenly invaded by the rude kick of some country clown or wicked schoolboy. Some were going, some were coming, some laden, some empty. I deputed Corporal Andrews and Lance-Corporal Finlayson to go with the detachments to Spring Hill; and offered my brother the command. But he said he did not think himself equal to it; and thought I should give it to Captain Drake. "I cannot spare him," I replied. Then instantly taking hold of a piece of paper, I wrote a commission for Craig, styling him Lieutenant James Craig, and appointing him to the command of Edward's Island, and of all the forts thereon, *pro tempore*, also commanding every person to obey him in all things, &c. "Here,

Craig," said I, "go and take the command of Fort Vernon, and defend Sugar-Loaf Hill to the last. Here is your commission."—"I thank your Honour," he replied; "I hope I shall do my duty." He then added, "Have you any further orders?"—"Go to your post," I replied, "and see that there is a supply of water and provisions at the fort. Also be careful of the boats and canoes." Craig took his leave; and as on his arrival at Sugar-Loaf Hill the dispositions would be completed, my anxiety for our safety now became much lessened. For if the enemy had pushed in with the first of the sea breeze, Fort Vernon, and every other place after it, must have fallen in half an hour: we were not prepared, and, to my shame I confess it, from sheer negligence.

While all this was going forward, my dear Eliza walked to and fro with much earnestness, but great composure; evidently engaged in giving directions to people without, at the back of the mansion. She never spoke to me, from the moment I left her to go to the promontory early in the morning, till about ten o'clock, when she brought me a cup of coffee with her own hand. I then sat down; and as she gave it to me, she kissed my forehead, saying, "They may strike at the *Dolphin* to-day, but they shall not kill him. *Mon Dieu et mon Roi*, dear Edward, is your motto, and your defence." I looked up, and blessed her.

It was twelve o'clock. Every man and every woman continued actively at work, accomplishing various arrangements. So I now sat quietly, for a few minutes, reconsidering all I had done, and contemplating what remained to do. At this moment Doctor Gordon came in, asking Miss Rosalie to give him some silk thread, and a bit of wax; which she did. He then very coolly sat down at the table opposite to me, and proceeded to double and wax the silk: and having done this, he took some curved needles from his pocket, and began threading them. Mr. Rowley, who stood by, inquired what he was about. "*Just getting ready a few ligatures for amputations*," he replied.—"What," exclaimed our kind-hearted minister, evidently not under the impression of ignorance, but of horror.—"A few ligatures, I tell you, sir; just to be in readiness, you see," answered the Doctor. My dear wife, who was passing, said very quietly, "Doctor Gordon, I think you might have spared us the anticipation of having our legs and arms cut off, by the exhibition of those *ligatures*, as you call them, on that table."—"They are nothing but a little waxed thread, madam," he replied; "they can do nobody any harm." But he was not insensible of the rebuke he had received; for he wrapped up his ligatures, and walked away, to put his hospital in order. For he was a conscientious man, though often getting into scrapes through what he considered "acting in strict conformity to his duty."

Drake soon returned from the promontory, saying, that two of the brigs were now off the Turtle Islands; and, he thought, with the intention of landing troops, and making a diversion. "I think, Sir Edward," added

he, "now that you have finished your dispositions, the height is your proper station; from whence you can see every thing, and send people down with orders, from time to time, as you judge necessary. And, if I may be allowed to give an opinion, I think the Porghee and Avon should run up within the reef, to prevent a landing by boats at Eastfield. The brigs cannot get in."—"Very well, then," I said, "take your old crew, Martin, Purdy, and four others; and also the ten pirates, if you think them trustworthy. You once said they were fine fellows; and with these people man the Avon."

It was now nearly two o'clock. All the carrying that remained to be done could easily be effected by the negro women: therefore the train-band fell in on the open ground. We mustered sixty-eight rank and file, after having sent off the detachment to Fort Vernon. From this body I picked out thirty-eight, best calculated to work the great guns at Fort George, and placed them under the direction of the artillery-men. My brother was now ordered to march the remaining thirty round by the woodland region, and take post within the stoccado of the cave store-houses, with the two field-pieces in his front, ready to act as might be required. Mr. and Mrs. Rowley, with Mrs. Drake and their children, and Rosalie, and poor old Rota, had been sent forward to the height.

Just as we came to the brow of the summit, I heard a gun, the first that had been fired to-day. It was from one of the Spanish frigates, without shot; that vessel hoisting at the same time a union-jack at the main-top-gallant-mast-head,—our signal for a pilot, but it was hoisted at the wrong mast-head; and, therefore, if anything were wanting to confirm Drake's opinion, we now had it. The frigates were now standing in. I kept my eye on them with the glass, desiring the artillery-man, as soon as they came within shot, to make the fifer sound the bugle three times (a signal I had agreed on with the officers below, for the serious approach of the enemy), and then to give him a shot from time to time as opportunity might serve.

In a little time I perceived the boats with the troops endeavouring to get back to the brigs, on seeing the approach of our vessels. The Porghee soon got her bow guns to bear upon three of the boats, and in five minutes after, both she and the Avon with her pattereras and musquetoons were firing briskly. The Spanish boats returned the fire with musketry, but their shot could not reach our vessels. One of the boats was quickly sunk. The brigs now hoisted their proper colours, and fired; but their shot fell short. Something at this moment decided the Spanish Commodore. He hoisted the Spanish flag, and stood in for the harbour, with the other frigate and brig in his wake. When I saw this, I hastened to the flag-staff. By the time I got there, the Spanish squadron was within long range of our gun. The bugle then sounded three times, and in about

a minute after the artillery-man gave the enemy a shot. It was well hove and strong, passing over their mast-heads. "Less powder and better aim next time, Robins," I cried, addressing myself to the artillery-man. Robins fired again, and, by good fortune almost unprecedented, struck the head of the foremast of the second frigate. Down came her top, with all above it, and all her head-sails. In an instant she was athwart the brig in her wake, and they lay foul of each other.

The Commodore, notwithstanding this accident to his other frigate, entered the passage to the harbour in the most undaunted manner, supported only by the one brig. As soon as he got fairly within the passage, between the two islands, he and the brig commenced firing away from both sides, at anything and everything that presented itself. In a few minutes Fort Vernon opened upon him, when distant about three quarters of a mile; and soon after, the guns from Fort George were brought to bear upon him. He now had to encounter the fire of both batteries. I saw great confusion on his decks, whenever the smoke cleared away; but our fire continued steady; from which I augured well for the safety of our people. After being thus engaged about an hour, the brig stood away for the northern channel, the frigate following her—both a good deal damaged.

I thought it was now all over; but I soon perceived that Sugar-Loaf Hill was attacked from the land side. It immediately occurred to me that the force came from the frigate, which had dropped anchor at the back of Edward's Island. The great gun on the platform was directing its fire to one point on Allwood's range, from whence I could see, by help of my glass, the Spaniards descending. I called Price, and wrote an order in pencil for Captain Seaward to draw off a guard of seamen from Fort George, for the stoccado; and send off his thirty men of the train-band to Fort Vernon, without delay, in such boats as were at hand; carrying up as many large pebble stones in them as possible to the fort, to use them as grape-shot against the assailants.

In ten minutes after Price was gone, Drake made his appearance at the flag-staff, covered with sweat and gunpowder. "We have destroyed three of their boats, Sir Edward," said my gallant friend, "and have taken fifteen prisoners. One of the brigs is on her beam-ends, and the other at anchor outside of her, trying to get her off, or save the crew. But where is the rest of the squadron?" continued he.—"Our brave fellows," I replied, "have beat the Commodore, and one brig, out of the bay. But there is a frigate, whose foremast Robins shot away at the second fire, now at anchor on the other side of the opposite bluff; and I suspect she has landed a great part of her crew; for they are at this moment attacking Sugar-Loaf Hill from the land side."—"If they take Sugar-Loaf Hill," he exclaimed, "the place is lost! Allow me to run down on the frigate with *my own crew*, and all the sailor-men I can collect below from the fort and

from the Avon; perhaps I may surprise the frigate, with most of her crew on shore, and capture her."—"The emergency of the case, my dear Drake," I replied, "induces me to accept your gallant but daring enterprise. Go; and God be with you!"

I again turned my eyes anxiously to Sugar-Loaf Hill. I was glad to see all the empty boats coming back, in tow of my barge—including those which had been left in the boat-harbour under the fort; and I began to hope the important post was safe; there being now ninety men there,—nearly double the number Frazer allowed me to defend it against a thousand. Robins thought he might help to frighten the Spaniards on the ridge, if he could do nothing else. This suggestion I thought very probable: I therefore desired him to try a shot, though the distance was perhaps rather more than two miles. Upon giving it the greatest elevation, to ascertain its power, he threw a shot clear over the range; and he continued to fire every now and then, whenever a number collected together on the spot. The fire of our gun rather disconcerted them; at least we thought so, for they soon disappeared: but it was from a different cause. Drake had laid the frigate aboard, cleared her decks, and made the Captain his prisoner; but the instant the attack on her was discovered, the Spaniards that were in sight, or within hearing from the beach, crowded down to their boats, to go off to the assistance of their Captain and comrades. He therefore, after striking the frigate's colours, cut her cable and allowed her to drift, taking with him the colours and the Captain on board the *Porghee*. Having thus disencumbered himself, he kept under sail, firing into the boats as they approached him, or endeavoured to gain the frigate. There were five boats, of which he sunk two, one cried for quarter, and had it, one made its way alongside of the frigate, the other returned to the shore. The frigate was drifting fast upon the reef: Drake left her to her fate, and proceeded to cannonade the boat and people returned to the beach. For a while they replied to his fire with musketry; but laid down their arms when they saw their Captain a prisoner, who was made to stand up in the rigging for that purpose.

Drake now very wisely proceeded, on his return, with the two boats in tow, leaving the frigate to her fate. Before I knew what had taken place at the back of Edward's Island, I perceived the fire of the assailants slacken, and ultimately cease; which was immediately followed up by a flag of truce, displayed on Allwood's ridge. It was an officer's shirt tied by the sleeves to a pole. This result of the contest was most grateful to my feelings, for my anxiety had been more than I chose to express.

The sun was going down, as my gallant friend, with his prisoners in tow, appeared round the opposite headland; and I now thought I might with safety allow the people to descend. I gave my beloved Eliza my arm, our hearts being lifted up to God for this wonderful deliverance from a powerful enemy; and we left the height, followed by Master

Diego (leading the two mules), and by all our household. No one at Fort George had been touched; but some of the Spaniards taken in the boats by Drake in the morning were in hospital with Doctor Gordon; where good Mr. Rowley was now rendering every assistance in his power, notwithstanding his timidity and natural horror even of the idea of wounds and bloodshed.

I was scarcely seated, when Drake came on shore with a sailor close at his heels, carrying a huge bundle on his back. As the hero advanced to the mansion, his wife ran out to embrace him; he clasped her in his arms tenderly, and then, coming up to me by a sort of leap, exclaimed, "We have done it, Sir Edward! I have nabbed the Captain of the frigate, Don Pugnacio, or Ignacio, something, de Herrera: he'll tell you his name by-and-by: he is our prisoner; there is his sword, and there are his colours;" turning his eye upon the honest tar, who bore them on his shoulders. "Heave them down, Jack!" said he; "and I hope she lies broadside on the reef by this time."—"You should have preserved the vessel, if you could, my dear Drake," I replied; "she would have made you a full Captain."—"That crossed my mind, Sir Edward, when I ordered her to be cut adrift; but I would not risk a chance of miscarriage in the service I was sent upon, for that or any other consideration."—"You have done well, my gallant friend," was my reply: "I honour you not only for your bravery, but for the nobleness of mind you have displayed on the occasion." My dear wife at this moment stretched out her hand to him, saying, "Shake hands with me, my excellent friend. How happy is my Edward in being so nobly supported!"

In the midst of these greetings, the sergeant of artillery arrived from Lieutenant Craig, with a convention of capitulation, signed with El Teniente de Fregata, Don Juan Quesada, by which seventy-eight men had laid down their arms, on condition that they might be allowed to return to Spain or Spanish America,— "and not serve again until exchanged," was very properly added by Craig. The sergeant, moreover, informed me, our reinforcement had arrived but just in time; for that two guns had been got up nearly to the top of the ridge by the Spaniards; that many of the Spaniards were regular soldiers, or marines; and that, as far as he could learn, the number of killed and wounded must at least equal that of the prisoners. "The Spanish vessels," he said, "fired so badly, that not even the fort was hit, but several shot struck the houses in the bay." I now counter-signed the convention; then, putting the ratified paper into his hands, I desired him to give it to Lieutenant Craig, with my thanks not only to himself, but to the men under his command, for their steady defence of the post intrusted to them. "You may tell Don Juan Quesada," said Drake to the sergeant of artillery, as he was about to depart, "that I have got his friend, Captain Don Ignacio, snug enough."—"I am glad to hear that, sir," replied the sergeant; "he was

likely to give us some trouble."—"But here is his Donship's sword, Sir Edward," said Drake, taking it up from among the colours: "I should have presented it to you in form, when I first came in, but somehow it slipped my memory at the moment." I received it from his hand, with a feeling of some exultation, but it was that I might return it to him again.—"Let him that won it wear it, my brave fellow," I exclaimed: "you are worthy not only of his sword, but his frigate."

It was now thought right, although it was no longer daylight, to reconnoitre not only the frigate, but the brigs. Honest Diego, who stood by me, and who never had been five yards from me all day, volunteered to go with his men in the barge, to carry Captain Drake round to the back of Edward's Island, to ease the white sailors a little, who had had no rest since morning. While Diego was gone to get his crew together, poor Drake took some refreshment, the first he had put within his lips this day; yet he found time to speak between his mouthfuls.—"I told you those pirates were fine fellows, Sir Edward," said he: "my eye! how they laid about them when we boarded the frigate. I popt upon him round the headland, and was athwart his starboard bow before he saw us. I don't know how many of his crew my fellows drove overboard; however, the decks were soon cleared one way or other; but three of the pirates were killed, and two of my own brave men also; and I have ordered seven more of them, who are wounded, to be sent on shore to the hospital." As he said this, he took a glass of wine somewhat hastily, jumping up at the same time from his chair, and wiping his eye with the back of his hand, to brush away a tear that had sprung forth in spite of him.—"But they only did their duty," said he, "to die for their country." He then sat down again, saying, "I am done," and pushed aside his plate.—"Come, my dear fellow," said I striving to put aside what I felt, "let us fill another glass of wine, and drink the King's health, and the health of all his brave men-at-arms." As we filled our glasses, Diego returned with Martin and Purdy.—"Go you," said I, to the two Bermudians, "in a canoe to the Turtle Islands, and bring me word what the two Spanish brigs are about. Look narrowly at the one on the reef, but have a care you are not taken."—"Can't catch canoe, sir," replied Purdy, laughing, and looking, perhaps, like Master Diego's black cat. Drake caught a little of Purdy's happy humour, his native spirits returned, and he laughed too.

There was no sleep for many of us this night. Between two and three o'clock in the morning, Drake returned from visiting the frigate. He found her aground on the inner edge of the reef. He told them, all their companions, as well as captain, were prisoners, and that he would advise them to surrender quietly; but if they refused, every man would be put to the sword. An officer answered from the deck of the frigate, "I surrender on the terms granted to our companions, now your pri-

soners." The barge was instantly rowed up to the side of the frigate. There were eleven wounded men, and only twenty-two others, a great part of these latter having belonged to the boat that reached the frigate after her capture; so that almost the whole body that had defended her when the Captain was taken were either killed or driven overboard in the contest. While they were conveying the wounded to the house appropriated for them, Drake took a walk to his own house to see how matters stood there, and found things in a sorry plight; for the enemy had taken post in his château, when attacking Sugar-Loaf Hill.

We now endeavoured to persuade the ladies to go to bed, but they desired to be permitted to remain. "It is a beautiful night," said Mrs. Rowley, "so calm and cool; and I like to hear the sentinels calling out 'All's well!' which is so delightful a sound, after the toil and peril of this anxious day." She had scarcely done speaking, when Purdy entered abruptly, out of breath, and all in a flutter. I could only make out "Spanish officer, sir! Guard, sir!" Drake jumped up, and ran to the door:—"A file of men are marching some one up," he exclaimed; and presently Martin and a Spanish naval lieutenant made their appearance. I rose to receive him. He said, "he had been sent by his Captain, Don Blasco del Camino, to inquire into the truth of the information he had received from our canoc, that one of the Spanish frigates was captured by us, and that the Commodore had made a retreat." I replied, "that what he heard was true;" and asked him, whether his captain entertained any hope of getting the brig off the reef. He replied, "he did not."—"Well then," said I, "would his vessel receive from us 157 Spanish prisoners, besides forty-five wounded?" He stared at this question, which Diego repeated twice. "Valame Dios!" he exclaimed, "is this possible?" Drake had left Captain Ignacio's sword upon the table, and the Spanish colours were lying on the floor. Diego, pointing to them, said "Mira Señor Capitan!" On which he raised his hands, and seemed much affected, stepping aside, evidently to avoid treading on the Spanish flag. I liked him for this, and desired him to be seated; at the same time ordering some wine and refreshment. As soon as he had finished, I put my question to him again, about receiving the wounded men and prisoners. He said, "It was impossible, his vessel being already too full."—"Well, then, sir," I replied, "go back to your ship, and tell your Captain, Don Blasco del Camino, to make sail as soon as possible, with all the men he has on board, and land them either at Saint Andreas, or elsewhere near; and return with a flag of truce flying; he shall then have his countrymen, our prisoners; but it must be understood that he abandons the brig on the reef to me. If he agrees to this, let us see the white flag at your mast-head early to-morrow morning, which I shall acknowledge by hoisting a white flag also."

As the Spaniard stood up to withdraw, he said, with much feeling,

"I believe there is a young officer, a son of Don Blasco del Camino, among the prisoners taken this morning; it would be gracious in your Excellency to give me the pleasure of taking him back with me to his father."—"Certainly," I replied; "you are a fine fellow; you have won my respect." When Diego interpreted this, the Spaniard, with the warm manner of his climate, bent forward and kissed my hand. Drake brought the lad forth and delivered him to his friend. Their meeting was affecting: the youth was overjoyed at his unexpected freedom, and the immediate prospect of being restored to his father.

At sun-rise we fired our gun. The Spanish brig then hoisted the flag of truce; and the moment it was perceived, ours went up also. As soon as the breeze reached her, she was seen under all sail, steering to the southward. Drake had thrown himself on the Spanish colours; and I was happy in seeing the poor fellow sleeping soundly. But he awoke at daylight, just as the drum beat, and dear old Rota brought in some coffee for our refreshment, of which he gladly partook, saying, "Now I am fresh as a lark—what's the order of the day, Sir Edward?"—"No rest for the wicked, Drake!" I replied: "I place every sailor-man in the settlement, excepting Diego and his crew, under your command. See if it be possible to get off the frigate."

Before he left, I arranged with him that he should go on board the *Porghee* immediately, taking Diego as interpreter, and inform the Spanish captain, that in the course of half an hour a boat would be sent to remove him to the country-house of a gentleman on the island; where he was to remain while a prisoner with every indulgence, except going beyond its immediate grounds. I also desired Drake to say, that whatever private property he had on board the frigate should be got at and conveyed to him.

After this, my dear wife taking me by the arm, and leading me to her bedside, where she made me sit down, "Let me help you off with your coat, my Edward," she said, "and lay yourself down to take some rest, and your Eliza shall watch you as you sleep." I kissed the kind hand that helped me off with my coat, and laid me down on the mattress, wearied enough, in honest truth. In about two hours I opened my eyes, met by the blissful smile of my guardian angel, who had sat by me all the time. I arose, and took a bath, by which I was much refreshed. Dr. Gordon came up, accompanied by Mr. Rowley, and gave us rather a satisfactory account of our wounded men. On the Doctor's return to the hospital, my dear wife sent a woman with him, carrying a bundle of old linen, and some tea and sugar, with a few other comforts, for the sick, which he had requested. Soon after Diego came back from landing my brother and the Spanish captain at Peccary Field.

A little before noon the *Avon* came from the frigate, with a note from Drake to me, in which he said, "I send you seventy-three barrels of gun-

powder: this will replenish our magazine; it is quite dry. I don't think she leaks; but I know you will say I have done well to secure the powder. I have laid out an anchor, ready to heave on, as soon as we have lightened her enough. Ask Van Kempen to send me his galliot, by return of the Avon; the one can tow the other."

Van Kempen came to me, after sending rations to the prisoners, and some supplies to Fort Vernon. He said he was sorry to inform me that no mullet had been taken the preceding night, and that the fish-pots were not sufficiently numerous to collect any quantity of other fish worth naming. The fact was, the mullet had gradually forsaken the Black Rock, and now they were gone entirely. I wished it had been the rats he was speaking of. I told him I would order more fish-pots to be made immediately; and for the present he must serve turtle and hog's flesh, chocolate-nuts, and Indian-corn flour, to the prisoners, and that I intended, without loss of time, to bring all those now at Allwood's Bay over to the isthmus, and place them with the rest within the stoccado. About five o'clock Craig arrived with his detachment, and ninety-nine prisoners, who were marched up to the stoccado. The whole number, being now mustered, amounted to one hundred and fifty-four; not many less than our whole population put together, including the sailors belonging to the Porghee and other vessels. But extraordinary as it may seem, it is a fact, that the enemy lost more than this number in killed, drowned, and wounded. I think, when we were attacked, our force was thirteen artillery-men; train-band, ninety-eight; Porghee's crew, king's sailors, thirty; crews of the merchant vessels, including the ten pirates, forty-five, exclusive of officers;—total, one hundred and eighty-six.

When Craig had disposed of his prisoners, he waited on me. After thanking him for his gallant conduct, I told him he should retain his commission as lieutenant, with the addition of that of adjutant of the island force, also remain town-major; and that I hoped I should be able to raise his pay equal to his new rank. He expressed his gratitude, and went away to perform the duties of his office.

A little after sunset I received a note from Drake, to say he could not return to-night; that he understood there was a Panama pearl-diver among the prisoners, his name Vicente Guecco; that he wished I would find him out, and send him to the Porghee, as they could see the frigate's cable and anchor, where it had been cut away, lying in about five fathoms water; that he had in vain endeavoured to lay hold of it by grapnel, but he knew the pearl-diver could pass the bight of a rope round the end of the cable in an instant, and recover it." The man stipulated for a small reward, and a permanent asylum with us; to which I agreed most willingly, and then sent him to Drake. He did the business adroitly, on the following morning, and received a piece of gold.

On Thursday forenoon the Avon arrived with various matters from

the frigate, bringing the satisfactory information of her being afloat, and that she did not leak; and soon after, Drake took the proud Spaniard in tow, and a little before sunset brought him to an anchor off the woodland region. "L'Invariado," her name, appeared half as big again as the Sea-Horse. She mounted thirty large guns, and, at the time of the attack, had on board three hundred men. We felt a temptation to hoist the English colours over the Spanish flag; but my gallant friend and I had but one paramount feeling on that occasion, which was, not to add to the chagrin of the Captain and other prisoners, by displaying the ensign of our triumph before them.

On the morrow Drake went to look at the brig, lying on the Turtle Island's reef; but it was his opinion that nothing could be done with her but break her up; so we determined to leave the wreck as it was until after we should get rid of our prisoners.

Every thing being now pretty well to rights, I thought in courtesy to invite Don Ignacio Pasqual de Herera to dine with me; and accordingly I fixed on the following day, Saturday,—giving Adjutant Craig orders to see the whole body of men well dressed and appointed. The Spanish captain came agreeable to the invitation, and also two of his officers from the other side, whom I invited to meet him. I ordered him to be received with military honours, and showed him much attention at the mansion. I was glad to find he could speak French. He was, however, grave and reserved: his officers were more inclined to talk; but as they knew nothing beyond Spanish, little conversation could be kept up with them.

After dinner, the conversation turned on Porto Bello. Don Ignacio now became a little more communicative. He had heard how Don Francisco Martinez de Retzez had behaved to the English Captain, Knight, and to myself; desiring me to believe, that Spanish officers generally, and he among the number, blamed the Governor very much for that conduct. "But," said he, "that hidalgo is now tasting the sweets of a prison himself; having been disgraced, and sent to a dungeon, on his arrival in Old Spain, after surrendering the place to Vernon." My dear wife now asked him, how the Spaniards came to give the name of Porto Bello to that horrible place. "It means Bel Havre—does it not?" said Lady Seaward. "Oui, Madame," he replied, "as you English speak it, and write it; but we Spaniards call it Porto Velo,—that is, 'Havre Caché,' the Veiled Port." The Spanish Captain showed both good breeding and proper feeling during his visit, in never making any allusion to the events that had occurred here; and we were equally punctilious in avoiding the painful subject. He, however, spoke of the attack on Carthagea, by Vernon and Wentworth, saying, "It was madness to have attempted it;" and he thought they had acted wisely in abandoning

Porto Velo and the Spanish Main altogether; and he added his belief, that by this time they had abandoned their design on Cuba also.

On the following day, which was the Sabbath, I made a point of having as full an attendance at divine service as the nature of our present circumstances would admit. Our heavenly-minded pastor on this occasion returned thanks to Almighty God, in an appropriate prayer, for our great deliverance from a powerful enemy.

On Monday, the Spanish brig of war made her reappearance, with a white flag flying at the fore; on which I sent out a boat to pilot her into our harbour. An English ensign was hoisted on board the frigate; but I did not make a vain-glorious display of the Spanish colours under it. The prisoners and wounded were now embarked as quickly as possible, for whom I took a receipt, under the joint signatures of the two Spanish captains; by which they engaged, that the persons named therein should not serve against England during the present war until exchanged. The brig being ready to put to sea, I ordered them a supply of fruit and vegetables; and we thus parted, as good friends as persons could well do who were national enemies.

CHAPTER XXXII.

On the very day the brig sailed out of the harbour I made arrangements for the morrow. We had plenty of hands and plenty of wood, and no lack of money. Drake had been the greatest sufferer, at his châteaux; but he made light of it, saying, "I can plaster it over with some of their own dollars." The masons and other workmen now proceeded with the church, and Drake used all diligence to repair the damaged foremast of the frigate, hiring Derrick and Xavier to assist his own carpenter. I employed a large party of men with boats, to save what they could from the Spanish brig, still lying broadside on the reef. The wreck, I believe, was my right, if I chose to make it so; but the frigate was Drake's prize. Drake was already rich in money, and always so in spirit; he therefore wished the prize to go among the garrison generally; and handsomely furnished an argument against his own exclusive claim, by saying, "It was a shot from the promontory that disabled her; and he would therefore tell his crew that he thought every one should share." The result was, that the brave seamen made no demur; and the people were told, at the first muster-day, of the liberal conduct of Captain Drake and his men respecting the prize. The train-band gave the gallant tars three cheers; and this cordial generosity was not without its happy consequences.

The month of December was too far advanced before the frigate could

be got ready, to be safe for Drake to proceed with her to Jamaica. The Cedar schooner, which was built here, sailed remarkably fast; but the Tom Cod was a sort of dray-horse. I therefore begged of my brother not to send his vessel at present, but to allow the schooner to go alone, in which I meant to forward my despatches to the Governor, and to the Admiral, at Jamaica.

My despatches detailed the action we had sustained, in which I gave great praise to all our people, but more especially to Drake, and the seamen, and to Craig; requesting promotion for Drake; and praying that the Governor would send me thirty regulars; and if a lieutenantancy could be purchased for Mr. James Craig, who was now lieutenant and adjutant of the island force, I would pay for it, provided he might command the detachment; and I would give 25*l.* over the usual price to the lieutenant who might be in command of the men to resign in favour of Mr. Craig.

When the stormy season approached, all the vessels in port were laid up in safety within Peccary Creek, and Drake contrived to get the frigate in there also, mooring her head and stern to the shore and to the rock. We kept our Christmas as usual. The year finished without seeing either of our vessels return from Jamaica; and although the sky sometimes lowered, we were as yet without any visitation from the storm.

1743.—On Sunday, the 2nd of January, a storm of a different kind, and to us more terrible, threatened the settlement with immediate destruction. At noon several large ships were descried, not only from the promontory to the southward and westward, but also from the heights above German Town, to the northward of the island. By the time I got up to the flag-staff, Drake had clearly made out three Spanish men-of-war of two decks, two frigates, and two brigs. There were others in the distance, no doubt with troops, we could not make out distinctly; but we saw enough. I turned to Drake. "We will do our duty, Sir Edward," said my gallant friend, "and must leave the event to God." I turned to God. "We are in thy hand," I exclaimed, raising my whole soul to the throne of mercy; "Thou only now canst save us." My courage seeming to come again with this appeal, I hastened to return to the mansion, with a stout heart and collected mind, prepared to do my duty.

But He, in whose hands are life and death, cut the matter short. Before I could reach the mansion, the sky was darkened, the lightning glared, and the thunder pealed. Instead of cannon, the hurricane blew all round the compass; and I blessed God in the storm. Full of joy, buffeted, and wet, we entered my dwelling. Here my beloved wife, and our revered pastor, and all our friends, met us in awful expectation. As I entered the hall, amidst the rain and the whirlwind, I lifted up my hands, saying, "Our God has delivered us!"

The storm raged, and the torrents poured down upon the earth and sea, with little intermission, for three days: on Thursday the sky

became clear at intervals, and the winds lulled. Wrecks were then discovered from the heights, in several directions; but no sail was to be seen on the face of the waters. When this report was brought to me, dear Mr. Rowley stood up, and exclaimed—"We may now indeed say with Queen Elizabeth, on a like memorable occasion, '*Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur!*'"

The next day was appointed as a solemn fast to the Lord; which I hope was not only observed, but deeply felt by all his people, whom He had just delivered from an overwhelming force; which, according to human calculation, had it attacked us, must have extirpated the whole colony. Our boats and canoes were sent out as soon as the weather would permit. Seven wrecks were discovered among the reefs and shoals that surround the islands; among which were two of the largest ships, but every soul had perished; spars and casks, and dead bodies, continually floating ashore.

This was an awful event; but the contemplation of our own imminent peril, had they lived, kept down every strong feeling of pity for those that had perished: and I ventured to entertain a further consolation, that the fate of this expedition, which I now had no doubt had sailed promptly from Porto Bello, to revenge the cause of the former, would prevent any further attempt at our destruction. For the seasons there are no guides as to the seasons here; generally speaking, they have bad weather on the Main from July to October, which is our fine season.

About the middle of the month, the Francis Drake returned from Jamaica. This vessel had been detained by the bad weather, which set in there before Christmas-day; and we were sorry to learn that the Tom Cod had not reached Kingston, even when she sailed. The schooner brought letters in answer to my despatches; in which some compliments were paid to us on our gallant defence, and a sort of promise made, that Lieutenant Drake should have promotion on the arrival of the frigate. But no soldiers could be sent; General Wentworth having taken all the disposable troops with him. Neither could anything be done at Jamaica relative to getting a commission for Craig in the King's service.—"Well! well!" I said, when I read these letters, "it matters not. Our God has been our deliverer! I will confide our destinies to him; and I feel assured the Spaniards will never try their fortune here again."

In consequence of the wrecking business still going on, Drake was not able to navigate the prize to Jamaica till late in February; and on the 26th, he sailed with her for Jamaica, under convoy of the *Porghee*. He arrived in about ten days at Port Royal, without any accident. The naval officers there had been long looking out for this Spanish frigate, as an object for promotion. Drake says they crowded round the *Porghee*, in their boats, as he came in with his prize, casting an eye on

the large Spanish ensign, as it blew out under a St. George's jack; and as he passed under the stern of the ship that had *the guard* that day, the Captain hailed him,—“What do you mean, sir, by hoisting a St. George's flag on board the prize?”—“They are our island colours, sir,” he replied. When he told me this, I wished to have witnessed a sight so honourable to my most esteemed friend, and to myself. The circumstances under which the frigate had been captured were well known; and therefore his answer as to the St. George's jack was understood and received. After some days, a survey took place. She was valued at 16,000*l.*, and purchased for his Majesty's service; her name not only being changed, but reversed; being now called “The Inconstant.” Prophetic, no doubt; for she was wrecked soon after, on the Grand Caymans.

Drake received 14,000*l.* in treasury bills, on behalf of the captors; but my gallant friend was juggled out of the promotion he so well had earned, and therefore so justly claimed. “Sir Chaloner Ogle was sorry he was obliged to give it to certain officers, sent out from England by the Admiralty; but he would recommend Lieutenant Drake to Lord Winchelsea, the first lord of the Admiralty, for a sloop of war at some future period.”

I was much vexed by the treatment our brave defender met with at Jamaica; but when speaking on this subject, he made this reflection:—“If I had got the promotion I desired, I must have been removed from Seaward Islands, which contain every thing dear to me on earth. Besides,” added he, “I have made an ample fortune by prize money; so by and by, perhaps, we may all go to Old England together; where I will hoist my pendant on the chimney top of some good house; with you for my neighbours, and dear Maria for my first-lieutenant.”

My brother and Van Kempen purchased 8000*l.* worth of the government bills, which enabled me to distribute four-eighths of the prize money immediately: viz. three-eighths among the seamen and privates of the train-band, which gave 159½ dollars to each man; one-eighth among eight non-commissioned and petty officers and twelve artillery-men; the former having a double share, 600 dollars each, the latter 300 dollars each. The remaining 6000*l.* in bills was just equal to pay the other three-eighths; one-eighth among Lieutenant Craig, and Van Kempen, Doctor Gordon, and the chaplain, Mr. Rowley, gave them each 500*l.*, or 2100 dollars each; and one-eighth between Captain Seaward and Lieutenant Drake—the latter sharing as a land-captain—1000*l.*, or 4200 dollars each: and I, who perhaps deserved least, had the most in right of my situation—which, however, is quite in unison with the general tenor of human affairs—my share being one entire eighth, viz. 2000*l.*, or 8400 dollars.

The great quantity of spars, and every kind of timber, and iron bolts, and canvass, and ropes, with a thousand other things, that had been

recovered from the wrecks of the Spanish ships, induced Allwood, and some others, to go to Jamaica, and bring back with them half a dozen ship carpenters; so that in a little time there were two fine vessels on the stocks, and one smaller one, and several boats. The smaller vessel was the speculation of Xavier and Derrick; who were much attached to each other, and in whose welfare I took a lively interest; the former, Diego's compeer—the latter, once my honest and faithful bondman.

In the course of this year, seventeen white families, amounting to fifty-three souls, arrived here in the *Mary*, from Bristol—driven from England by the pressure of the times incident to the severe winter of 1739–40, and which was still felt among the small farmers and peasantry, and many others. Every exertion was made to locate these people; and as many houses had been completed before their arrival, in the street crossing the woodland region, I found little difficulty in providing them with present habitations in the village. Among the refugees, there happened to be a man and his wife of the name of Simmonds, who had kept school in Worcestershire. I was happy, in profiting by this circumstance, to release Mr. Rowley from the fatigue he kindly had imposed on himself, in teaching the children. I therefore set about erecting a house for the schoolmaster, adjoining the school, at the further end of the isthmus. In addition to these my country people, we also had a gradual accession of thirty-nine sailors to our strength; several individuals of the former crews having married and fixed themselves on shore. The village, the while, was progressively extending, and the workmen getting on rapidly towards completing the church.

The May rains came heavily this year, and continued for nearly two weeks. In June several persons fell sick, and my beloved wife was among the number: she suffered a severe attack of remittent fever, from which she recovered slowly and imperfectly. There were some deaths; among whom we had to register Mrs. Margaret Reynolds and her child, and five individuals from among those lately arrived. But we had to lament the loss of our faithful and much-loved Rota. Poor Diego took it much to heart: he never held up his head for many weeks after this painful event, but sat silently on the seat before his door, with his eyes fixed on the ground. We all did our best to console him under his affliction; and little by little he came forth, gradually and almost imperceptibly resuming his former occupations.

Before the end of the year, the church was finished. When the building was completed, the accounts were made up. It appeared there was a sum of \$450 dollars to be provided for, although the \$000 that remained of my share of the pirates' booty had been expended on it. I addressed the people on this subject after divine service, under the sacred canopy of the venerable tree, where we were now assembled for the last time.

After making the statement, I proposed that each male person should

contribute according to his means. On which the boatswain of the Porghee stood forward, and spoke for the rest, saying—"Our people, sir, would like to have it said they built a church, and so we are ready to pay for it." I thanked him; but requested Mr. Reynolds to take a list of the adult male population, and call us over by name, adding—"What shall I put down for you?" I, Edward Seaward, stood first on the list—put down 1000 dollars; then followed Captain Seaward, 500; Captain Drake, 500; Mr. Van Kempen, 500; Doctor Gordon, 100; poor dear Mr. Rowley, 100;—and this subscription was followed up by a spirit and liberality in every individual, so great, that I was obliged to restrain many, who could not afford to give what they desired; no one offering less than 10 dollars. 4000 dollars were now subscribed, and the money paid down the next day. I thanked the people for their liberality, and especially the Porghee's crew, for their most generous offer, saying I was quite satisfied with what they had done in a general way. I now stated to the assembly that the church would be consecrated and opened on the following Sunday, by the name of St. George's Church, and that it would be expedient to provide comfortably for the minister. I therefore proposed, to that end, that every male person exceeding twenty years of age should annually make him an offering of three dollars, and as much more as he might think fit; and this annual offering was to be received in lieu of tithes, baptism, marriage, and burial fees.

We observed Christmas-day this year with an important improvement. At nine o'clock all the boats in the settlement assembled at the landing-place below Fort George, each having a flag in the bow. I then embarked in my barge, with the St. George's flag, and led the procession to Woodland Bay, where we landed precisely at the foot of George Street, at the upper extremity of which the church is built. As we left the beach, a newly made fountain, seen playing at the intersection of the streets, added much to the impression imparted by the view of our holy edifice. In a hot climate, water, pure water, may be esteemed an emblem even of heavenly enjoyment—and so it is represented both in our Holy Scriptures, and in the Alcoran. This procession superseded the revels of former years, which I had found to be productive of some evil. However, the people were not deprived of their amusements. The isthmean games were intended to be permanent: but no feast was given by me; justly alleging as a reason, that the settlement had become too populous to continue it. Some, therefore, went home before the evening closed in, and some remained in the village until the drum beat off at nine o'clock.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BEFORE the year closed, I began to think seriously of returning to England, as my beloved wife did not regain either her strength or her spirits. Sometimes she would say—"The child is grown up; we may now leave it to itself." Sometimes—"I think, dear Edward, you may confide the government of the settlement safely to Captain Drake:" and sometimes, when her spirits were very low, she would say—"Let us go home to Hartland, Edward, and finish our days in peace; there is now nothing here but bustle and anxiety." These, and corresponding considerations, induced me to make up my mind for quitting the colony early in the February of the next year, and to leave Drake my lieutenant-governor and captain-commandant.

With this object in view, various arrangements were entered on. The first, and perhaps not least important, of which, was to have a distinct clearance in money matters with every person on the island. This in some cases was extremely perplexing; however, before the 31st of December, balances were struck and paid, and receipts passed, between myself and every individual.

In looking into public affairs, I was happy to find, at the expiration of the year (the salaries and other charges on our revenue being paid up), that the sum of 2520 dollars remained in the hands of the fiscal. In consequence of this, I issued a warrant, by which "the clergyman should still receive his 50*l.* a year, besides the Easter offering; and that Doctor Gordon might be at liberty to charge moderately for his medicine and attendance, still receiving his pay as fiscal; also that Town-major, Lieutenant, and Adjutant Craig should have one dollar *per diem*, as pay in full for all his offices; and that M'Nabb, Andrews, and Finlayson (Lieutenant Craig's former comrades) should have a halberd each, with 2½ pistarins, viz. 5 ryals, as their daily pay: and labourer's wages, viz. 2 ryals a day, to be paid to the negro canoe-man at Pirates' Fort, now Frazer's Fort;" which name it received, after the defeat of the Spanish, in honour of the skilful engineer to whose good advice, under Heaven, we owed the preservation of the island on that occasion.

I now turned my attention to my own revenues, beginning with my cotton plantation at Long Bay; which yielded so well that I received an offer of 300 dollars a year from the settlers at Pirates' Land, for its produce, which I accepted. I next let Eastfield to Gortz, with all the sheep thereon, viz. 220, at a rent of 440 dollars a year; he being required to keep the same number of sheep always on that place, and the adjoining hills. The turtle fisheries were let to Rock and Stone, at 500 dollars a year; and it appeared that I was likely to get a handsome revenue by *Vicente*, the Panama pearl-diver; who already had taken some very large

oysters from the rocks in deep water, affording a few fine pearls, specimens of what we might expect: of the produce of this fishery I laid claim to one-third. These rents, and some others of less value, I placed at the disposal of Captain Drake, to be expended, if absolutely required, in the public service; but to be remitted to me, if he could get on without them.

1744.—The month of February arrived. I now arranged definitely with my friend Drake, as to the terms on which he was to assume the government. I desired that he should occupy the mansion as I had done, and give up his house and grounds to Mr. Rowley; appointing his senior officer to the ordinary command of the yacht. "There is a fine herd of deer in the Woodland Park, my dear friend," said I; "*we* have not as yet tasted the venison: but I do not desire you to abstain from doing so; only preserve the breed. I will endeavour to take two pairs of them with me to Hartland."

When my dear wife talked to Rosalie about making preparations for departure, she simpered and hesitated; and, after a little more nonsense, acknowledged that she had engaged herself in marriage to Mr. Reynolds. On the matter being mentioned to me, I sent for him, and he avowed the truth. "Well, sir," I said, "it may be indelicate in me to press the matter, as you have not lost your wife quite twelve months; but I must either take Miss Filibert back with us, or leave her here your wife." He answered respectfully, he would speak to the lady on the subject, and let me know. Much time was not required to settle the business; so on that day week Mr. Rowley tied the indissoluble knot. Reynolds had been steady, and had made some money; besides, he had received gracious letters from his father, to whose estate he was heir. I therefore could make no objection to the match on behalf of Rosalie. On the day of the marriage, Lady Seaward gave the bride 500 dollars, as a compensation for her services during the seven years she had been with us; and she afterwards added to this, some little valuables, as a mark of her esteem.

One morning, just as we came into the hall to breakfast, Diego, who had been anxiously standing there to see us, put the palm of his hand upon his head, looking at us with an unusual vacancy, like one bereaved of hope. He said—"Lady mine, and honoured master, I hear, soon you leave us. Diego then glad, for go rest with Rota." My Eliza did not give me time to answer him;—"We will never leave you, nor forsake you, faithful Diego," she replied: "if you will choose to go with us, our home shall be your home; but England is a cold climate." Diego looked at me. "Come with us to England, Master Diego," said I, "and I will do all in my power to make you comfortable."—"Thank you, Sir Edward! thank you too, my Lady!" exclaimed Diego: then lowering his voice, he said—"Rota loved my Lady;" and then the old man wept.

—"but Rota," continued he, "is gone to Heaven, and Diego will go anywhere with his kind lady, and Master Sir Edward."

A few days before the time fixed on for our departure, Mr. Rowley gave me 1500 dollars, which he had saved since his arrival in the island; he had received some gifts, and had not been at any expense worth mentioning. He requested me to invest the amount in such public securities as might be deemed advisable. On the same day Doctor Gordon called on me with a similar request, but propounded in a very different manner:—"He would like to send some money to England, to be invested in the public funds, if I would see the business done at an advantageous time, so as not to lose the possibility of a fall by any inconsiderate precipitancy." He then went into the merits and demerits of the different stocks; making so many *pros*, and *cons*, and *contras*, about investing the money, that, notwithstanding the great respect I entertained for him, I felt myself obliged to decline having any thing to do with it. "Well, then, Sir Edward," he said, "if you will not meddle with the money,—and here it is in four bags, out by, in the piazza, just 3000 dollars, and 1000 pieces of eight,—I suppose you will have no objection to my putting it into business here, if I like."—"O, none at all," I replied.—"Well," he rejoined, "I'll see about it;" moving away at the same time to the great door, where his man, William Wallace, stood guarding the bags. "Give me twa o' the bags, Wully," said he, "and you tak the other twa; so we'll e'en go back wi' them again." Finding that Wallace was there, I took the opportunity of reminding the Doctor, in the presence of his bondman, that this was the year of his jubilee. "I know that right well, sir;" he replied, a little testily; "but I think the man may choose to stay just where he is, if he knows when he is well off." Saying this, he departed with his bags under his arms, followed by William Wallace similarly laden; evidently not in very good humour, but talking to the fellow in broad Scotch, which he always did: and, to say the truth, he had taught his man Wully to speak so much like himself, that, if it were not for his colour, you might mistake him for a descendant of the patriot whose name he bore.

Before my departure I had several conferences with Van Kempen; the chief object of which was, to know how the additional vessels now building could find employment. He said, "If there were to be as many more, they could be employed; there was scarcely any bounds to the trade of an *entrepôt*."—"Then, is there any thing whatever for me to do?" I rejoined. "Yes; to let us alone!" he replied significantly: "that is all we require of the Governor." I allowed this reply to be conclusive; believing I saw in it the secret of that commercial ascendancy which, at different times, had obtained in places of not much greater territorial extent than Seaward Islands.

My brother and his wife saw us often, both at their own house and at

the mansion, ever since I had made up my mind to return to England. Mrs. Seaward, of late, evinced more feeling and affection for her sister than I had before witnessed in her; but my sister Maria (Mrs. Drake), not only now, but on all occasions, was the kindest and most affectionate of friends.

A few days before I sailed, Drake and I were closeted all the forenoon, making final arrangements. We wrote out a memorial, from him, to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and another to the King; setting forth what he had done for his Majesty's service, at Porto Bello, and in the capture of vessels of superior force, and in the defence of these islands; praying for a promotion in the navy to the rank of Commander. The memorial to the King was not to be presented, unless the other should fail in its object. He then received from my hand an outline of our laws, or rather regulations; also a body of instructions for his conduct in all public matters. I then presented to him his commission as Lieutenant-Governor and Captain-Commandant of Seaward Islands.

On the same day all our friends dined with us; and, before they took their leave, all of them confided to my care numerous letters for England. Among the rest, Doctor Gordon, having "thought about it," pulled a large packet from his waistcoat pocket, saying—"Sir Edward, I know I am a little *fasheous*; but I hope you will not impute it to any disrespectful intention to yourself, who I am free to acknowledge to be a most honourable and trustworthy man. And so, to make a long business short, if you will just be good enough to take charge of this letter for your bankers in London, with my four bags of money—which I will duly send you to-morrow morning, and which have been sealed, and nailed up in a double case, in the presence of Mr. Van Kempen—I cannot but say, you will lay me under a great obligation." I held out my hand to receive the packet; then, taking a part of the Doctor's speech for the greater part of my reply, I said—"To make a long business short, I will do it." And it afforded me no less pleasure, to think I should, by this act, not leave an unpleasant feeling behind me in the breast of this eccentric, but truly honest man.

On Sunday, the 12th of February, after coming out of church, we took a general and affectionate leave of all the people; myself addressing a few parting words, I may say, of parental exhortation to them; which were answered by the tears of many, and bows of reverence from all. My dear wife wept too; and, as she passed, every lip blessed her: sobs now became audible around us: then, waving my hand kindly to them, I pulled my hat over my own eyes, and hastened forward. Early the next morning, our household were all assembled in the hall: we distributed some appropriate presents among them; and then we tenderly kissed the children. Our nearest and dearest friends next appeared; and accompanied by them, and attended by Diego, we left the mansion. Eliza

leaned on my arm, and grasped it hard as we walked along. She looked down, with an agitated colour on her cheek; but a sweet smile was on her mouth, which told me, though she felt a natural emotion at quitting the place—perhaps for ever—yet happiness was in her heart. Diego carried Fidele in his arms; the dear little animal having grown too fat, in his old age, to run beside us. When arrived at the shore, we bade an affectionate but firm adieu to the attached friends and relations we were about to leave behind us, and embarked without any difficulty. The beach was lined with our late servants, and the people, standing at various distances in groups, to see the last of us.

In compliment to me and to our islands, Drake hoisted the St. George's flag at the fore; and all the boats of the settlement, with their flags flying, escorted us out of the harbour. When fairly out, we set our top-gallant sails, and hauled down our colours, which was the signal for the boats to return; they did so, but without a cheer. Their silence was a better compliment; it evinced their sorrowful feeling on the occasion.

When our vessel had proceeded some distance, and the islands had receded far, my beloved looked steadily and mournfully on the shadowy land;—"Farewell!" she said, and sighed deeply. "You sigh, love," I exclaimed; "we leave the people rich and happy; and our dear friend here," alluding to Drake, "will take good care of them."—"It was the recollection of former days," she replied, "that drew forth that sigh—the recollection of the time when that land was to me an earthly paradise."

On the fifth day we came in sight of Port Royal, just as a convoy for England, with three ships of war, were standing out of the harbour. Drake instantly suspected what they were; and, after conferring with me for a few minutes, made a whiff in his ensign; the signal to speak the Commodore, who was distinguished by a broad pendant. On the signal being answered, the Porghee ran up on his quarter. Drake then hailed him—"This is Sir Edward Seaward's yacht. He is on board, and on his way to Kingston, to take a passage in a merchant ship to England." The Commodore very politely hove to, and sent a boat on board, offering me a passage in his ship, which I politely declined, on account of the delicate state of Lady Seaward's health. Before evening, Drake contrived to secure a passage for me in the Severn, one of the finest ships out of Bristol; and before night he had put all our packages on board, which were numerous, large, and heavy.

And on the following day our inestimable friend bade my dear wife and myself an affectionate adieu: shaking Master Diego cordially by the hand, not forgetting to say—"Good-by, Fidele!" he left us on board the Severn; and, with an emotion not to be described, we saw our little vessel fill her sails and go.

The next day the whole fleet got under weigh, steering to the westward. My dear wife and myself thought it would be expedient, now, to

call our faithful Diego by the English equivalent, viz. James, to prevent the possibility of his Spanish name exposing him to jests or even affronts; and we took the earliest opportunity of imparting this to him. "Then, Master Sir Edward," said he, "if you please, my name is Diego James."—"Just so, Master Diego," I replied; "but Mr. James for the mouths of strangers."—"And for their ears too," added my considerate Eliza, "when we speak of you to them."

The breeze was steady, and the weather continued fine, until we got into the Gulf of Florida. It then became hazy, and even foggy, which made it not only disagreeable but dangerous; the convoy being obliged to keep close together for fear of the Spanish cruisers, or row-boats, cutting off vessels; which they always do from a straggling fleet. Yet, in spite of this caution, one or two of our merchantmen were taken; the men-of-war being kept constantly on the alert, every now and then having a brush with the enemy.

After clearing the Gulf, and passing Cape Canaveral, the fleet

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The Editor has to lament, that, from this point, seventy-three pages of the original manuscript are missing; that is, from page 630 to page 704 in the old MS. Only four subsequent pages have been found; and they appear to have been intended to close the Journal. The 704th page is headed 1749; and bears so satisfactorily on the former subjects of the narrative, that the Editor hopes the additional Chapter will prevent any actual disappointment in the reader's mind, concerning the safe arrival of the homeward-bound party, in England; it also shows their subsequent residence at Sir Edward's seat in Gloucestershire, from the year of his return in 1744, until his being called to London on public business, five years after, in the year 1749, when the narrative here recommences, and finishes with the fate of Seaward Islands.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"It will answer no good purpose, sir," he replied; "but the contrary. Mr. Pelham has been perfectly explicit, and I can have nothing more to say on the subject."—"It is not my wish, my Lord Duke," I observed, "to create any unnecessary vexation to his Majesty's government; but I have a duty to perform in another quarter. I cannot suffer the people to be treated in this manner, abandoned like dogs, without seeking that redress to which they are entitled."—"I tell you, Sir Edward Seaward," he replied, "that the thing is done. Those islands, or rocks, or whatever they are, must be delivered up immediately to the Crown of Spain."

On hearing this, I determined to make one effort more to impress his

sacrifice they are called upon to make, for the honour of those who signed or ratified the treaty that expels them. I expect that a proper settlement will be given, for such as may choose to go to the Mosquito shore, on the terms proposed to me by Mr. Pelham. Likewise say, that I shall expect the 10,000*l.* offered to me, and which I will place at the disposal of Captain Drake, for their necessities."—"I think this will be acceded to, Sir Edward," replied Lord Harrington; then, after a little explanatory conversation, he took his leave.

On the morrow Mr. Pitts, who had been Governor of Rattan, waited on me from the minister, with full powers to arrange every thing for the evacuation of Seaward Islands. The forts were to be demolished, and the place then given up. Such, he said, had been the fate of Rattan, after the government had expended 15,000*l.* on its establishment. Mr. Pitts was a liberal and kind-hearted man, entering warmly into my feelings. He had been much among the Mosquito-shore Indians, and cordially undertook to procure a good settlement among them for the Seaward Islands colony. We met three successive days, occupied entirely completing our arrangements; by which it was stipulated, that the people should have three months to remove from the islands, with their stock and goods, and that government should pay the island vessels for transporting them; that government should satisfy the Indians for six square miles of land, such as might be fixed on for their residence; and also grant a commission of Superintendent, to Lieutenant James Craig, with a subaltern's pay as such. All this being ratified, I sat down and wrote a long letter to my dear and inestimable friend, Captain Drake, with all necessary details. Mr. Pitts received my letter, and last instructions, with much feeling and courtesy; he saw the struggle in my breast, when I gave it to him. He took his leave, and posted off for Plymouth, to sail instantly for the islands in a sloop of war. Our business in London being thus brought to a close—

"Now, my own Edward," said my beloved Eliza, "let us return to Hartland, and finish our days in peace."

THE END.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-square.

CONFESSIONS OF A WORKING MAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF
EMILE SOUVESTRE.



Translated from the Third Edition.

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1853.



(DEDICATION TO THE ORIGINAL.)

TO THE ELDER MORVAN,

A WORKING MAN AT THE PORT OF BREST,

AND

TO PERRINE MORVAN,

HIS WIFE.

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CONFESSIONS OF A WORKING MAN.

INTRODUCTION.

WE owe the communication of the following Memoirs to a friend. Being obliged to live among working men of all trades, his sympathetic character has often led him from the mere connections of business to more intimate relations ; when employing the workman, he interests himself in the man ; and when the engineer has judged of the work, the philosophical observer has his turn.

In the year 1846, while employed on some buildings, which were being erected according to his plans, he became acquainted with Pierre Henry, who went by the name of *The Strict*, and who had at the time several sub-contracts for the mason's work. He immediately remarked his activity, intelligence, and good-humour ; and, by-and-by, he was able to appreciate the scrupulous honesty which had gained him, among his fellows, the glorious title of *The Strict*.

Daily intercourse, and a reciprocal esteem, gradually drew them into confidence. In his familiar conversations with the engineer, Pierre Henry had already, unconsciously, related a part of his life, when an accident happened to bring it to light in all its details.

An accumulation of business had one day detained our friend later than usual, when a sudden shower of rain came on, and compelled him to accept the hospitality offered him by the master-mason. He was received with the quiet courtesy of those who know how to respect themselves, at the same time as others. Pierre Henry's wife was a laundress, with a dozen women under herself and her daughter. The son overlooked the workyard, examined the works, kept the accounts, and handled the hammer or trowel if required. They had all preserved the dress and habits of their trade. Experience had taught the master-mason to endeavour to avoid for his children the dangers of leaving their own class in life, where the path is well beaten and known, for other roads, where every thing becomes a difficulty, because all is new. Perhaps, too, he felt a repugnance to see them desert those obscure ranks, which were to him in the human army what his own regiment is to the soldier ; he no doubt perceived that the most certain way of being useful to his fellow-workmen, was to leave among them the men who could do them honour ; for Pierre Henry knew, that the law of progress does not require us to bring down that which is above, but to raise that which is below.

After the exchange of civilities proper to a first visit, our friend, who had to arrange some bills, was shown into the spare room, which the mason and his son used as an office. It was there, while he was turning over several estimates, to which Pierre Henry had given him access, that his eyes fell upon a manuscript, which bore this curious title :—

ALL THAT I CAN RECOLLECT OF MY LIFE,

SINCE 1801.

BY PIERRE HENRY, CALLED "THE STRICT."

On questioning the mason, he laughingly confessed that it was a sort of memoir, written in former times during rainy evenings,

or on winter Sundays, without any other intention than that of putting his recollections together. He made, however, no difficulty about permitting his guest to read it, and, while warning him that he would never get further than the second page, he gave him leave to take the manuscript away with him. The engineer promised to take the greatest care of it ; but Pierre Henry declared that his son had made a fair copy of it, and that the original manuscript was destined, long since, to the laundry fire. Our friend, having thus become the lawful owner of the memoirs, read them, and spoke to us of them ; but he only gave them to us a few months ago, and from that time we have thought that their publication might at once be interesting and instructive. It only remained to obtain the consent of the mason ; after having hesitated some time, he complied with our wishes, without any other condition than that of suppressing a few proper names, and some details which were too personal.

We have used the complete liberty which was given us as to other matters, in abridging several chapters, and in making the expressions more correct. Sometimes, even, we have finished certain sketches, the lines of which had been left too confused, or too imperfect. But if these additions and curtailments have modified the form a little, they have never touched the spirit of the Memoirs of Pierre Henry, as the manuscript, which we still preserve, can prove.

This manuscript, consisting of three quires of coarse bluish paper, is entirely filled, and carefully written ; the erasures are few, and the repetitions numerous. The interlineations and marginal additions, are written in a younger hand ; they are by Pierre Henry's son, who has had a more literary education, and who belongs to that phalanx of workmen-poets, whose appearance is one of the significant features of our age.

We have availed ourselves of these views, in which the working-man of our day interprets the feelings of the working-man who had gone before him in the same course. It has seemed to

us that these commentaries throw, here and there, a ray of light on the somewhat obscure facts in the mason's memoirs. For the most part, however, the son had only expressed his father's recollections in better terms, or finished in writing the account received from him by word of mouth.

Pierre Henry has copied into the manuscript that we possess, the official documents which compose his family archives, and each at its date ; the certificate of his birth, those of the burials of his parents, his marriage certificate, the purchase-deed of the house in which he lives, and the garden he cultivates, and the principal contracts made by him in the exercise of his trade. The manuscript begins under the form of memoirs, after a while takes that of a journal, and ends by being a mere collection of accounts.

Even these changes have their meaning, and must, doubtless, correspond to the interests of different times of life. When young, we love to stop on the road, and look back with a dreamy eye on the horizon left behind us ; after a while, time urges us on, and we only care for what is around us ; later still, our view is contracted to our feet, and we think only of calculating the distances, and avoiding the ruts. All existence, alas ! follows more or less the course of Pierre Henry's manuscript ; we begin with graceful or touching pictures, and we finish with arithmetic.

We have here thought it better to give only the former of these. As we could not print the mason's manuscript all through, we have extracted that part of it which has appeared to us adapted to calm rebellious spirits, and to soften hearts ready to grow hard. We have thought that, in the midst of the social troubles and excitement of our times, nothing is more opportune, more encouraging, and more beautiful, than the spectacle of a man of humble lot, who combats suffering by patience, and who triumphs in his integrity.

CHAPTER I.

The House in Chateau-Landon Street.—Pierre Henry's Neighbours.—The Chestnut Seller.—The little Sister Henrietta.—Friend Maurice.

As far back as I can recollect, I remember living with my father and mother in a two-storied house, in Chateau-Landon Street, near the Barrier of the *Vertus*.

On the ground floor lodged, all alone, a dealer in old clothes, who was employed in his trade during the day, returned home in the evening, got tipsy without saying a word, and slept himself sober by next morning. He never spoke to any one, nor made any noise, but lived as quietly as a dead man in his grave. We passed weeks without either seeing or hearing him ; but we knew his life so well, that we could always hit exactly on what he was doing. Just at seven we used to say—

“Vautru is in town.”

Towards eight—

“Vautru is tipsy !”

And, if put to the proof, we were always in the right.

One day, however, we found ourselves in the wrong. Vautru did not go out in the morning, and little Rose, our neighbour, after having looked through the hole which lighted his room, ran away, crying out, and quite frightened. We asked her what she had seen ; she replied with tears, that the clothes-seller had become all black. Some of the neighbours went in their turn, got into his room, and found Vautru burnt.

I have always remembered this event, because it was the first

time I saw a dead person. They had put him in his coffin, with a white sheet over him, a candle at his head, and near his feet a plate, into which every one threw a few pence to pay the burial fee. My mother sent me with an offering, and my heart was touched. As long as Vautru was our neighbour, I had taken no heed to him; but when I thought that there was, within these boards, a man whom I had seen living, and who could never get up again, it seemed to me that I had loved him, and I began to cry. I have since thought on recalling this, that one ought not to withdraw sad images too much from children. The thoughtlessness of their age will make them naturally selfish and hard; the sight of suffering or death opens their hearts.

Over the clothes-seller lived Mother Cauville, a worthy woman, left a widow without provision, and with three children. As long as her husband lived they were all maintained; when he died, *their legs had failed them*—so said the good dame Cauville—and it was necessary to *walk upon their courage*! The brave mother drawing a small hand-cart, commenced crying "*vegetables*;" the eldest daughter had bought a flat basket for selling small wares, and the son had become a travelling chair-mender. Little Rose, then eight years old, stayed at home and kept house. At first the fang of poverty struck hard. They measured their mouths—they blew their fingers—they slept on straw, but little by little the gains of the mother and the two children increased; farthings added to farthings became shillings; they could have a mattress—light the stove—enlarge the rations. Rose, in her spare moments, made brimstone matches which her sister sold, and knit stockings for all the family. When I left the house, the honest people had furniture, Sunday clothes, and credit at the baker's.

The remembrance of the Cauvilles has always remained to me as a proof of what the least resources produce when made the most of by perseverance and good-will. It is by uniting small efforts that we arrive at great results; each of our fingers is of

little worth by itself, but altogether they form the hand with which houses are built and mountains pierced.

My parents lived above the widow Cauville ; higher up there were only cats and tiles.

The best part of my time was passed in fighting or in wandering about the suburbs. We were a family party of a dozen, better provided with appetites than with shoes and stockings, and with the public street for our drawing-room. Every thing served us for amusement : the snow of winter which helped us to fight great battles, the water of the gutters that we stopped up to make a pond of the street, the withered sods of the unoccupied bits of ground, with which we built ovens or mills. In these works, as in our childish games, I was neither the strongest nor the wisest, but I hated injustice, which made them choose me for arbiter in all our quarrels. The condemned party sometimes revenged himself for the sentence by thrashing the judge ; but, instead of this disgusting me with my impartiality, the blows only confirmed it, just as with a nail well planted, the more you strike the more it goes in.

The same instinct led me only to do what I thought right, and only to say what I knew. Evil came to me from this more than once, especially in the adventure with the chestnut seller.

He was a peasant who often passed through our suburbs with an ass loaded with fruit, and used to stop at an old friend's who lodged opposite our house. The Argenteuil wine often lengthened out his visit, and we used to gather round the donkey and look at his load with envious eyes. One day the temptation was too strong. The donkey carried a bag, through the rents of which we could see the beautiful shining chestnuts, which looked as if they had placed themselves at the window to provoke our gluttony. The boldest pointed them out with their eyes, and one of them proposed to enlarge the opening. The matter was put to discussion ; I was the only one who opposed it. As the majority made the law, they were proceeding to execution, when I

threw myself before the bag, crying out that nobody should touch it. I wished to give reasons in support of the act, but a blow of a fist closed my mouth. I quickly retaliated, and then followed a general *mêlée*, which was my Waterloo. Overpowered by numbers, I dragged down in my fall the bag I defended; and the peasant, who was attracted by the noise of the fight, found me under the legs of the donkey in the middle of his scattered chestnuts. Seeing my adversaries in flight, he divined what they had wanted to do, took me for their accomplice, and without more explanation, fell to punishing me with blows of his whip for the robbery which I had prevented. In vain I implored, the man thought to avenge himself for his loss, and besides he had drunk too much to listen. I escaped from him half dead, bleeding and furious.

My companions did not fail to laugh at my scruples, which had been so ill-rewarded: but I had an obstinate will; instead of being discouraged, I grew fiercer. After all, if my bruises hurt me they did not cause me shame, and those who laughed at my conduct, thought the more of it all the while; as the saying is, it gave me a *position*. I have often thought since, that the chestnut-seller, when beating me, had served me a good turn without knowing it. Not only had he taught me that we ought to do good for its own sake and not for reward, but he had given me an occasion to show character: thanks to him, I had begun a reputation which I was afterwards anxious to go on with; for if a good reputation is a reward, it is also a curb; when people give us a good name, they most frequently oblige us to deserve it.

Excepting honesty, however, I had all the defects resulting from a street education. Nobody took heed of me, and I grew by the grace of God, like the weeds in the roads. My mother was occupied all day with her household cares, and my father only came home from his work in the evening. To both of them I was merely another mouth to feed. They wished to see me

live and not suffer; their foresight did not extend further—it was their way of loving.

Wretchedness, which was always on the threshold, sometimes pushed open the door and entered, but I never remember to have felt it. When bread fell short they attended to my hunger first, then my father and mother lived as best they could.

Another recollection about this time is that of our Sunday walks beyond the Barrier.* We used to go and take places in a great room full of people, who drank, shouted, and often came to blows. Even now I call to mind my mother's efforts and my own to prevent my father taking part in these quarrels. We most often brought him home disfigured, and always with difficulty; so these were for me days of sorrow and fear.

One circumstance made them yet more hateful to me.

I had a little sister, named Henrietta, fair, fat as butter, and who slept near me in a wicker cradle. I loved this innocent creature, who laughed when she saw me, and began to learn to hold out her little arms to me. She disliked the barrier-walks yet more than I did; her cries irritated my father, who often vented his anger upon her in curses. One day, tired with her crying, he wished to take her, but he already saw double; the child slipped from his arms and fell on her head. As we were returning she was given to me to carry. My father was glad to have made her quiet; and I, who felt her head nodding on my shoulder, thought that she slept. Nevertheless, every now and then she gave a little moan. On reaching home she was put to bed, and all of us went to sleep; but the next day I was awakened by loud cries. My mother held Henrietta on her knees, whilst my father looked at them both, with his arms crossed, and his head hung down. My little sister had died during the night. Without well comprehending then what had caused her death, I connected her loss with our walks outside the barrier, which made me hate them still more.

* Outside the Barriers wine pays no excise, and the drinking-shops abound.

After an interruption of some weeks, my father wished to renew them, but my mother refused to go with him, and I thus escaped them.

In the mean time, I was ten years old, and there was no thought of giving me any instruction. The indifference of my parents in this respect, was encouraged by the advice of Maurice. Maurice had always been the best friend of my family. He was a mason, like my father, and from the same part of the country; and, in addition to the authority which old connection gives, he had that which comes from unsullied honesty, proved capacity, and easy circumstances acquired by method and hard work. *Maurice says so!* was repeated in our house as the lawyers repeat—*It is the law!* Now, Maurice had a horror of printed letters.

“What is the good of puzzling your son with the alphabet!” he often said to my father. “Have I had need of the torture of schools to make my way? It is neither the pen nor the ink-stand; it is the trowel and the hod, which makes a good workman. Wait yet two years, and you shall then give me Pierre Henry, and, unless the devil meddles, we will soon make him take kindly to brick and mortar.” My father approved highly: as to my mother, she would have preferred sending me to school in the hopes of *making me* a priest. Nevertheless, she gave up without much difficulty the glory of making a scholar of me, and I should have known neither how to read or write, if the goodness of God had not interposed.

CHAPTER II.

Why I go to School.—M. Saurin.—I am Banished to the Form of the Incorrigibles.—Pierrot and the Battle of Jena.—I become a Good Scholar.—The Arithmetical Sanctum of M. Saurin.

OUR friend Maurice did not work only as foreman for others; he had begun for some time to undertake small contracts on his own account, which brought him in a little money, and gave him a taste for that course. He had heard of a job of mason's work for a gentleman of Versailles, who had before employed him. He mentioned it to us, and my mother advised him to write to the gentleman, but Maurice had a decided aversion to letter-writing; he declared that he preferred to wait till Sunday, and then to go on foot to Versailles to settle the business. Unfortunately another made more haste. When he saw us again, the Monday following, he informed us that the gentleman had signed the contract the evening before he came. He regretted Maurice, to whom he would have given the preference. It was a profit of some hundred francs lost for want of a letter. The foreman detested paper and ink more than ever; which, according to him, always gave an advantage to intriguers over good workmen. Let it be well understood, that in the eyes of Maurice a good workman was one who knew neither how to read nor write.

But my mother learnt quite another lesson from this circumstance; she concluded from it that it was good, even for a workman to know how to *put black on white*, and she talked of sending me to school. My father, who had not thought about it, made

no opposition. They then bought me a great box, which was hung over my shoulder by a string; it was furnished with two pens, a quire of paper, a leathern inkstand, an A B C, on which the alphabet was preceded by a cross, and which was therefore called a "Christ-Cross;" then I was taken to M. Saurin's school.

M. Saurin had been, before the revolution, a lay brother or novice in a convent of Capucins. It was there, doubtless, that he had learnt to inflict discipline, and to speak through his nose. Otherwise he was one of the best men that ever lived—patient, disinterested, always ready to serve others. I loved every thing in good M. Saurin, excepting his severity. He used it, however, with much justice, and every blow was accompanied by a friendly word.

"It is for your good, dear boy," he would repeat, sighing; "remember this correction, my child: he who loves well chastens well—still another for the interest I take in you!"

And, at each sentence, the triple knotted cord descended on your back or shoulders.

As for me, I was always amongst the most loved, that is, the best beaten. So I must confess that I was the highest on the form of *incorrigibles*! Such was the name M. Saurin gave to the most inveterate idlers. The life I had led until now, made this compulsory sitting-still insupportable to me. I felt in my legs sundry impulses to run, which I tried to cure by stamping my feet right and left, or by leaps which changed the strokes my neighbours were writing into zig-zags, and made the ink spirt from the inkstands over the beautiful copies of M. Saurin.

Then these copies, which were arranged along the tables, and hung from packthread by wooden pins, like linen on the lines of washerwomen, served us much less as models for large and running hand, than as screens to hide our misdeeds: M. Saurin, who always had a joke (even when his discipline made us cry,) called them the *paragrimaces*!

I took advantage of this as much as any one, and all the first

year passed without my being able to read or to write. I always had in my mind what I had heard Maurice say, and I looked upon school instruction as a luxury, the want of which I did not at all feel.

To value it, it was necessary to learn what use it can be turned to.

We were then, if I recollect rightly, in the year 1806. One evening, on coming out of school, I saw about twenty workmen stopping before a large bill posted on the wall ; one of them was trying to spell it, but without being even able to make out the title properly.

We had among us a little humpbacked boy, named Pierrot, who was the scholar of the school, and who read all sorts of writing as easily as the others played at spinning tops. On seeing the silver cross with the tricolored ribbon, which he wore in front, the workmen called him ; one of them held him up in his arms so that he could see the bill. He began reading in his little shrill voice :—

“ BULLETIN OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

Victory over the Prussians at Jena.”

It was the recital of the battle, with the history of the five French battalions that the Prussian cavalry had not been able to break, and the five Prussian battalions which the French cavalry had scattered like a skein of thread. Pierrot read all this with an air as proud as if he had been general-in-chief, and the workmen, their eyes fixed upon him, drank in every word. When he stopped, the most impatient exclaimed,—

“Go on! go on!”

The others answered,—

“Give him time; at least let him take breath. Does he not read well—the little man? Come, my jewel, you stopped at Marshal Davoust’s charge.”

And they were silent again to listen to Pierrot.

When the reading was finished, others passed by, and the little humpbacked boy was obliged to begin again. He, whom every body treated with contempt, was now regarded with consideration. One had almost said, that he had some part himself in the glorious account which he was making known to them; every one was obliged to him. They spoke words of kindness and encouragement to him, whilst they made us silent by kicks: the little deformity was become our king.

This struck me as Maurice's adventure had struck my mother. Without reasoning upon it, I felt that learning was good sometimes. Pierrot's little triumph gave me a taste for printed letters; I cannot say I made a resolution, but from that day I became more attentive to the lessons. A little praise from M. Saurin encouraged this good disposition, and the progress I made had the effect of giving me courage.

At the end of the second year I knew how to read and write; M. Saurin began giving me lessons in arithmetic.

These lessons were only granted to favourite scholars, those who were gifted with *the sacred fire*, as said the old Capucin. They were taken into a little room apart, where was a black board, on which M. Saurin gave his demonstrations. The profane were forbidden to enter the sanctum. The black board room was to them like Blue-Beard's chamber. M. Saurin taught us the four rules with as much solemnity as if he had taught us the way to make gold, and perhaps, after all, he discovered to us a science as precious. I have often thought that the knowledge of arithmetic is the greatest gift that one man can make to another. Intelligence is much, love of work yet more, perseverance much better still; but without arithmetic all is like a tool which misses its stroke. Calculation is the way of finding the relation between the attempt and the success; that is, between cause and effect. He who does not calculate acts by chance. He does not know beforehand if he is taking the best way; afterwards he is igno-

rant if he has taken it. Arithmetic is to industry what conscience is to honesty. It is only by it that we can see clearly and be satisfied. Experience has many times proved to me what I have just said—for others and for myself.

Thanks to M. Saurin's lessons, I could cipher readily enough, and resolve all the questions he set for me on his black board. After Pierrot's departure I was the first in the class; the little silver cross never left my patched coat. I had done like Napoleon—I had become perpetual emperor.

CHAPTER III.

A Great Misfortune.—A True Friend.—The Engineer's Opinion on the Thoughtlessness of Children.—M. Lenoir and his Geographical Charts.

ONE winter's evening, M. Saurin had kept me later than usual to solve some questions. I did not return home till night. When I arrived I found the door locked; it was the hour when my father was always at home, and when my mother was getting supper ready. I could not imagine what had become of them both. I seated myself on the door steps to wait for them.

I had been there some time, when Rose came down and saw me. I asked her if she knew why our door was locked; but, instead of answering me, she ran up-stairs again in a fright, and I heard her exclaim as she went back into their room,—

"Pierre Henry is there!"

Something was answered—then there were hasty whispers; at last dame Cauville appeared at the top of the staircase, and in a friendly voice invited me to come up. She was just going to supper with her children, and she asked me to join them. I replied that I would wait for my mother.

"She is gone out on business," said the widow, who appeared to hesitate; "very likely it will be long before she returns: eat and drink, my poor Pierre; do not refuse a good meal."

I placed myself by Rose; every one was silent except widow Cauville, who pressed me to eat; but my heart felt heavy without knowing wherefore. I listened all the time for some step on the staircase, and I looked at the door every instant.

When supper was finished, they gave me a chair near the fire; the Cauvilles remained round me, and all continued mute. This silence, and the attention paid to me, at last frightened me. I got up, exclaiming that I wished to see my mother.

"Wait, she will come back," said the widow.

I asked where she was.

"Well," replied dame Cauville, "she is at the hospital."

"She is ill then?"

"No, she is gone to take your father there, who has had an accident in the work-yard."

I declared that I would go to them, but she opposed me; she pretended not to know to which hospital the wounded man had been taken, and maintained, besides, that they would not admit me. I was obliged then to wait. My heart was as if in a vice, and I felt I was choking. Every one seemed as distressed as I was. We sat round the crackling fire, and we heard outside the rain and the wind beating on the dilapidated roof of the old house. Just then a dog began to howl, and, without knowing why, I began to cry.

Dame Cauville let me go on without saying any thing, as if she did not wish to give me hope by comforting me. At last, very late in the evening, we heard heavy steps on the staircase.

Our neighbour and her children ran to the door: trembling, I rose up and looked towards it—my mother appeared at it.

She was dripping with rain, and covered with mud and blood. She looked so as I had never seen her before. She came up to the fire without saying a word, and sank into a chair. We could easily see that she wished to speak, for her lips moved; but nothing but a kind of murmuring sound escaped from them.

I rushed towards her, and pressed her in my arms. The poor vegetable woman then asked her for news of Jerome.

"Ah! I have told you," stammered my mother, in a voice almost unintelligible; "the doctor at once gave up all hope. He

that a thought for the widow of a working man ? No doubt you have hands to beg ; you have them also to work ! Are we to believe that you fear work ; you, whom I always cite as an example to my wife and daughter ! Perhaps you are no longer a good housewife ? or no longer the best washerwoman in this quarter ? Is it necessary, then, for me to make you remember, that in the country they used to call you *Little Cleverness*, owing to your handiness ?”

These praises reassured my mother a little. She agreed to think with Maurice about what she could undertake. The mason had already formed a plan, the honour of which he gave to the widow, when inducing her to accept it. It was agreed that she should look out for the management of some bachelor's house, whilst I should become a mason's boy in the work-yard. Maurice promised to look after every thing, and if at first our wages were not sufficient, he engaged, in his country language, “ to put a little butter into the spinach.”

We left our lodgings for the ground floor formerly occupied by the old clothes-dealer, and which was then vacant. This change, to which we were driven by poverty, was heart-breaking to my mother. We had not space enough for our furniture in the sort of cellar into which we descended. It was necessary to sell that which was the least useful. The little bed on which my sister had slept was what I regretted the most. As to my mother, her lamentations were endless. Her house was her glory ; and seeing it thus reduced, and all put within the limits of the little dark room in which we were to live, she hid her face in her apron ; one would have thought she felt herself dishonoured.

I cannot understand why poor people become more attached than rich, to the things among which they live. Perhaps they love them for the trouble they have had in getting them, or from a more continual use of them. With them nothing goes, nothing changes ; the furniture with which they began house-

keeping remains in its place until the day their household comes to an end ; it is, so to say, a part of themselves. If time wears it out, they repair or alter it—the fragments are even of use. When the fire has pierced the earthen pot in which the dinner is cooked for the family, they sow sweet peas and mignonette in it to adorn the window. All their bits of worn-out furniture are like friends grown old with them. For my part, I have never willingly parted with any thing that has *lived* with me for long. Even now I have a barn filled with broken furniture, and tools past use ; it is my almshouse for old servants. This is not very wise, I know ; but we may allow something to our feelings, when we always try to do our duty.

During the following week my mother found a situation with an old bachelor, who lived in a small house at the top of the faubourg St. Martin. M. Lenoir had one passion, that of geography. All the walls of his room were hung with maps, on which he had fixed little pins, the heads of which were ornamented with sealing-wax. These pins, as he told me afterwards, marked the routes taken by the most celebrated travellers. M. Lenoir remembered the most insignificant of their adventures, knew the name of every place they had visited, and was acquainted with the least tribes of Africa. But then he could not tell who were his neighbours, and he had visited no part of Paris but that in which he lived. He was therefore looked on as a madman ; but on reflecting upon it since, I have thought that the greater part of those who laughed at him were hardly wiser themselves. Did not they equally neglect indispensable kinds of knowledge for ruinous or useless fancies ? Did not they also travel in Africa with their red-headed pins, when they ought to have been attending to their affairs and their families ? Every time that I have been tempted to lose my time in things without purpose, the thought of M. Lenoir has stopped me. A proof that, to those who choose it, all things may serve as instruction ; and that fools even may give lessons in wisdom.

CHAPTER IV.

The Mason's Boy.—Explanation of what a true Mason is by Father Maurice.—
Story of Great Mauduit and Little Gauvert.—I become a Good Workman.
—Temptations.—My First Fault.—Lesson given by Maurice.—Jerome's
Chimney.

FATHER MAURICE said to me when he procured me the situation of mason's boy in the work-yard :—

"You are now beginning the world, Pierre Henry : be a right good hod-boy if you wish to become some day an independent workman. Our trade, you see, is not like the world—the best serving-men make the best masters. Go forward, then ; and if some journeymen upsets you, take it in good part. At your age, the shame is not to receive a kick, but to deserve it."

This advice was not useless, considering the customs of the trade. From time immemorial, the mason has had a right to treat his hod-boy paternally—that is, to thrash him by way of education. I was put under the order of a man from Limousin, who adhered strictly to these old traditions. At the least awkwardness his blows rained down with a roll of curses ; it was thunder and hail together. I was confounded at first ; but I soon took to learning the trade, and to *strict service*, as friend Maurice used to call it.

At a month's end I was the best hod-boy in the work-yard. The Limousin man was just enough not to take a dislike to me. He continued to punish my awkwardness occasionally, but he did not seek for opportunities to do so ; the man was churlish, not bad ; his harshness seemed to him a right, and he struck the

boy who had committed a fault, as a judge would use the law, without any ill-will towards the condemned.

My new trade, though it was hard work, suited me well. It allowed me to prove my strength and my activity. Maurice did not fail to point them out, which soon gave me a good character among the journeymen. This I tried to maintain by increased zeal. A good name is at the same time a reward and a bond; if you gain, you are also pledged by it: it is like earnest-money received from the public, and which obliges us to do our duty.

I had succeeded in obtaining the good-will of all the workmen in the work-yard by my obligingness. I thus gained opportunities of learning, with less effort, more of the trade than many of my fellows ever came to know. The journeymen took a kind of pleasure in giving me instruction, which they used to refuse to the others, who had, so to speak, to get it by stealth. I became the pupil of all the men; each took upon himself to teach me something. They let me undertake those works which were easy, and directed me in my various attempts. Maurice especially always had his eye upon me; he spared neither advice nor encouragement.

"Don't you see, Pierre Henry," he repeated continually to me, "a mason is like a soldier; he must do honour to the regiment of the trowel. The architect is our general; he makes the plan of the battle, but it is for us to win it by bravely working with brick and mortar, as the troops yonder work the enemy. The true workman does not think only of the baker's bill; he loves the work of his hands; his glory is in that. Simple as I stand here, I have never hung the ribbons on the last gable without feeling a certain something in my heart. The houses in which I have had a hand seem to me like my children; when I see them, they rejoice my eyes. It seems to me that the inhabitants too are somewhat obliged to me, and I take an interest in them! When I talk of this there are some who sneer, and think me an old dotard; but good workmen understand me, and enter into

my feelings. Therefore, believe me, child, if you wish to have your place among the best, put your heart into the handle of your trowel; it is only that which will make you a first-rate workman."

I listened the more readily to father Maurice, as I was already of his way of thinking. The spirit of the trade had entered into my blood, as one may say. I loved my work for its own sake; I was proud of it; my whole soul was in it. Since then, I have learnt that this is what they call having a *vocation*. Every workman who takes no pleasure in his work, is out of his true road. God has not intended him for the task which chance has given him. The first requisite to make people and things of value, is to like them. I once knew an old gardener, whose garden astonished all his neighbours. If, elsewhere, the lettuces ran to seed, his were seen as round as could be wished; when the wind had blighted all his neighbours' blossoms, his apple-trees were hid under a sheet of snowy flowers; when the beautiful greensward was burnt up under the summer's sun, his turf was of an emerald green.

"What the devil, then, do you do to your plants, that you turn every thing to account in this way?" asked the astonished neighbours.

"Only one thing," replied the old gardener; "I love them."

In truth this word expressed every thing. There are so many precautions impossible to prescribe beforehand, and which are only suggested by a hearty good-will. Example and practice can teach you a trade; but it is only taste for the work that can make you a good workman.

The advice of father Maurice was not the only encouragement I had. I often found indirect incitements from the conversation of the journeymen. Whilst they cut the stone, or roughcast the walls, they used to relate the chronicles of the trade, and the noble deeds of their great men.

Above all, there was the history of Big Mauduit, which I was

never tired of listening to. Big Mauduit was a first-rate journeyman, who came from Brie; they called him *four hands*, because he did as much work as the two best workmen. He always worked alone, assisted by three hod-boys, who could hardly supply him. He always wore a black coat, well-polished shoes, and a hat fit for a king; and he used to get through his day's work without a spot of plaster, or a stain of mud, to spoil the elegance of his dress. They came to see him work from every part of France, and there were always as many curious travellers beneath his scaffolding as before the towers of Notre Dame.

No one had yet undertaken a trial of skill with Big Mauduit, when one day there arrived a little man from Beauce, named Gauvert, who, after having seen him work, challenged the king of journeymen to a contest. Gauvert was only five feet, and was dressed entirely in brown cloth, with a little pig-tail, which fell over the collar of his coat. They placed the competitors at the two ends of the scaffolding, and, at a given signal, the trial began.

The wall visibly grew under their hands, but always keeping on the same level; so that, at the end of the day, neither had exceeded the work of the other by a flint's thickness. They began again the next day, and many days following, till they had brought the masonry up to the cornice. Perceiving then the impossibility of a victory for either, they embraced with vows of friendship, and Big Mauduit gave his daughter in marriage to little Gauvert. The descendants of these two valiant workmen *have now five-storied houses in each arrondissement of Paris!*

This story, told with a thousand variations—and the authenticity of which I would not doubt—inspired me with a devoted love for the trowel and hammer. Without openly avowing it, I cherished the hope of beating all the masons in France and Navarre—of becoming a second Gauvert, or another Mauduit.

This ambition hastened my progress so much, that I was able

to take the position of a workman at an age when one generally becomes an apprentice. Such success dazzled me : I was released too soon from the subjection which I had hitherto borne, and I abused the power which I had not learnt to exercise. My hod-boy was the worst treated in the work-yard. Maurice warned me of this two or three times.

“Take care, child,” said he to me with his usual freedom; “you have yet only your milk-teeth : if you bite too hard, you will break them.” His prophecy was fulfilled to the letter ; for one fine day, my work-boy, tired of my ill-treatment, broke out in earnest, and treated me as he did the mortar he was in the habit of making. I carried for more than a month the marks of this punishment, which I too well deserved, and which did me good.

But though set straight on this side, I fell wrong on another.

Some of the journeymen of the work-yard kept the feast of *Saint Monday* most devoutly, and had often tried to make me do the same. I refused at first without much trouble. The recollections of the Barrier wine-shops were not too inviting ; but they attacked me by bantering me : they declared that I was afraid of being whipped by my mother ; that I was not yet weaned ; and that brandy would burn my throat. These jokes piqued me. I wished to prove that I was no longer a child, by acting badly as a man. On a day following that of payment, when I still had my fortnight's money, they dragged me beyond the Barrier, and I stayed there until every thing had passed out of my pocket into the till of the wine-seller. Sunday and Monday were spent in this long debauch. I came back the evening of the second day, without a hat, covered with mud, and staggering along the walls of the faubourg. My mother did not know what had become of me, and thought I was hurt, or dead ; she had looked for me at first at the Morgue, and then at the hospital. I found her with Maurice, who was trying to comfort her. At the sight of me her uneasiness vanished, but not her trouble. To the first delight of finding me again, followed the

grief of seeing me in such a state. To lamentations succeeded reproaches. I was so drunk that I could hardly hear, and I could not understand any thing. The tone of her voice alone showed me she was reproving me. Like most drunkards, I was vain-glorious when intoxicated ; and I considered myself, for the time, one of the kings of the earth. I replied by enjoining silence to the good woman, and declaring that I would henceforth live according to my own fancy, and no longer be tied to her apron-strings. My mother raised her voice ; I exclaimed louder ; and the quarrel was growing worse, when father Maurice parted the fray. He declared that this was not the time to talk, and made me go to bed without a word. I slept without moving until the next morning.

When I opened my eyes very early, I recollected all that had happened, and I felt a little shame, mixed with much perplexity. Self-love, however, hindered my repenting. Surely I was master of the money gained by my industry ; I might spend my time as I liked ; nobody had a right to find fault with me ; and I resolved to cut short all remarks.

My mother alone made me uneasy. I got up softly, wishing to avoid her reproaches, and set off without seeing her.

When I arrived at the work-yard, I found the others already at work ; but they did not seem to notice me. I began to rough-wall carelessly, and in a bad humour. The two days of debauch had taken the spirit for work out of me. Besides, I felt an inward shame which I hid beneath a bravado air. I listened to what the journeymen were saying, constantly fearing to hear some joke, or some vexatious remark at my expense. When the master came, I pretended not to see him, for fear he should ask me the reason of my absence the evening before. I had lost the good conscience which formerly could make me look the world in the face. I now felt that I had something in my life to hide.

Those who had carried me off to the Barrier were not yet

returned ; the master noticed this. "It is a sort of weakness they have," said the wag of the work-yard ; "when they chance to work, they swallow so much mortar that they require at least three days of Argenteuil wine to rince their throats."

All the journeymen began to laugh ; but it seemed to me that there was a sort of contempt in their laughter. I blushed involuntarily, as if the joke had been meant for me. All new as I was in irregularities, I still felt shame at them.

The day passed thus sadly enough. The sort of uneasiness I felt all over my body, extended to my mind ; I was tired inside and outside. Whilst we had been working, father Maurice had not said a word to me ; but when it was time to go, he came to me, and said that we would walk together. As he lodged at the other end of Paris, I asked him if he had any business in our quarter.

"You will see," he replied, "shortly."

I was going my usual road, but he made me take other streets, without telling me why, until we arrived before a house in the faubourg St. Martin. There he stopped.

"Do you see in this building," said he, "the high chimney which rises near the gable-end, and which I call *Jerome's chimney* ? It was there that your father was killed !"

I shuddered deeply, and looked at the fatal chimney with a sort of horror mixed with anger.

"Ah ! it is there," repeated I, in a trembling voice ; "you were there, were you not, father Maurice ?"

"I was."

"And how did it happen ?"

"It was neither the fault of the building nor of the work," replied Maurice. "The scaffolding was well fixed—the work without danger ; but your father came there on returning from the Barrier—his sight was confused—he no longer knew where to place his steps ; he took empty space for a plank, and was killed without a plea for excuse."

I felt the blood mount into my face, and my heart beat quicker.

"Father Jerome was a valiant workman," continued Maurice, "if *drunkenness* had not ruined him. By long sittings at table at the wine-seller's he left there his strength, his skill, and his mind. But, bah! one lives but once, as the saying is; one may then be allowed to amuse one's-self before one's burial. If at some future time one's widow and orphans are cold and hungry, they may go to the poor-house and blow their fingers. Is not this your opinion, tell me?"

And he began to sing a drinking song, then well known—

"Serve your time to the drinking trade;
When you've learnt that, your fortune's made."

I was humbled and confused, and did not know what to reply. I knew well that Maurice did not speak seriously; but to approve, would have shamed me; to contradict him, was to condemn myself. I hung my head, without saying a word. In the mean time, he continued to look at the cursed gable-end.

"Poor Jerome!" continued Maurice, changing his voice as with emotion; "if he had not followed bad examples when he was young, we should have had him now with us—Madeleine would have had some rest for her old limbs, and you would have had some one to direct you. But, no; now there remains nothing of him—not even a good memory; for we regret only the true workman. When the unhappy man was crushed there, on the stones, do you know what the foreman said?—'A drunkard the less!—take him away, and sweep this up!'"

I could not restrain a movement of indignation. "Well! he was a hard fellow," continued Maurice; "he only valued men for what they were worth. If death had taken a good workman, he would have said, 'It's a pity!' At bottom, every body thought as he did, and the proof is, that Jerome was followed to the grave by his friends only. Even those with whom he drank,

turned their backs upon him as soon as he was in his coffin; for, you see, scamps are companions, but never friends."

I listened all the while without a reply. We had begun again to walk; at the first cross-way Maurice stopped, and showing me the chimney, which, far away, rose above the roofs—

"When you wish to begin again your yesterday's life," said he, "first look there, and the wine that you drink *will taste of blood.*"

He departed, leaving me quite overwhelmed.

Maurice had a manner of his own, which I noticed afterwards, and which prevented one forgetting what he had said. He was an uneducated man, but he always struck home. His words came to your mind like objects to your eye; you saw them under a shape and with a colour. It was not the words only that were the cause of this: it was the action, look, accent—in short, I do not know what—which went out from him to come to you. Since I have read and thought a little more, I have said to myself, that there must have been the thing which makes men eloquent.

I returned to my mother's much disturbed, but not willing to appear so. I strove against the lesson I had just heard; I was angry with myself for feeling troubled; I secretly resolved not to yield, and to live merrily; I tried the more to strengthen myself in my impatience, as I expected reproaches from Madeleine; I entered our poor dwelling boldly, and with a firm step, prepared to cut them short by declaring myself independent.

The old woman had just laid the cloth, and received me as usual. This kindness disconcerted all my plans. I felt myself so conscious of my fault, that without an effort I should have cried. My mother seemed not to notice me (I afterwards learnt that Maurice had given her her lesson;) she talked as cheerfully as usual, did not speak of my fortnight's wages, of which I had disappointed her for the first time, and did not *seem* the least uneasy. I went to bed quite disarmed, and my

heart torn with remorse. All night I thought I saw my father reeling on the scaffolding, or dashed on the pavement. I fancied myself drunken on the top of a roof, suspended over space, and ready to fall. When I got up the next morning, my head was heavy and all my limbs ached.

However, I went to work at the usual hour; it was again a wretched day. I was not so confounded, but sadder. Confusion was followed by sorrow. It took more than a week to recover my spirits and my usual feelings. The first time Maurice heard me sing, he passed close by me, and clapping me on the shoulder—

“Content is come home again,” said he; “well, be it so—take good care of that bird.”

“Do not fear,” replied I, laughing; “we will make him a fine cage, with plenty to eat.”

“But take care not to give him too much to drink!” answered Maurice.

We exchanged looks, and he passed on whistling.

Thirty-three years have gone since that day, and I have never forgotten the promise I then made to myself. I have been exposed to all the temptations of intemperance; and at last I have not even had to be on my guard against them; it is the first steps which determine the road in good as well as in evil. It is sometimes impossible to conquer a habit, but it is almost always easy to avoid it.

CHAPTER V.

A Domestic Calamity.—I am put to the Proof.—My Mother departs.—Story of the Little Glass of Brandy.—What a Bachelor's Life is to a Workman.—The Meeting.—The Good Man Marcille, and Faroumont, nicknamed the "Jail Bird."—A Difficult Position.

OUR home had become rather more comfortable again, ever since I got journeyman's wages. We had been able to leave our cellar, and take our old lodging again. The furniture that it had been necessary to sell after the death of my father, had been replaced; we were decidedly rising above water, and the neighbours treated us already as rich people.

All went on well until the moment my mother began to complain of her sight, which had failed by little and little without the dear woman noticing it, or rather without her being willing to own it. She always had some excuse for it—to-day it was the smoke, to-morrow the fog, the next day a cold in her head; it was not until after ten years that she thought of laying the blame on her eyes. She no longer distinguished little things: she was obliged to give up sewing, and the care of the old geographer's house. I began to be uneasy. Maurice, whose advice I asked, proposed to me to consult an oculist for whom he had worked, and whom he knew.

We had great trouble to persuade my mother, who, never having been ill, was not willing to believe in doctors. At last, however, she let us take her.

The oculist was a middle-aged man, tall, thin, and imperturbably calm. He looked at my mother's eyes, did not say a

word, and wrote a prescription, which he gave me. I should have been very glad for one word of encouragement; but others were waiting their turn, and it was necessary to go as we came. When at the door, however, I noticed that Maurice had not followed us. More courageous than I, he had doubtless stopped to question the oculist. We waited for him for some minutes, at the bottom of the staircase, where he at last joined us.

"Well, what does your quack say?" asked my mother, who could not forgive the cold silence of the doctor.

"He orders you to eat as much roast meat as you please, and to sleep soundly," replied Maurice.

"But is he certain of cure?" asked I.

"Has he not given you a paper?" replied the mason.

"Here it is."

"Then do what he has written there, and let the river run its own course under the bridge."

I noticed something short in Maurice's tone; but I did not like to say any thing at the moment. He took the dear woman's arm, and told her a hundred stories on our road; I had never heard him run on so before. However, once at home, I drew him on one side to tell him I wished to speak to him.

"And I, too," replied he in a low voice; "when I go away, come with me."

My mother had already returned to her domestic concerns: Maurice soon took leave, and I followed him.

As we went down-stairs, I asked him uneasily what he had to say to me.

"Wait till we are in the street," replied he.

When we got there, he still walked on a dozen steps without speaking—I could wait no longer.

"In the name of God, Maurice, what did the oculist say to you?" asked I, in an agony.

He turned to me.

"What did he say to me? You may well suspect," replied he.

bluntly; "he thinks that your mother, Madeleine, is in the way to go blind."

I uttered an exclamation, but he went on almost in a passion.

"Come! thunder!—there is no use crying and lamenting; let us talk quietly like men."

"Blind!" I repeated; and what will become of her? how find her society, who will take care of her?"

"Ah! there it is," said Maurice; "it is clear something must be done, and that is why I have spoken to you of it. A blind old woman will be a troublesome charge for a young lad; it is for you to see if you find it too much."

I gave him a look, which showed that I did not understand him.

"Well, yes—yes!" continued he as if answering my looks; "you can get rid of it, if your heart tells you to do so. There are asylums for those poor people who are incurable."

"Where are they?"

"At the hospital."

"Do you wish that I should place my mother with beggars?" cried I.

"Holloa! are you going to turn lord?" said Maurice, without looking at me; "there are some there of much greater consequence than Madeleine—real ladies, who have had footmen and carriages."

"Ah! they have never had sons," replied I.

"That remains to be seen," continued the mason, shrugging his shoulders; "sons are not more under an obligation than mothers, and some of those, who are not so bad, take their children to the Foundling."

"But not mine!" quickly interrupted I; "mine has nursed me in her arms when I was little, she has nourished me with her milk and her bread; I have grown as a young tree against the wall of her love, and now, that the wall is giving way, shall I leave others to prop it up? No, no, no! father Maurice; you could not

have believed that. If my poor mother really loses her sight—well, mine will remain for her; that will be only an eye apiece, but for want of more we shall content ourselves with that.”

“You say that on the spur of the moment,” observed Maurice; “but it is necessary to reflect upon it coolly. Think well that you are riveting a log to your foot. Good-bye liberty, savings, even marriage; because for a great while you will not earn enough to support a family with such a clog.”

“A clog!” repeated I, offended, “you mistake, Maurice; the old woman will give me content and courage. When I was born, I too was a clog upon her, poor creature!—and yet she received me willingly. I am sure I know what I undertake, and that I do not speak from impulse, as you seem to think. I find the trial hard, and I could have wished not to have to bear it; but, as it is come, may God punish me if I do not do my duty to the end!

Here Maurice, who had not yet looked at me, turned quickly towards me, and took both my hands.

“You are a right good working-man!” cried he, opening out all at once. “I wanted to see of what you were made, and if the foundations were solid; now I am satisfied. To the devil with shamming! Let us open our hearts and talk.”

“But does the oculist really think there is no cure?” asked I.

“It is his opinion,” replied Maurice; “nevertheless, as I was going away, he said that perhaps there might be some hope of lessening the evil, if the good woman could live in the country, with plenty of fresh air, and green under her eyes.”

I interrupted him, crying out that I would send her there.

“That will be difficult,” objected Maurice; “by living separated you will spend almost double, and I am afraid that the strings of your purse are not so long as your good wishes.”

But the uncertain hope held out by the doctor occupied my mind before every thing; I began to think with Maurice for some expedient for trying this last remedy. He at last recollected a countrywoman, dame Riviou, living near Longjumeau, and with

whom, perhaps, Madeleine might live, and find the care of which she had need, without much expense.

It only remained for the invalid herself to consent to it. For that, it was necessary that Maurice should press my entreaties upon her with all his eloquence. The dear woman looked upon her abode in the country as an exile ; she did not like my even having thought of it. However, she yielded at last, and I took her there myself. Dame Riviou received us as old acquaintances—an honest woman had never eaten God's bread ;—she understood at once the character of her new boarder, and promised me to make her contented.

"We spend our lives in the fields," said she, "so that the house will be your mother's ; she may manage it as one does one's ass, by bridle and halter. We have too much to do to quarrel with any one's fancies ; here every one loves peace, so that we do not meddle with that of others. In a month's time I shall have a god-daughter, who will keep the good woman company, and will help her to take care of the house ; she is a true shepherd's dog, whom your mother will be able to guide by hand and eye ; so she must be happy amongst us, unless the devil meddles."

I went away quite satisfied.

On returning, I had taken a place in one of the errand-carts, at that time still common in the neighbourhood of Paris, and which carried passengers and goods indiscriminately. The little open cart was drawn by one horse, which went at a foot's pace ; the motion was jolting, the seat made of a rough plank, so that half-way I lost patience, got down, and, like the driver, followed on foot. This driver was a man still young and good-looking, and whose face showed the vigorous health which is the wages of a good conscience. At all the villages where we stopped, I saw him give or receive commissions, without ever hearing any complaints. If he had to give change for a piece of silver, they always took the money without counting it ; the women asked him news of their children ; the men gave him commissions in

the town; in a word, the conduct of all to him proved their friendship and confidence.

As far as I had been able to judge by my conversation with the carrier, he seemed to me to deserve them. All he said expressed good sense, and a benevolence to which I had not been accustomed among the carmen of Paris; he knew all the improvements that were going on in the country; he named the owners of every field we passed, and interested himself in the good or bad crops. I soon found that he himself had some acres of land that he cultivated between his journeys, and for which he turned to account all the observations he made on the road. He was relating to me the history of his *domain*, as he jestingly called it, when there passed us a shabby-dressed man, who stooped, and whose grey hair hung in disorder over his pimpled face. Just as he passed us, I noticed that he was staggering. He greeted the carrier with all the ardent warmth of drunkenness, and the latter replied in a tone of familiarity which surprised me.

"Is that one of your friends?" asked I, when he had passed on.

"That man?" repeated he; "he is my benefactor, and my teacher!"

I looked at him, as if I had not rightly understood him.

"You are surprised," replied the carrier, laughing; "it is the truth, for all that: though the unhappy man has never suspected it. I must tell you first, that Jean Picou (that is his name)—Jean Picou, then, is an old playfellow of mine. Our parents lived next door to one another, and we took our first communion at the same time. But Picou was then already a little frolicsome, and, as he got older, he soon gave himself up to the habits of jovialty. I did not at first keep much company with him, but chance threw us together as workmen at the same place. The first day, just as we were setting out to work, Picou and some others stopped at the public-house to drink their morning glass of

brandy. I stayed at the door, not well knowing what I ought to do ; but they all called me.

“ ‘ Isn’t he afraid that it will ruin him ? ’ cried Picou, scoffingly ;
“ ‘ two sous saved ! perhaps he thinks that will make him a millionaire ! ’

“ They all began to laugh, which made me ashamed, and I went in to drink with them. However, when we got to our work, and whilst I was working, I began to think upon what Picou had said.

“ The price of this little morning-glass of brandy was, in fact, but a trifle ; but repeated every day, it would come to *thirty-six francs, ten sous*.* I began to reckon all that could be done with this sum.

“ *Thirty-six francs, ten sous*, said I to myself, is, when one keeps house, the rent of another room ; that is, comfort for the wife, health for the children, and good-humour for the husband. It is wood for winter ; that is, the means of having sun in the house when there is only snow without. It is the price of a goat, whose milk would increase the welfare of the family. It is wherewithal to pay the school, when the boy learns to read or write.

“ Then, turning my mind to another point of view, I added : *Thirty-six francs, ten sous !* Our neighbour Pierre does not pay more for the rent of the ground he cultivates, and which feeds his family ! It is just the interest of the sum that I must borrow to pay for the horse and cart that the agent in the town wishes to sell ! With this money, spent every morning to the detriment of my health, I could set up for myself, bring up a family, and lay by the savings that are necessary for my old age.

“ These calculations and reflections decided me. I threw off the shame that had made me once yield to Picou’s importunities. I saved from my first wages what he would have made me spend at the public-house, and soon I was able to make a bargain with

* About thirty shillings.

the carrier to whom I have succeeded. I have gone on ever since calculating each expense, and neglecting no saving, while Picou perseveres, on his side, in what he calls *the life of good fellows* ! You see to what we have both come : the rags of the poor man, his premature old age, the contempt of honest people, and my comforts, my health, my good name ; all comes of forming a habit ! The little glass of brandy that he drinks when he rises makes his misery ; and my happiness are the two sous saved every morning."

So spoke the carrier : I have often since recalled the story of the little glass of brandy, and told it to many as a lesson.

In the mean time, my mother's absence was a great change to me. Now I was single, and obliged to have my meals at the wine-shop, and sleep in the common room of a lodging-house. As my habits were not the same as those of the other journeymen, I did not know what to do with my Sundays and my evenings. Maurice noticed that I was falling melancholy.

"Take care," he said ; "one ought to get some good from every situation. I have gone through that, my boy, and know what it is to camp out with these make-shifts, and to carry one's life in one's hand, like one's breakfast on a journey. At first it will vex and disgust you—one would rather sleep on straw, than on sheets which serve for every body ; but it is an apprenticeship, you see : there is no evil in finding yourself left alone, and obliged to water your own corn. We are never weaned while we stay with our mothers ! When we are little, and the goodness of God gives them to us, he grants us a blessing ; but when we become men, and he takes them from us for a time, it is to do us a service. If Madeleine had not gone away, you would never have learnt to put on your own brace buttons."

I felt the truth of what he said ; but I found this new apprenticeship harder than that to which I had been obliged to submit in my trade. I began to understand that it was more difficult to be a man than to become a workman.

In the room where I slept were a dozen beds, occupied by the journeymen belonging to the various parts of the building; such as masons, carpenters, painters, or locksmiths. Among them was a man from Auvergne, named Marcotte; he was growing old, and had formerly been a rough-waller in our work-yard. He was a quiet man, fond of work without being a great workman, and only spoke when he could not help it.

This worthy man, Marcotte, lived on nuts or radishes, according to the season, and sent all his earnings into the country to buy land. He already possessed about ten acres, and only waited until he should have a dozen to retire to his own estate. He hoped to build himself a cottage, to have two cows, a horse, and to live by cultivating his own ground.

This project, which he had followed since he was fifteen, was almost fulfilled; in a few more months he would attain his end.

Sometimes we laughed at the good man, whom they had nicknamed the *landed proprietor*; but jokes glided off from him as lightly as rain from off the roofs. With but one idea, every thing else was mere noise to him. When I looked at him, I thought for the first time how much strength there is in a firm and ever-active will. Before I saw him, I did not know what perseverance in the most feeble can do against the strongest obstacles. The man who slept next the worthy Marcotte completed the lesson.

He was a young and clever journeyman locksmith, but who only worked at the prescribed hours, amused himself as he pleased, and never remained in a workshop for more than a month, for fear of *getting mouldy*.

Every restraint he treated as *superstition*. Did they speak to him of regularity at work—*superstition*! of honesty to the tradesmen—*superstition*! of obligingness to his companions—*superstition*! of what he owed to his family—*superstition*! Faroumont declared loudly that every one should live for himself, and ought to consider other men as capital game for roasting

when you can catch them. They laughed at his notions, but there were rumours about him which savoured of the house of correction, and steady workmen contented themselves with only wishing him good-morning and good-night.

As for me, I avoided him as much as possible, less from prudence than from dislike. Thus, from the first he had called me, "Miss Rosebud,"* in jest about some scruples which he had observed in me, and I had retaliated by nicknaming him the "Jail Bird," in allusion to the prison, to which it seemed to me that his principles ought to bring him. We ever afterwards went by those names in the sleeping-room. Though Faroumont seemed to take it as a joke, he had a spite against me, and he tried many times to pick a quarrel with me, knowing well that I had not the strength to oppose him; but I was prudent enough to baffle his designs. Maurice, who saw him provoke me, encouraged me in this.

"Distrust the *Jail Bird* as you would the devil!" he said gravely to me; "you know that I am no chicken, but I had rather be ill for six months, than have any thing to do with this man."

I thought so, too. Faroumont's intelligence and wickedness caused his superior strength to be truly formidable; for one of the misfortunes in the condition of us people in trade, is the blind respect we have for mere force. A sort of point of honour restricts the workman to his own personal means of defence; he takes a pride in not calling in others to help him; so that he who can give an account of each in detail, is in a fair way of tyrannizing over them all. If the race of duellists with the sword disappears in other ranks, that of duellists with the fists is always numerous enough among us. How many of these savage rascals have I not seen, who have crippled good working men for life, or even made widows, and whose villainy caused them to be treated

* La Rosière, a name given to a young girl who has obtained the rose, given annually in some villages of France to the best behaved.

with consideration! No one dared show them his contempt, for fear of increasing the list of victims. All said,—

“We must take care; he is a wicked beggar.”

And so they had consideration for him. Yet what would have become of him against them all, since they all agreed in their judgment of him? and why did they not set about executing that judgment? Would it then be so difficult for honest working-men to combine together to drive these mad brutes from among them? But we still have the ideas of savages, in more than one respect; like them, we mistake the spirit of brutality and fighting for courage, and make a virtue of it, which redeems every vice.

From always meeting honest Marcotte in the sleeping room, I had become intimate with him, at least so much as the difference of age and tastes would allow. He confided to me his plan of soon returning into the country; he only waited for an opportunity of completing the purchase of his little estate.

Two or three days after he had told me this, he came in later than usual; some of his companions were already in bed. I had sat up to write to Longjumeau, and I was going to put out my candle, when I heard the good man coming up-stairs singing. He opened the door with a noisy boldness which surprised me. Contrary to his usual habits, his voice was loud, his eye sparkling, and his hat cocked on one side. At the first look I saw that the *landed proprietor* had derogated from his usual sobriety. Drink made him talkative, and he sat down on the edge of his bed to tell me how he had spent his evening: he had just left the carrier, who was doing country commissions. He had learnt from him, that the piece of ground he had so long coveted, and which would complete his wishes, was at last to be sold: the attorney only waited for his money.

“Have you the sum?” asked I.

“As you say, old boy,” replied Marcotte, lowering his voice,

and with the mysterious laugh of one not accustomed to it, "pounds and pence—all is ready."

He looked round to be certain that every body slept, and then, thrusting his arm up to the shoulder in his mattress, he drew from it a bag, which he boastfully showed me.

"Here it is," said he; "there is in that a good bit of land, and something to build me a kennel."

He had untied the string which bound up the linen bag, and thrust his hand into it, to touch the money; but at the sound of the silver he started, looked around, made me a sign to be silent, and closed the bag again, which he hid under his bolster. He was soon in bed, and asleep.

I undressed myself for the same purpose, but just at the moment of putting out the candle, my eyes fell upon Faroumont's bed. The journeyman locksmith had his eyes wide open; he shut them quickly, as I looked at him. I took no more notice of him, and went to bed.

I do not know what disturbed me in the middle of the night, but I almost started out of my sleep. The moon shone through the uncurtained windows, and shed a clear light on our side. On turning round, I found myself just opposite the Jail Bird's bed; it was empty! I raised myself on my elbow, to see better; there was no doubt of it. Faroumont had got up. Just then, I heard a creaking of the boards to my right; I turned my head; a shadow quickly sank down, and seemed to lose itself under father Marcotte's bed. I rubbed my eyes, to assure myself I did not dream, and I looked again. There was nothing to be seen; all had become silent again.

I lay down once more, keeping my eyes half open. A quarter of an hour passed; and my eyelids were closing in earnest, when again a creaking of the boards made me open them. I had only time to see Faroumont pass me, get into bed again, and disappear under the bed-clothes.

No particular thought crossed me at the moment, and I went to sleep again.

Cries, mixed with tears and groans, interrupted my sleep. I started up; the day was beginning to dawn, and I perceived Marcotte, his bed in confusion, and wringing his hands. All the journeyman in the room were sitting up.

"What is it, then? what is it?" asked several voices.

"They have stolen his money," replied some of them.

"Yes, stolen, this very night!" repeated Marcotte, despair almost depriving him of reason. "Yesterday it was there—I touched it; it was under my head when I went to sleep. The robber who has taken it is here!"

A thought suddenly struck me; I turned towards the *Jail Bird*, he was the only one who appeared to sleep in the middle of the noise and exclamations.

I quickly considered my position; I was probably the only one who knew of the theft; if I kept silence, the poor man would lose the sum scraped together with such toil, and which was to realize the hopes of forty years! If I spoke, on the other hand, I should make the *Jail Bird* restore it, but I should expose myself to all his vengeance.

Notwithstanding the danger of the choice, my hesitation did not last long. I stretched out my hand towards Marcotte, and drew him towards me.

"Compose yourself, father Marcotte," cried I; "your money is not lost."

"What is it you say?" cried the old workman, looking at me wildly. "You know where the bag is. Unhappy man! Is it you who have taken it?"

"Come, you are a fool," said I, angrily.

"Where is it, then?—where is it?" he began to cry, still looking at me.

I turned towards Faroumout.

"Come, *Jail Bird*," said I to him, "there has been jesting enough. You must not give the *landed proprietor* the jaundice by a joke; give him back his money quickly."

Although he kept his eyes shut, he changed colour, which proved that he heard me.

Marcotte had thrown himself upon him like a hungry dog, and, shaking him, demanded back his money. Faroumont acted the part of a man just roused from sleep well enough, and asked what he wished for; but Marcotte's exclamations told it him too soon to give him time for evasion. Besides, I resolutely insisted upon it; but all the while representing the carrying off the bag as a trick played to father Marcotte, with the intention of frightening him. The *Jail Bird* was obliged to give back the money, repeating that it was a joke; however, he easily saw on every countenance that they knew what to think of it. Each dressed hastily, and went out without speaking to him. He alone pretended not to be in a hurry, and whistled as he finished dressing; but when I passed by his bed, he gave me a look of livid rage, which made a shudder run through me. From henceforth I was sure of a mortal enemy.

CHAPTER VI.

*My Mother Blind.—Genevieve and Robert.—I again encounter Faroumont—
The Rope of the Scaffolding.—My Abode at the Hospital.—Life and Death
of the Good man Number Twelve.*

ONE day Maurice said to me, "I have a sort of creditor near Berny, who made a dive last year, and who has just reappeared above water; I must go there to see the sight, and, if possible, fish up my fifty crowns. Take a place with me on Saturday evening; you can go on to Longjumeau to see Madeleine, and I will rejoin you the next day at *Riant Wood*."

The plan was agreed upon. I had visited my mother but twice since her departure, and the last time I had found her almost blind, but otherwise in better health than ever, and altogether in good spirits. But that was nearly three months ago, and since then my work had always kept me in the work-yard.

When I arrived at Longjumeau, the day was already gone. I took the road which led to Dame Riviou's, but they had felled the trees, and thrown down the enclosures; I no longer knew my way. After confusing myself in two or three paths, I looked around me for some one to put me in the right road. The nearest houses were at a distance, and I could see no labourers in the fields; but all of a sudden, a voice singing reached my ears, and I recognised the burden of an old song which, when a child, I had often heard my mother sing. I stopped, quite surprised and pleased. It was the first time I had heard the air for fifteen years; it seemed to me that I was again a child, and that I heard Madeleine grown young again. In fact the voice, though

strong and fresh, recalled to me that of my mother ; it had the same way of throwing out the sounds gracefully and sadly, as I have since heard the shepherd girls of Burgundy and Champagne sing. I went towards the singer, who was employed in taking linen down from the drying-lines.

She was a tall, good-looking girl, who looked me in the face when I asked her the road to Riant Wood, and began to laugh.

"I'll wager that you are Madeleine's son," said she.

I looked at her, laughing in my turn.

"And I'll wager that you are the young girl that Dame Rivou expected," replied I.

"They call you Pierre Henry?"

"And you Genevieve?"

"Well, see how people meet!"

"And see how they know each other at first sight!"

We burst out laughing again, and began to explain.

I learnt that my mother had quite lost her sight, but would not admit it. Otherwise, Genevieve declared, that she was stronger than all the girls of the house, and was always singing like a lark.

"Did she not teach you the song you were singing just now?" asked I.

"Ah! you heard me?" replied she; "yes, yes, good Madeleine teaches me all her old songs: she says they will be of use to me, to sing my babies, or other people's, to sleep."

While she was talking, she made haste to collect her linen. I helped her to make a bundle of it, and took it on my shoulders.

"Well, see if I have not got a servant," said she, gaily.

And when I told her that it was right for the son to pay back what she had done for the mother, she began talking to me of Madeleine in so friendly a manner, that when we came to Riant Wood, I had already, in my own heart, declared myself her devoted.

My mother, who was at the door, knew my voice, and did not

fail to say that she had *seen* me ! Ever since every thing had been dark night to her, all her vanity was not to seem blind. Genevieve helped her without showing it. She had put a thick cord all round the house, and this made a sort of hand-railing to direct the blind woman ; a knot served to give notice when she came near a door, a piece of furniture, or a step ; a clapper moved by the wind told her ears the place where the well was ; signs by which to know the different paths in the garden had also been placed there—thanks to Genevieve ; in short, Riant Wood was a regular map of the kind they read by the fingers ; thus the dear mother was always active, finding every thing, because every thing was put under her hands, and each time boasting of it as a proof of her good sight.

Then every body in the house respected her little failing, and indulged her in it by innocent jokes ; she was to them like the spoilt child, whose every act causes a smile, and seems welcome.

Maurice, who had joined me, according to his promise, saw directly the position given to Madeleine by the kindness of her hosts.

"You have not always had your due, as to ease and happiness," said he to her ; "but it seems to me they are just now paying up your arrears, my old woman."

"It's true that the country is pleasant," said the good woman, who did not wish to express her content too openly.

"Yes," replied Maurice ; "but it is good people who make good countries, and you are fallen here into a colony of Christians, of a sort not too common."

"Well, I do not complain," observed Madeleine.

"And you are right," continued the master-mason ; "these kind-hearted people have given you more than fate had taken from you ; that is why I advise you to thank the complaint which has been worth so many servants and friends to you. If you still had your eyes——"

"What—what ! my eyes !" impatiently interrupted my old mother ; "does he actually imagine that I am blind !"

"True, you are cured," replied Maurice, smiling.

"And the proof of it is, that I see you," continued Madeleine, who heard the noise of forks; "you are at supper with Pierre Henry. Ah! ah! and just now you have asked for the bread, and you have cut a bit. Ah! ah! ah! nothing escapes me; even now there are some, with eyes of only fifteen years old, who could not do what I get through here."

Mother Riviou confirmed what Madeleine said, by telling all that was left under her charge in the house. The excellent woman understood that the hardest trial to a person of feeling, is the sense of their uselessness; Genevieve even improved upon her.

When we had set out on our return, Maurice pointed out to me the kind desire of all the family to please Madeleine.

"And yet they say that the world is wicked!" added he, warmly—"that the good are become a sort of white crow, impossible to find; but, do you see, those who say so do not look for them, and, for the most part, scarcely wish for them. For my part, I have never passed a day without receiving a good word or good turn from some one. Unfortunately, there are people who only keep account of the evil that is done them, and who receive the good as a set-off against that; when we are too well satisfied with ourselves, we are almost always discontented with every one else."

Some months passed without any thing new happening. I made many journeys to Riant Wood, and several times Genevieve brought me news of my old mother. The good girl also came to Paris, as often as she could get leave, to see her nephew, Robert, whom she had bound apprentice.

Robert was then seventeen years old, and worked in mock jewellery; but he wished to appear a fine gentleman. His master, whom I once went to see for Genevieve, declared to me that he would never get beyond the bunglers, who made threepenny settings for the shops.

"He tries to be a dandy," said he ; "but has neither the wish or the talent for work."

To say the truth, *Mr. Robert* was more like the son of a lord than a jeweller's apprentice. Genevieve used to give him her last penny ; and, when she was blamed for it, she always began relating how her brother had commended the child to her on his deathbed—how she had promised to be every thing to him ; and then such great tears filled her eyes, and rolled down her cheeks, that one had not the heart to say any thing more.

Mr. Robert knew her weakness, and did not fail to make a bad use of it. He had a pretty little ruddy face, white hands, and a voice as soft as a young girl's. One would have said he was one of the lambs that can be led with a ribbon ; but, in reality, no strength was sufficient against his will : it would have been easier to manage a mad bulldog. I knew this well, in the end, to my great cost.

Just now, all that passed between us was confined to "Good-morning," and "Good-night." It even seemed to me that the little nephew was not over-pleased with this acquaintance of his aunt's, and that he was afraid of soiling his coat by touching a vulgar workman.

In fact, our associates and our occupations kept us away from one another. *Mr. Robert* gave himself up to the society of shop girls, and merchants' clerks ; he sang songs, played tricks on cards, and frequented balls at night ; as for me, I lived more retired than ever.

I had become disgusted with the public bedroom, from what had happened to me with Faroumont, and I had hired a little garret. A chair, a trunk, a bed of straw, were all my furniture ; but, at least, I was alone. The space comprised between the four walls belonged to me only ; people did not come, as in the public room, to consume my air, to trouble my silence, to interrupt my song, or my sleep. I was master of all that surrounded me, which is the only way to be master of one's-self.

This at first seemed so pleasant to me, that I only thought of enjoying it; I was like a chilly person, who, once buried under the bedclothes, cannot come out of them again. I hugged myself in my new freedom, and after my working hours I did not leave my attic again. Maurice complained two or three times of never seeing me.

"Don't accustom yourself to live so close," said he; "you see that in the world, as in the army, it is a good thing sometimes to feel one's neighbour's elbow. You are too young to play the snail, and to shut yourself up in your shell in this way; come, and see your friends: it is healthy for the mind, and makes you take the air."

I had nothing to reply; but I continued to stay at home. I could have made this sort of retirement of use, by beginning my learning again; but there was nobody to urge me to it, and I did not feel the wish for it. I cannot tell what was then the matter with me; I was, as it were, stupefied with indifference; I remained for hours together, not exactly without thinking at all, but passing from one thing to another, as when one walks without an object. I had need of a shake to get out of this waking sleep; Faroumont's spite had prepared one for me, on which I had not reckoned.

We had not seen one another for several months, when I met him at a building we were finishing in Cherche-Midi Street. He had just fixed the great iron fastenings of the roof. When he saw me, he stopped working with a malicious smile.

"Hallo! missing dog, you are prowling here, are you?" asked he, with his usual insolence.

I answered shortly, pointing to a window half opened in the wall, and which I was going to finish.

"Ah! the stage is for you, then?" said he.

And he turned his looks towards the plank which was swinging from the gable-end. I put down my coat and basket on the ground, and then went towards the new window. The stage was firmly suspended by two ropes, which I had myself fixed to

the timber work of the roof; but hardly had I placed my feet on it, than the evil face of the "*Jail Bird*" showed itself above, between the rafters; at the same time the rope was loosened, the plank shook, and I was thrown on the rubbish beneath, from a height of forty feet.

I cannot say how long I remained senseless. As soon as they tried to move me, the pain restored me to consciousness. I cried out in an agony, begging them to leave me. It seemed to me that the ground on which I was stretched was part of myself, and that they could not drag me from it, without tearing me in pieces. Some of the men went to fetch a surgeon and a stretcher, whilst the others, among whom was Faroumont, remained around me. I suffered dreadfully, but it seemed certain to me that my hurts were not mortal.

The doctor, who came soon after, said nothing; he only did what was necessary at the moment—had me placed upon the stretcher, and taken to the hospital.

I can only recall confusedly what happened there for some days. My first distinct recollection is a visit from Maurica. He it was who told me I had been there a week—that all hopes of my cure had been given up, but that now the head doctor answered for it. The honest mason was at once rejoiced at the news, and yet a little angry with me. When he had inquired the cause of the accident, they had spoken of a badly tied rope, and he severely reproached me for my carelessness. I easily justified myself by telling him what had happened. He stepped back, and striking his hands one against the other—

"Ah! that explains the 'riddle,'" cried he. "I ought to have suspected it! From the time the *Jail Bird* went there, I might have wagered that the devil would have a hand. Have you yet told any one?"

"Nobody."

"And there were no witnesses?"

"We were alone at the top of the building."

"Then, *hush!*" said he, after a moment's reflection; "to accuse an enemy without proof will not help you to get rid of him, and will exasperate him! If you say nothing, perhaps the *Jail Bird* will consider your account settled, and will think no more of it; whereas, if you speak of it, it will make him begin again. What has happened to you, has happened to many others in our condition—the *way is known*, as they say. I myself, who speak to you, have made a false step from two stories, owing to the wickedness of a journeyman who owed me forty crowns, and of which he hoped in this way to be quit of! We only knew it. I have never breathed a word of it. I left it to time to do justice upon the robber; and six months afterwards two of his own sort killed him like a dog, to rob him of thirty sous."

I understood the prudence of Maurice's advice, and yet I did not submit to it without repugnance. I inwardly revolted at the criminal being thus safe from punishment. I have since seen many other instances, and I have been obliged to own, that among us working men, strength and impudence are too often a protection for the wicked. Time, money, and information are wanting to enable us to claim justice formally. So much so, that when we cannot give it to ourselves, we resign ourselves to go without it. Thus, much oppression, injustice, and even crime, are encouraged. If working men understood one another—if they comprehended in what their security and their glory consists—they would always have umpires among them to decide those points which the law cannot decide for them, and to give that protection which it fails of affording. Many bodies of the state have these sort of private juries, who keep the bad in order, and who protect the good.

The effects of my fall kept me more than two months at the hospital. Sometimes the slowness of my cure made me despair; but I had a neighbour who gave me courage.

He was a poor old man, bent double by suffering, and whose

name I think was Pariset, but they generally called him by the number of his bed, which was *twelve*. This bed had already received him three times during three long illnesses, and had thus become in a manner his property ; thus, *Mr. Number Twelve* was well known to the head physician, the pupils, and the nurses. A gentler creature never walked under heaven. When I may walked, it was, alas ! but a distant recollection to the good man. For nearly two years he had almost lost the use of his legs. However, as he gained his livelihood by copying manuscripts for the lawyers, *he was not very much put out*, as he expressed it, and he had continued to write off his briefs on stamped paper. A short time after, paralysis attacked his right arm ; he then took to writing with his left hand, but, the complaint increasing, it was found necessary to send him to the hospital, where he had the *happiness* to find his own bed disengaged, which almost consoled him.

"Bad luck has but its day," said he on this occasion ; "*every day has a morrow.*"

The good man, *Number Twelve*, was affected when he took possession of his bed. An abode in the hospital, which to some people is so hard to endure, was an enjoyment to him. He found there every thing he wished. His admiration at the least comforts, proved what privations he had suffered until then. He was rapturous on the cleanliness of the linen, the whiteness of the bread, and the strength of the broth ! But I was no longer astonished when I learnt, that for twenty years he had lived upon ration bread, herb tea, and white cheese ; nor could he extol enough the magnificence of the nation which had opened such asylums for the sick poor.

Then his thankfulness did not stop there—it embraced all. According to him, God had granted special favours to him : men had been particularly benevolent to him, and every thing always turned to his advantage ; so that it might have been suggested,

that *Number Twelve* enjoyed a "fool's happiness!" But this folly only inspired one with esteem for the good man, and encouragement for one's self.

I think I see him now, sitting up in his bed, in his little black silk cap, his spectacles, and the old book of verses, which he was always reading over and over again. In the morning the first rays of light fell on his bed, and he never saw them without rejoicing and thanking God. To see his thankfulness, one would have said that the sun was rising for him.

He regularly inquired about the progress of my cure, and always found something to say to give me patience. He himself was a living example, which said more than words. When I saw that poor inactive body, those crippled limbs, and over them that cheerful, smiling face, I had not the heart to be angry, or pity myself.

"It is a painful moment to endure," said he in each fit of pain; "relief will come very soon; *every day has a morrow*."

This was the watchword of *Number Twelve*; and he was always repeating it. Maurice, in his visits to see me, had come to know him, and never passed his bed without speaking to him.

"He is a saint!" said he to me; "he will not only reach paradise himself, but he makes others attain it. Such men ought to be placed at the top of a pillar, to be seen by every body. When one looks at them, it makes one ashamed of one's happiness, and gives one the desire to merit it. What can I do for this good father *Number Twelve*, to show him how I esteem him?"

"Try," said I, "if you can find on the quay the second volume of Jean Baptiste Rousseau's poetry; he lost it six years ago, and reads the first over and over again."

"What! he likes books!" replied Maurice, a little angrily; "in truth, one may well say every one has his weakness. Never mind; write me down on a bit of paper the name you said, and I will look for it for him."

He actually came back a week afterwards with a bound book,

which he presented in triumph to the sick old man, who, when he opened it, seemed at first astonished ; but Maurice having told him that it was by my advice that he had procured him this second volume of Jean Baptiste Rousseau, father *Number Twelve* thanked him most gratefully.

However, I had my doubts, and when the master-mason was gone, I asked to see the volume. My old neighbour coloured, stammered, and tried to turn the conversation ; but at last, quite against his will, he held out the book to me—it was an old royal almanac ! The bookseller, taking advantage of Maurice's ignorance, had given it to him instead of the volume he had asked for.

I burst out laughing, but *Number Twelve* quickly bid me be silent.

"Do you wish Mr. Maurice to hear you?" cried he. "I would rather lose my last arm than deprive him of the pleasure of his gift. Yesterday I had no wish for the royal almanac, but I might have wanted it by and by ; *every day has a morrow*. Besides, it is a very instructive book ; I have seen the names and titles of a crowd of princes whom I had never before heard of."

The almanac was carefully kept by the side of the book of poetry, and the sick old man never failed to turn over the leaves whenever he saw Maurice, who was quite proud and pleased about it.

"I seem to have made him a famous present," he said to me every time.

Towards the end of my abode at the hospital, the strength of father *Number Twelve* rapidly diminished. At first he lost all power of moving, then his speech failed him. His eyes alone still smiled upon us. One morning, however, it seemed to me that his look was duller than usual. I therefore got up and went to him, to ask him if he wished to drink ; he made a movement of his eyelids to thank me, and, at the same moment, the *first rays* of the sun shone upon his bed. Then his eye brightened,

like a light that sparkles up before it goes out ; he seemed to acknowledge this last favour from the goodness of God ; then I saw his head fall on one side ; his honest heart had ceased to beat, and there were no more days for him. He had entered on the *eternal morrow !*

"Why, it's the master, to be sure!" said the mason.

"Has he been a workman, then?" asked I.

"Just like you and me," replied Maurice; "and you see he is not ashamed of it."

I looked at the frame of black wood, and then at the rich furniture, as if to seek for the connection between them.

"Ah! reasoning upon it discomposes you," replied the mason, laughing; "you are trying to find the ladder, by which he has come down here from the top of his scaffolding. But it is not every body who knows how to make use of it, you see; more than one has tried, and missed his footing. You must have both strong wrists and cleverness."

I observed that good-luck was more necessary than all; that chance does every thing; and that we have not the power to make success.

"For example: Father Maurice," added I, bitterly, "why have not you as grand a house as he who lives here? Are you less worthy, or less honest? If he has succeeded better than you, is it not a downright game of chance?"

Maurice looked at me; and, winking his eye, he said maliciously—

"You say that for me; but it is for yourself you think it, my boy."

"It's all the same," replied I, rather vexed at being thus discovered. "I am not thought a bad workman, and I am not better off than any other; if it is enough merely to do one's duty to become rich, I, too, might ride in my carriage."

"And would that way of going along suit you?" asked my companion ironically.

"Why not? Every body had rather save his own legs than those of his horses. But do not be afraid of its happening to me; it's among us, you see, as it used to be in the families of the nobility—all for the eldest, and nothing for the younger ones; and we are the younger ones—we are."

"True, indeed!" murmured our head mason, becoming thoughtful.

"And there is nothing more to say about it," resumed I; "it is right because it is so ordered. The world must not be put into confusion. Only, do you see, it makes my blood boil when I see the different lots of people. Why is it that this one lives in a palace, while others roost in a pigeon-house? Why are these carpets, this silk, this velvet—his, more than ours?"

"Because he has earned them," suddenly interrupted some one.

I started; the contractor was behind us, dressed in embroidered pantaloons, and a fine dimity dressing-gown.

He was a little greyhaired man, but strongly built, and with an authoritative voice.

"Ah! it seems that you are a reasoner," resumed he, looking me full in the face; "you are jealous of me; you ask by what right my house belongs to me, rather than to you. Well, you shall know—come this way."

He had moved towards an inner door; I hesitated to follow him. He turned again towards me.

"Are you afraid?" asked he, in a tone which made the colour mount to my eyes.

"Let the gentleman show me the way," answered I, almost impudently.

He showed us into a study, in the middle of which was a long table covered with colour-saucers, pencils, rulers, and compasses. Coloured plans, representing the sections of a building, were hanging on the walls. Here and there on shelves, we saw little models of staircases or roofs; mariners' compasses and graphometers, with other instruments, of the use of which I was ignorant. At the end of the room, was an immense paper-rack with labelled divisions; and statements and estimates of buildings were heaped up on a writing-table. The contractor stopped before the great table, and showing me a drawing—

"Here is a plan to be altered," said he; "they wish to lessen

the building by ten feet, but without diminishing the number of rooms, and a place must be found for the staircase. Sit down there, and make me a rough sketch of it."

I looked at him quite surprised, and observed that I did not know how to draw.

"Then examine this surveyor's estimate for me," resumed he, taking a bundle of papers from his writing-table; "there are three hundred and twelve articles to examine there."

I replied, "That I was not sufficiently used to such work to be able to discuss the prices, or verify the quantities."

"At least you will be able to tell me," continued the contractor, "what are the legal formalities to go through for three houses I am going to build; you are acquainted with the rules of conveyance, the rights and obligations of the neighbours——"

I interrupted him hastily by saying "that I was no lawyer."

"And as you are not a banker either," went on the contractor, "you are doubtless ignorant on what terms one ought to arrange one's payments—what is the average time at which one must sell—what interest one should draw from one's capital, not to end in bankruptcy? And as you are not a merchant, you would be much puzzled to name to me the markets for the best materials—to point out the right time for purchasing, and the cheapest means of carriage. As you are not a mechanist, it would be useless to ask you if the crane, the model of which you see, will make a saving of power. As you are not a mathematician, you would in vain attempt to judge of this new project of a bridge, that I mean to employ on the Lower Seine. In short, as you know nothing but what a hundred thousand other journeymen know, you are only fit, like them, to handle the trowel and the hammer."

I was completely abashed, and twirled my hat without answering.

"Do you understand now, why I dwell in a mansion, whilst you live in a garret?" resumed the contractor raising his voice;

"it is, that I have taken trouble—it is, that I have learnt all that you have neglected to know—it is, that by force of study and hearty will, I have become a general, while you remain among the recruits. By what right, then, do you ask for the same advantages as your superiors? Ought not society to reward every one according to the services he renders? If you wish that it would treat you like me—do what I have done: save from your bread to buy books; give the day to work, and the night to learning. Watch always for instruction, as a merchant watches for profit; and when you have shown that nothing can discourage you, when you shall be acquainted with things and men—then, if you are still in your garret, come and complain, and we will see about listening to you."

The contractor had become excited by speaking, and he finished by being rather angry; however, I did not answer: his arguments prevented my saying any thing.

Maurice saw my confusion, and attempted a few words in my justification: then he went on to the subject of our visit. The contractor examined the paper that I had drawn up, asked for some explanations, and then dismissed us. But, just as I was going out of the door, he called me back—

"Remember what I have said to you, friend," said he good-naturedly, "and, instead of envy, try to have a little honest ambition: do not waste your time in swearing at those above you, but try to work your way up to them. If I can ever help you, you have only to say so; I can easily put you in the right way."

I thanked him very shortly, and hurried away.

When we were in the street, Maurice burst out laughing.

"Well, here is humiliation for a learned man like you!" cried he; "was he not proud of having put you to a *nonplus*?"

And when he saw that I showed signs of impatience—

"Come, do you mean to be sulky about such a joke?" added he in a friendly way; "the contractor has argued his own cause,

but has made it too good; he cannot take us in. A millionaire, look you, is not *made* either with compasses or with rules."

"And with what, then?" asked I.

"With money!"

This time I was of the same opinion as the head mason; but, in spite of my vexation, the lesson from the contractor had struck home. When I was cool again, I came to the conclusion, that very likely he was right.

This gave my mind a shake; I recovered my former activity: being convinced of the necessity of learning, my taste for study again returned.

The difficulty was to procure the means. Although it would cost me much to return to the contractor, on whom I must necessarily have made a bad impression; I decided to remind him of his offer to help me. He received me well, informed himself of what I knew, and referred me to a surveyor in his employment. This surveyor admitted me gratuitously into an evening class of young people, to whom he taught geometry and the rudiments of drawing.

I was at first only noticed for my stupidity and awkwardness; it was necessary always to explain twice to me, what others understood at once. My hand, accustomed to deal with stone, tore the paper, or broke the pencils; I was much behind the most backward pupil. However, by little and little, and by dint of perseverance, the distance became less, and I gradually arrived at an equality with the others.

CHAPTER VIII.

My Mother grows Worse.—A Warning from Maurice.—A Farewell.—I marry Genevieve.

My days passed quietly between the labours of the work-yard and of the school. From time to time I went to Longjumeau to see my mother, and Genevieve brought me news of her. For some months past, the strength of the poor blind woman had sensibly failed. She now hardly ever left her arm-chair, and her mind was no longer as clear as before. Maurice was struck with it as well as I.

"The threads are getting entangled," said he, with his usual bluntness; "mind the end of the skein!"

I repelled this gloomy prediction with a sort of anger.

"What! what!" replied the head mason, "do you think that it is more agreeable to me than to you? But the future is like a man; you must always look it in the face. It's a pretty thing to shut your eyes to the coming evil! In vain we may love one another, my poor boy; we must part one day or other: so much the better for those who go first."

"And why think of these cruel separations beforehand?" asked I.

"Why?" repeated Maurice; "why, not to be caught unawares, my boy; to be able to strengthen one's heart, and behave like a man when the time comes! In life, you see, it does not do to play at hide-and-seek with truth; honest people neither lie to others nor themselves. Besides," added he, with feeling, "it is

always wholesome to think of death. Whether we depart, or see others depart, we should wish to leave a good impression on him who goes, or on him who remains. And this makes one better. Now that you are prepared, I wager that you will attend more to Madeleine, and that you will wish to give her a fine evening after so bad a day."

Maurice was right; the result of his warning was to make me go oftener to the farm, and to remind me of my duty more constantly.

Every journey, I used to take my mother something I knew she liked, and she thanked me, embracing me as she had never embraced me before. Perhaps she, too, felt her life was passing away, and she thus took to her heart those she was so soon to leave.

"You make me thank God that I am old!" said she, every time I took any care of her.

Then she would begin talking to me of her youth, of the first years of her marriage, of my childhood. She recalled all that I had done, and all that I had said, since the day of my birth: to her it was the history of the world. Genevieve, too, listened as attentively as if they were relating the life of Napoleon to her! Always lively, always singing, she brought cheerfulness with her. The poor old blind woman was always scolding her, but with that tone which seemed to say, "it is only to shew my interest in you;" and, when we were alone, she used to repeat—

"She is God's own daughter!"

Genevieve sometimes pretended not to hear her, that the good woman might have the pleasure of scolding. However, she had seemed to me uneasy during my last visit.

"Your mother Madeleine, is not going on well," said she to me, just as I was going.

"Alas, good God! I have seen it for some time," replied I; "but she does not like to appear to suffer, and refuses to see a doctor."

"Perhaps she is right," said the young girl; "it might only grieve her."

We both sighed, and I went away with a full heart.

The next day, I was on the highest scaffolding of the new building, when I heard some one call me. I looked down, and all my blood stood still: it was Genevieve.

"How is my mother?" cried I.

"Bad!" replied she, in a broken voice.

I was down in a moment.

"She wishes to see you," resumed Genevieve, hastily. "Come at once. The doctor said that we must hurry."

We set off immediately. Never had the road seemed so long. It appeared to me that the horses went slower, that the driver stopped oftener. I wished much to know the exact state of my old mother, but I dared not question Genevieve.

At last we arrived at Longjumeau. I almost ran along the road to the farm. Dame Riviou was not in the fields, as usual; I perceived her waiting at the door, which seemed a bad sign to me. When she saw me, she uttered an exclamation. She understood the look I gave her, for she hastened to say—

"Come in—she asks for you!"

I found my mother at the worst; however, she recognised me, and held out both her hands to me. I cannot tell what I felt then; but when I saw her thus—her face livid, her eye glazed, and her lips trembling with the shivers of death—the thoughts of all she had done for me passed all at once through my mind. The idea that I was going to lose her without having acknowledged so much kindness, struck me like a knife. I uttered a loud cry, and threw myself into her arms.

"Come, Pierre, do not grieve so," said she, in a very low tone; "I die content, now I have seen you."

I felt that it was necessary to master my grief, and I seated myself by the bed, and tried to give her hope; but she would not listen to me.

"Let us not lose time in deceiving ourselves," said she, in a still weaker voice; "I will tell you my last wishes. Call Genevieve."

The young girl came near. The invalid gave her the keys of her closet, and asked for many things which she named: there was a watch that had belonged to my father, her marriage earrings, a little silver cup, and a few trinkets. She had them all placed on her bed, sent for the people of the house, one after the other, and gave something to each. Dame Riviou had the silver cup; she gave me the watch, and wished that Genevieve should wear the earrings. Afterwards she chose the sheet for her shroud, said in what way she wished to be buried, and begged that there should be a stone cut by myself over her grave.

We listened, and could hardly restrain our tears while we promised every thing she asked. Just then the priest arrived. My heart was so full, I went out to weep behind the house.

I think I must have stayed there a long time, for it was night when I went in again. The priest was gone. I heard Genevieve answering my mother. At once I understood it was concerning myself. The dying woman, who was uneasy at leaving me alone in the world, had told her wishes to the young girl, who seemed gently to oppose them.

"Pierre Henry is too wise, and has too good a heart, not to know what he ought to do," said she, in rather an agitated voice.

"But, then, why do you not wish to marry him?" asked the sick woman.

"I did not say that, mother Madeleine," replied Genevieve.

"Then let me speak to him."

"No," she went on quickly; "to-day he would refuse you nothing, and afterwards he might repent. It is not right that he should decide for your sake, nor for mine, good mother; he ought to choose according to his own will and pleasure. Whatever he does, you know well that I shall be always ready to serve him."

"Jesus!" murmured my mother, plaintively. "I still had hoped for this happiness on earth."

"And you shall have it, if it only depends upon me," cried I, approaching the bed. "Nobody need fear that I shall repent, for your choice is my choice."

This is how I married Genevieve, and I can say that this was the best, as well as last, gift of her who had brought me into the world.

She died the next day, just as it struck twelve, holding my hand and Genevieve's in hers. May God reward her for all she has suffered, and make amends to her for what I have not been able to give her back! A mother is too great a creditor for her children ever to be able to repay her here below.

CHAPTER IX.

The Workman's Household—An Honest Woman—The Weakness of a Good Heart—Robert's Notes—M. Dumanoir—Ruin.

MY studies came to an end with my marriage. I had worked until then to qualify myself; now become the head of a family, I hoped to reap the advantage of my qualifications.

He who has already led a life of order and industry, finds a great enjoyment and a great motive to new energy in beginning to keep house. The thought that he no longer toils for himself alone, puts more courage into his heart; he begins to think of the future, when he knows he may reach it in company. The feeling that henceforth there are two, makes him tie the cords of the scaffolding more firmly, and add a prop for greater security. I have had many cares and trials of temper since the first day of my marriage. More than once I have felt the weight of a family press heavily upon my shoulders; but when I have come to my right senses, I have always found that marriage is a good and holy thing, the best shield against the evil blows of fate; and, in short, the true strength of all good men.

Therefore, it is necessary to know how to choose well. Before you thus bring into your own life a second self, who will become your living shadow, you should look well at the head and heart, to be sure that you will always have a second conscience with you, and not a tempter. If, before engaging a partner in business, you hesitate, for fear he may take your credit or your money, how much more when it is a partner for life, who may rob you of your peace and honour?

To say the truth, there are very few women who would thus

turn against you ; almost all bring at least as much honesty, good conduct, and devotion into the house as the husband. They may have more minor faults, but they have much fewer vices ; it is rare to find them hardened in evil ; even if that happens, it is for the most part owing to our own fault.

Those who are above us—living in the comfort that they have inherited, or that work has gained for them at little cost—do not know all the worth of the true wife of the working man. She not only takes care of our food, but she is the keeper of our energy and our honesty. How many temptations would come into the house, if she were not there to shut the door against them ! how many bad thoughts are there which dare not be born, because her eye will see through them ! The difficulty of confessing a bad intention to another, often makes us keep honest ; for it is not so easy a thing as one would believe, to confess one's wickedness to another—and so to enter into evil together. Whatever may be said, boldness is never the same in two people : one is always uneasy, and holds back ; and it is oftenest the woman. Generally, when one listens to her, all goes right.

As for me, I had been very happy in my choice. I found all I had hoped for in Genevieve, and more too. Such as I saw her the first day—such I saw her after marriage—such she has always remained. I confided all my schemes to her ; I told her of all my troubles ; and she gave me advice without seeming to do so too much. To my mind, the chief happiness of marriage is this trust which makes the heart—like the purse—to be always in common. If you are sad, angry, or hopeful, at least you find some one to share it with you ; you do not let all the little streams swell within you, till at last they make a flood, and carry away the road. The daily accessions to the current of life pass off by the channel of this mutual sympathy, and thus the mind preserves its own level.

Since my marriage, I had followed Maurice's example, and had undertaken small contracts, which had succeeded ; but, like

all beginners, I was obliged to submit to an abatement of price, and to execute the work with small means : so that the gain was less in the profits than in getting the employment. I had made but little ; but I began to make myself known. I was soon engaged in a pretty good business. My punctuality and activity gave people confidence in me, and in fault of capital I got credit. It was necessary to have one's heart and hand in every thing ; to act with energy, decision, and punctuality, under penalty of failure. The task was difficult, but every thing went on well in the end ; the receipts and the payments were balanced without loss to me, and I hoped that my exertions would end by giving me a little more relaxation. Once master of a sufficient capital, things would go well of themselves. It was only necessary just at present to climb to the roof without a ladder, while waiting for it to be made step by step.

Robert often came to see us ; and I noticed more than once, that the little savings meant for some rare party of pleasure, or for Genevieve's dress, invariably passed from the aunt's drawer into the nephew's pocket. I said nothing ; for, after all, it was easier for me to sacrifice these small sums than cause this good creature sorrow. She provided for these little extravagances by so much work, frugality, and economy, that I pretended to see nothing. But in this I was thinking more of my own ease than her good ; and if I had had more sense, I should have known that my duty was to tell her of them. For we must not shut our eyes to the weaknesses of those who are always with us, because as yet they are small matters, and cause us no inconvenience ; but on the contrary, we should notice them, attend to them, and cure them.

I had gone into Burgundy, to look at a piece of work which was soon to be contracted for ; I was to be absent a fortnight. Genevieve was alone with our boy Marcel, who was then but three years old. It was, therefore, only from herself that I learnt all that then happened, and which I am about to relate

The day after I went away, Robert came to see her. He seemed uneasy, and in low spirits. He answered every question only by broken words or sighs. She kept him to dinner; but he ate nothing, and grew more and more sad. She was vexed, and pressed him to tell her more; then he began saying, that he had taken a dislike to life, and that some day or other he should throw it away like a pair of worn-out shoes. Genevieve was distressed, and tried in vain to reason him out of his despondency; the more she spoke, the more Robert maintained his determination, till he had made her understand that nothing else remained for him to do. His aunt begged him to explain himself; but he persisted in that obstinate silence which guilty people keep who will not confess their faults. Feeling alarmed, she went to put little Marcel—who was sleeping in her arms—into the cradle again, and returned to Robert, determined to force him to tell her his secret.

She found him with both his elbows on his knees, and his head between his hands, like one desperate. Genevieve said every thing her affection could suggest; she spoke to him of his father, of the promise she had made to fill his place; she mentioned all the faults she could even suppose, one after the other, and asked him to answer only by a word, or by a sign; but Robert only continued to hang down his head. At last, out of patience, she was going to stop, when he suddenly got up, and cried out that he was lost if he had not a hundred louis the next day.

Genevieve started back, as if she had been asked for the crown of France.

"A hundred louis!" repeated she; "and who do you think will give them to you? Why do you want them? What do you wish to do with them?"

"I owe them," replied Robert.

And, as his aunt looked doubtfully at him, he began to unfold to her the list of his excesses for the last three years. He had

with him letters from creditors, unpaid bills, and even stamped notes of hand ; but, as he went on explaining all this to Genevieve, she grew angry, and felt all pity vanish.

"Well, since you have spent so much, you will have to get it again," said she, resolutely. "If I had it here in my apron, my own, and no use for it, you should not have a single crown of it. Ah ! we may well say that God loves us better than we love ourselves ! When He took my poor brother, I inwardly reproached Him ; but now I see that I ought to have thanked Him ; for He has spared him both grief and shame."

"Yes," interrupted Robert, with a sort of desperate assurance, "more shame than you yourself think ; for I have not yet told all."

"And what remains for you to tell, then, unhappy boy !" cried Genevieve.

Her nephew had got up, pale, and as if out of his senses.

"Well," said he, showing her his creditors' accounts, "it was necessary to pay all that, or to go to prison—and I have paid it."

"You ! how ?"

"With a bill."

She looked at him, not understanding him.

"What bill ?" asked she.

"A bill signed with your husband's name."

"What do you say, unhappy boy ?—a forgery ?"

He hung his head. Genevieve clasped her hands, and uttered a cry.

Both remained silent for a moment. At last the aunt recovered herself, took Robert by the shoulders, and shook him.

"You have deceived me !" cried she ; "you do not owe a hundred louis—you have not committed a forgery ; you only want to get money from me."

The youth coloured, and raised his head.

"Ah ! I have deceived you," stammered he ; "well, be it so ; then let us say no more about it."

He took up his hat, and hastily went away.

Genevieve let him go, but she passed a dreadful night. She started at every noise, thinking they were coming to tell her of Robert's arrest or death. She accused herself of cruelty. Twice she put on her shawl to hasten to her nephew's, and twice a suspicion she could not repress stopped her.

A part of the next day was spent in the same way ; at last, towards noon, a stranger, with large mustaches, and covered with rings and trinkets, presented himself with three notes-of-hand, signed with my name. They were the forgeries of which Robert had told her !

When she saw them, Genevieve grew pale—so pale, that the stranger, who was called M. Dumanoir, asked her what was the matter with her. But the poor woman still held the bills in her trembling hands, and could not answer. M. Dumanoir frowned ; at last, not knowing what to say, she asked him from whom he received these bills.

"You can see," replied the stranger, showing her on the other side the signatures of three or four indorsers.

"And you have need—immediately—of the money?" said my wife, becoming more and more agitated.

"Yes, indeed," replied he ; "I have two payments to make to-morrow, and I have reckoned on my receipts. They told me that your husband was *good* ; I hope, in the devil's name, they have not deceived me !"

Thus saying, he looked at Genevieve full in the face ; she could no longer contain herself, and began crying.

"What!" said M. Dumanoir, "tears! Is this actually all you are going to give me? You are not solvent, then—you have not the hundred louis? Ah! a thousand devils!—I am a ruined man!"

He got up then, uttering so many curses and menaces against me, that my poor frightened wife confessed all.

When she told him that the notes were forged, M. Dumanoir gave a start.

"So, I am robbed," cried he, "and by whom? You know the forger; you are implicated with him, as you did not declare the fraud at once. You must either tell me who he is, or I shall inform against you, and have you condemned as his accomplice."

Genevieve was about to reply, when the door opened suddenly—it was Robert.

At the cry she gave, M. Dumanoir turned towards the young man, who, seeing the notes in his hands, fell on his knees.

A scene then followed which my wife has never been able to relate; for grief prevents her speaking when ever she thinks of it. All that I know is, that after many tears and prayers, perceiving that the man with the notes was determined to have Robert arrested, and seeing him clinging to the window, from which he threatened to throw himself into the court below, her heart could no longer resist: she ran to the desk where I kept my money, took thirteen hundred and fifty francs out of it, which were all my savings, and offered them to redeem the bills. The creditor seemed to hesitate at first; but hearing that Robert was without any means, and that he would lose all if he refused to agree to this, the exchange was made, and M. Dumanoir went away.

Robert followed him, after hastily thanking his aunt.

Genevieve was struck by the sudden change in his tone and manner. When she was alone and had recovered herself, she turned over in her mind all that had just happened, and thought there was something strange in it. The more she reflected upon it, the more Robert's words and actions left her in doubt. She could not say what it was she suspected, but she felt there was deceit somewhere.

She hoped that the young man's next visit would clear up every thing. Two days passed without his reappearing. Genevieve's uneasiness increased; she left Marcel in charge of a neighbour, and ran to Bertin-Poirée street, to look for him.

When she got there, and had reached the landing-place, near the little room which he inhabited, she saw the door open, and a suspicious-looking man come out carrying a parcel. Although he had altered his dress, and no longer wore mustaches, she recognised M. Dumanoir ! He took advantage of the surprise which kept her silent for a moment, passed her quickly, and went down stairs. Genevieve pushed open Robert's door—nobody was there ; but all the drawers were turned out, and the closets open and empty, only some old clothes were thrown about the floor.

Surprised at this confusion, she went down again to the porter, to ask for an explanation. The porter knew nothing, and had seen nothing. All that he could say was, that Robert had come in the evening before, with the man she had just passed on the stairs ; that both seemed very merry, and jingled crown-pieces in their pockets.

Genevieve could doubt no longer ; the scene of the bills was a farce got up between Robert and his pretended creditor ; they had reckoned upon her fright and her weakness—she was the victim of a cheat, the contriver of which was her brother's son ! This thought went like a knife to her heart. She tried to get rid of it. She waited for Robert all the evening and the next day. She could not doubt, and yet she could not believe it. Grief, anger, and uneasiness tormented her by turns. When I came home, she had for five days past lost both sleep and appetite. I found her so much altered that I was quite frightened, and asked her if she were ill ?

"Much worse," replied she in a broken voice ; and, as if to relieve her mind, without waiting for any questions from me, she began to relate in broken sentences all that had passed since my departure. When she came to the thirteen hundred and fifty francs given to Robert, I interrupted her with an exclamation of horror ; I thought I might have misunderstood her ; I rushed to the desk—it contained nothing but the empty purse !

My throat became parched, my legs shook, and I was obliged to lean against the wall.

Genevieve looked at me in astonishment; her hands dropped, and her lips trembled, as if she was in a fever.

On seeing her thus, I felt the anger which disturbed me pass away, and I said very gently—

“You have given the money—I cannot pay what I owe. There, you know the whole—we are ruined!”

In fact, I had three payments which fell due the next day, and the sum in question had been intended to meet them. The loss of it deranged all my calculations, and destroyed my credit. I made Genevieve understand this, by explaining my situation to her. The poor woman was so cast down, that I tried to conceal my own misery from her.

This effort restored me to peace of mind, and gave me heart. The cheerfulness I had shown at first, out of love for Genevieve, increased upon me by degrees. I was young and healthy; I had wronged no one; and I felt I was quite able to begin life again. What was important just now was, that I should fulfil my engagements. I spoke to Genevieve calmly, tenderly, and manfully. I told her that things were not desperate, but that just now we must give up all our little comforts, content ourselves only with what was just necessary, and live the hard life of the poorest labourers. She only answered by crying, and pressing my hands. When I had done—

“Ah! you are still better than I thought,” said she; “I only ask one thing of God, to let me live long enough to repay your goodness.”

God has heard her prayer, and she has fulfilled her promise; for what she called my goodness has been repaid me in happiness—interest and principal.

That very evening, I went at once to some other contractors, with whom I agreed, on low terms, for a little ready money—they finding me my materials. In the meanwhile, Genevieve

fetches a broker, and sold the best of our furniture. The whole together made up the sum that I wanted, and my bills were paid at the appointed time.

But my fall was quite apparent; people saw that I had re-entered the ranks of the beggars, and the respect they had shown me was withdrawn. It was in vain that I applied for new contracts; no one was willing to advance me money, or give me credit: they saw my ruin, but did not consider my honesty.

As a last misfortune, Maurice was away; want pressed upon us; I was obliged to take the trowel again, and become a day-labourer.

Robert did not reappear. In spite of every thing, Genevieve did not lose her affection for him, and I saw that she was grieved at not hearing any thing of him. Two months passed, and I was trying to forget her nephew, when a policeman made his appearance in my hovel. I was luckily alone. He showed me a scrap of paper, on which was my name and direction, half rubbed out; it had been found on a murdered man!

Feeling rather uneasy, I followed the policeman to the Morgue, and there recognized the body of Robert.

The cord and stone which had been used to drown him, were still tied round his neck. The accomplices of his theft had wished to have all the profits of it themselves, and, as so often happens, one crime had been followed by another!

Genevieve did not know it till long after.

The murderers have never been found; perhaps they have undergone the same fate they made others suffer; for in evil as in good, we almost always reap what we have sown.

As for us, the remembrance of the wretched youth, who had come across our happiness with his vices, was soon lost in harder trials; evil days drew near, and we were about to be forced *to weather the storm, without cape and without umbrella*, as friend Maurice used to say.

CHAPTER X.

The Walnut Feast.—Our True Stay.—Maurice Coins Money.—A Lawsuit.—
The Pot of Gillyflowers.

It is a hard thing to come down again in life, when we have risen happily; and it is hard to eat black bread, when one's teeth have begun to grow tender on white. I put a good face on my bad luck; but, in reality, I felt such vexation that I became discontented, and, as the saying is, I took a disgust to life.

Genevieve was not more resigned, although she also seemed to be so. Both of us would sing, not from gaiety, but to set fate at defiance. We were silent for fear of showing our feelings; we made our pride a cloak for our sorrow, and thus our hearts were slowly becoming hardened. I perceived this well enough, but without being able to do otherwise. I was like a staggering man, and required help to stand steady.

One evening I was returning from my work, with my bag over my shoulder, and whistling as I came along the suburb where we lived. I did not hurry; for the sight of my home no longer rejoiced my eyes, as in former times. I could not accustom myself to the empty spaces left among the furniture, the bare walls, and, above all, to Genevieve's anxious looks. Formerly, every thing was neat and cheerful; every thing seemed to welcome me home; continual sunshine was in our house; but since our ruin, the points of the compass appeared changed—we found ourselves passed from south to north.

I walked, then, slowly along the street, without much heeding

the fine snow which was falling, as if through a sieve, and powdering the sheet of ice which covered the road.

When I had nearly reached the top of the street, I saw an old woman using all her strength to push on one of the little hand-carts, which are the moving shops of the poor people of Paris. The slipperiness of the streets made her labour double. The woollen shawl in which she was wrapped, and the folds of the handkerchief on her head, were thickly covered with snow. She panted loudly, stopped every minute quite exhausted, and then renewed her efforts.

I could not help pitying her. Thoughts of my mother came over me, and going up to her just as she stopped—

“Halloa! old woman,” said I, smiling, “that work is too heavy for you.”

“True, my son,” replied she, wiping her forehead, on which the sweat was mingled with frost; “my strength goes with my years, whilst my walnuts always keep their weight. But what God does, He does well. He does not forsake the poor.”

I asked her where she was going; she pointed to the Barrier, and was setting off again, when I put my hand on one of her cart-handles—

“Stay,” said I, gently, “that is my road too; it will not be much trouble to me to travel with your barrow.”

And, without waiting for her answer, I pushed the cart on before me.

The old woman made no opposition; she simply thanked me, and walked on by my side.

I then learnt that she had just bought a supply at the market, which she was going to sell again. Whatever the season or weather might be, she would still go over Paris until she had disposed of all! For thirty years she had lived by this trade, which had given her the means of bringing up three sons.

“But when they were grown tall and strong they took them from me,” said the poor woman. “Two died in the army, and the last was taken prisoner.”

"So that now you are alone," cried I, "with no other help than your own heart!"

"And the Protector of those who have no other," added she. "The good God must have something to do in heaven; and how else does He pass His time but in taking care of creatures like me? Well, well—if we are old and miserable, the thoughts that the King of all looks on us, that He judges us, and will repay us, that supports us. When I am so weary that my feet will no longer carry me, ah! well, I kneel down, and silently tell *Him* of my grief, and when I get up my heart is always lighter. You are too young to feel this yet; but a day will come when you will understand why they teach little children to say—*Our Father which art in Heaven.*"

I did not answer; but I felt that light had broken upon me! The old woman went on talking in the same way until we had got to the end of the suburb. In all her great trials she had looked higher than on earth for consolation, to a world where nothing can change.

My heart beat when I heard her speak. I looked at this tottering old woman, her head shaking, and already bowed down as if to gather up her winding-sheet, and I was astonished to find her stronger than I, and than Genevieve. It was then true that man has need of another stay than that of his fellow-men, and that to keep himself steady on the scaffolding of which his life is composed, he must have a cord tied in heaven!

The old woman thanked me when I left her at the Barrier; but to say the truth, it was I who owed her my thanks, for she had wakened thoughts in me, which had hitherto slept at the bottom of my soul.

When I got home, I was quite taken up with my adventure; but this evening Genevieve was sadder than usual, without my knowing why: it even seemed to me that her eyes were red.

We supped in silence; the baby went to sleep, and afterwards we stayed near the fire, which was just going out. It was only

when the clock struck that Genevieve rose with a sigh. It was bed-time. Then I got up also ; I took my dear wife's hand, and drawing her to my side—

"We have borne our griefs too long alone," said I in a low voice ; "let us ask God to help us."

And I fell on my knees ; Genevieve silently did the same. Then I repeated all the prayers I had learnt in my childhood, and which had remained ever since in a corner of my heart, as if in a storehouse. It seemed to me that I found a sense for the words as they came back to my memory, that I had never put to them before, like a language that I understood for the first time. I cannot say if it was the same with Genevieve, but very soon I heard her crying gently. When I got up, she embraced me with sobs.

"Your prayer has saved us," said she. "Now, that you have made me think of God again, I feel that I shall recover my heart!"

And in fact, from that day, every thing went better at home. Our hearts unbent, we again began to tell our thoughts, and our evening prayer always softened, while it calmed, our feelings.

Poor old woman ! when she was telling me her story, she little thought of the good she was doing me. I have never seen her since, but Genevieve and I have blessed her more than once.

"You see that the times of good fairies are not quite gone," Genevieve used to say ; "since you have found one who, to repay a slight service, has given you a talisman of resignation."

Although forced to take to the trowel again, I had not altogether lost the hope of working again on my own account ; and it was often heart-breaking to me, to see business the advantages of which I knew, passing into the hands of others.

I was tempted by one contract in particular ; but unfortunately it was necessary to have in hand some hundred francs to be able to undertake it. I returned to the work-yard sad enough not to have it in my power to seize such a lucky chance, when two

large hands were placed heavily on my shoulders. I turned round quickly; it was Maurice.

The master mason had been kept for some months in Burgundy, and had come back on business to Paris, which he was to leave again that very evening.

He made me come into a wine shop, and, in spite of all I could say, would have me breakfast again with him.

Prosperity had made Maurice fat, and he was dressed in a splendid Elbœuf waiscoat, a fine beaver hat, and a neckcloth of cherry-coloured silk. His heart was always the same, but his tone was a peg higher.

Maurice no longer doubted his own importance, since he had found himself at the head of fifty workmen. I had always seen him so rational, that his independent manner only seemed to be the consciousness of his prosperity.

He had heard of my misfortunes in a vague way, as soon as he arrived in Paris, and he wished to know every thing. When I had acquainted him with them, he struck the table with the bottle of old Bordeaux, which he had called for in spite of my objections.

"A thousand devils! Why did you not write to me about it?" cried he; "I could have found enough crown-pieces to set you up again. What are you doing now? Where are you? Cannot we put a little lime into your mortar?"

I explained my position to him, and gave him a hint of the business which was offering itself.

"And you will only want five hundred francs?" asked Maurice.

I replied that this sum would be more than enough. He called out—a waiter came.

"A pen and ink!" cried the master mason.

I looked at him with surprise.

"You cannot think what I mean to do with these things, can you?" said he laughing; "in fact, I am not much more a friend

to *white and black* than in old times, but we must bray with the donkeys. When I saw that business cannot be brewed without feather-stumps and an inkstand, faith! I said, Forward, rear-guard; and now I use them just like any one else."

"You have learnt to write?" cried I.

"You shall see!" said Maurice, winking his eye.

He had taken a stamped paper from a pocket-book, on which he made me write a cheque for five hundred francs. When I had finished, he signed his name in uneven letters, made like print.

"Now," said he, when the painful operation was over, "present me that at Perigeux's, and you will have your cash in a trice; father Maurice's signature is known in their shop, and I can coin as much money as I please."

In fact, they gave me the sum without any difficulty, and the next day I had taken the contract for which it was intended.

At first all went on as well as I could wish. The works were carried on briskly, and finished before the time. I was able to repay Maurice from the first receipts, and new bargains brought me back again into my old building business. I again held the float, and began to feel myself rising, when a lawsuit brought against our principal contractor stopped every thing. My interests, and those of ten others, were unavoidably bound up with his, and we found ourselves with our hands tied, and no means of going backwards or forwards. Meanwhile, each was responsible for his own engagements—the time came for paying for the unemployed materials—the demands followed each other without mercy—it was necessary to face every attack sword in hand, as they say, to find some new expedient every day, to obtain terms, to make out accounts, to balance debts and credits! My days were spent in this unprofitable work. I earned nothing, and my means were wasting more and more: while I was employing my time in working to escape from bankruptcy, Genevieve and the child were in want of common necessities.

I racked my brains without being able to improve things. The lawsuit was always just about to come on—and always put off. One day some document had been forgotten; another day the lawyer was absent; the court was taking its holidays, or the defendant had demanded a postponement. Weeks and months went by in this way. Our poor home was like the crew of a ship surprised by a dead calm in the middle of the sea; every day they see their daily allowance reduced, and they look in vain at the horizon for clouds foretelling the return of the wind. I have had hard trials in my life, but none to be compared to this. In general, our misfortunes leave us the power of action; we are able to seek for consolation or safety—but here all our efforts were useless. There was nothing to do but to fold one's arms and wait.

At last, this trouble of mind and inability to act made me gloomy and irritable. Not knowing whom to accuse, I found fault with Genevieve. I did not give the poor creature credit for her efforts to hide our misery from me, or her exertions to lessen it. One would have said, that I wished her to have the privations she endured. But my irritability was really the effect of love; it proceeded from grief at seeing her suffer. To procure her relief and peace of mind, I would have given my blood drop by drop; but, my good intentions having been thwarted, turned to ill-temper—just as if I was tearing her with a hedge of thorns, out of anger at not being able to make it into a shelter for her.

One day especially, I came home worse than usual. I had been three hours at the solicitor's—whom I heard talking and laughing with his friends, while my mind was in a state of torment. I had been obliged to wait for the end of their fine stories—then, when my turn came, I had found a man who listened to me, yawned, knew nothing of my business, and had referred me to his head clerk, who was then away. I came back, therefore, swelling with rage against the lawyers, who have our *fortune*—our peace—our honour—stored up in their paper boxes,

and generally do not even know what has been given them to keep. For a finish—I had seen my last bill dishonoured!

As if every thing combined to increase my irritation, I found Genevieve looking quite joyful. She was singing as she put the room in order, and received me with an exclamation of delight.

I asked her roughly, what good fortune had happened since I went out, and if an inheritance in America had come to us? She answered merrily, took me round the neck, and led me in front of the almanac, hanging over the chimneypiece.

"Well?" asked I.

"Well! you don't see the date, sir!" said she, gaily; "to-day is the twenty-fifth."

"Yes," replied I, ill-humouredly disengaging myself from her, "and it will soon be the thirtieth; the pay-day. The devil take bills and almanacs!"

She looked at me in sorrowful amazement.

"What is the matter, Pierre Henry?" said she, uneasily. "Have you learnt any bad news?"

"I have learnt nothing; as usual."

"Then," resumed she, passing her arm through mine, "let us leave our cares for to-morrow, and keep this day for happiness."

I looked at her in a way which showed her I did not understand her.

"Come, wicked man," said she, affecting a tone of displeasure; "don't you know that this is the anniversary of our wedding?"

I had, in fact, forgotten it. In former years this anniversary used to be a time of joy and tenderness for me; but this time it was quite different. The remembrance of past happiness made present suffering more bitter to me. The comparison I made in my own mind between the two caused me a sort of despair, and, with low imprecations, I threw myself into a chair.

Genevieve was frightened, and asked, "What was the matter with me?"

"What is the matter!" cried I; "God forgive me—but one

would think that you had never heard me speak of it. What is the matter—well, then, I have debts I cannot pay—money due I cannot get in—I have a lawsuit which is ruining me, even though I should gain it—I have three mouths to feed every day, with no other means than two arms, which are prevented working. Ah! what is the matter, do you ask? The matter is, that I wish I had broken my neck the day that I fell from a third story; for then I was but a workman, without debts, and without wife and child, and a four franc coffin would have settled my accounts with the world.”

All this was said in a transport of passion, which made my dear wife tremble; she looked at me, and tears came into her eyes.

“In the name of God, do not speak so, Pierre Henry!” said she; “never tell me you regret to live unless you wish to make me die, too. Poor man! you have been tormented all day, and you come back to me quite put out; but forget business for to-day, and only think of those who love you.

Perhaps I should have done what she asked, for her voice had touched my heart, when there was a knock at the door, and a policeman entered.

“Your pardon,” said he, civilly; “I am come in on account of the flower-pot in your window. You are infringing the law, and I must lay an information against you.”

I was about to reply that he was mistaken, when Genevieve ran to the window, and hastily took in a gillyflower, with a sheet of white paper still round it. She declared she had just bought it, and put it in a place where it could not fall for the bars. The policeman listened patiently to all her explanations; but after having verified what he called *the fact of the offence*, he took down our names and surnames, gave us notice that we should have to appear before the magistrate to pay the fine, and went away with a bow.

This unexpected interruption, and the prospect of the new

expense to which we were to be condemned, was a rude check to the return of my good humour. When Genevieve was going to speak, I got up, out of patience, cursing the caprice which had so suddenly increased our misery. I strode up and down the room—I raised my voice—I became excited by my own words; while my wife, pale and trembling, looked at me without saying a word. When she had tried to speak, I had broken out against her—and now her silence increased my anger! Out of my senses, I seized the flower, and ran to the window to throw it into the street, when a cry from Genevieve stopped me.

She, poor woman, was near the child's cradle; I had just awakened it. She pressed it in one of her arms against her bosom, her other hand was stretched towards me.

"Do not kill it, Pierre Henry," said she, in a voice I shall never forget; it is the flower of our wedding-day!"

I held the gillyflower in my hands, hesitating what to do. I then recollected that every year, at this time, Genevieve had celebrated the date of our marriage, by the purchase of one of these flowers, which my mother used to plant in Riant Wood. At this thought I felt a sudden shock—all my anger gave way at a stroke; a fountain was opened in my heart, and I burst into tears.

Genevieve ran directly to me, and threw herself and the child into my arms.

When all was forgiven and forgotten, we placed ourselves at the table for our evening meal. What had just happened, had prevented my wife from preparing any thing, and I would not let her go out to get what we wanted; we supped cheerfully on bread and radishes, with the gillyflower in the middle of the table perfuming our feast.

CHAPTER XI.

Misfortunes Continue—A Domestic Calamity—Dejection—Maurice's Return—
The Chatelet Bridge—A Duty Fulfilled.

WE had obtained a verdict which recognised our rights, and declared the contractor's securities responsible for a part of the money due to us ; but the forms to be first gone through were still protracted. Genevieve and I still were put to continual shifts, living from hand to mouth, and never having to-morrow's loaf in the cupboard. My days were spent in working at odd jobs, going to those interested with me in the lawsuit, and calling upon the lawyers. I have since thought that my wisest way would have been to sing the burial-chant over my precious property, and then begin again fairly, like the babe just born ; but I was enticed onwards by these certain thousands of francs, which I always saw before me, and I could not give up my hopes of them.

Months passed by in this way. I had lost the habit of regular occupation, and my life was disordered. Instead of making my way with the workers, I found myself stopped among those poor devils, who eat their dry bread in the smoke of the roast meat, which is always being promised to them, and is always roasting. I spent the present time in dancing attendance at the door of the future.

To add to our troubles the child fell ill ; I was obliged to go on with my business, and to leave all the care of him to Genevieve ; but the first moment I could spare I ran back to him.

His illness was not abated, but the contrary, and I listened to the moans and the oppressed breathing of the poor little creature. When his mother or I leant over his bed, he held out his little hands to us, and looked at us imploringly; he seemed to ask us to have pity on him. Accustomed to receive every thing from us, he thought we could make him well again. Our voices and caresses pleased him for a moment, then pain again got the better, and he pushed us away; he seemed to reproach us. His little limbs were convulsed, and his cries went through our hearts.

At first I combated his mother's fears, but at length I no longer felt able to say any thing to her. I stayed there with my hands crossed, uneasy at seeing her despair, which increased mine, and unable to give her hope.

Besides, the doctor gave no opinion; he came to the child's cradle, examined him hastily, ordered what was to be done, and then disappeared without a word of comfort; he might as well have been an architect, looking at brick and mortar. Sometimes I felt a wish to take him by the two arms, and call out to him to speak, to take away all hope or all fear, but I had not even the time for it: what to us was the source of so much anguish, was to him only a matter of daily work.

O God! the sad hours spent by the side of that little bed! the long cold nights! How often have I wished to hasten time on, that I might come at once to the end of my misery! Since then, I remember having read that these things, too, are mercies from God. By making us go through so much misery, He makes us less susceptible to the last stroke; the painful expectation of its arrival makes it even desirable; we hasten in thought to meet it, and, when it reaches us, we accept it as a relief.

After a fortnight's illness the child died.

I was prepared for this, but it did not seem that Genevieve was. Mothers can never renounce the being they have brought

into the world; they cannot believe in the possibility of a separation!

It was the hardest part of the trial. In vain the days went by; nothing consoled my poor wife. I used to find her sitting by the empty cradle, or even mending the little clothes of the dead baby, adding a kiss or a tear to each stitch. It was in vain I reasoned or was angry with her; she listened patiently to all I said, as though the spring of her poor heart was broken.

This dejection at last extended to me. I gave myself up to it in my turn; I took no interest in any thing. I was for hours standing at the window, drumming on the panes of glass, and looking out into empty space. We were both stupefied with grief.

We had not seen Maurice for the two years he had lived in Burgundy. I had only heard that our old head mason was engaged in extensive contracts. Two or three times I had thought of informing him of my troubles, and asking him to give me a help; but a certain pride had prevented me. I was less at my ease with him now, that I supposed him among the great builders, and I was afraid he might suspect me of wishing to make something out of our old friendship.

It seemed, therefore, that we had rather lost sight of one another; when one evening the new contractor made his appearance—not in a carriage, as I should have expected, but on foot; with a travelling blouse over his coat. He had arrived by the coach, and came to ask us for a dinner.

I saw an alteration in him at first sight. He talked as freely and as loudly as ever; he laughed at every thing—could not keep quiet, and asked questions without waiting for the answers. But all this stir and bustle seemed forced—his gaiety was fever; he hardly spoke a word to us on the death of our child; and, when I wished to speak to him about my affairs, he interrupted me to talk of his own.

He brought some notes and memorandums with him, which *he explained* to me, begging me to put them in order.

Although his manners had rather chilled me, I did as he desired. Whilst I was thus occupied, Maurice walked up and down the room, his hands in his pockets, and whistling in a low tone. Every now and then he stopped before the sheet of paper that I was covering with figures, as if he wished to guess the result—then he returned to his music and his walk.

It took long to prove the sum; when I had finished it, I told it to the head mason: the debts were almost double the credits.

On my naming the figures, Maurice could not restrain an exclamation.

I explained to him the causes which had necessarily occasioned this result. The chief of these was the multiplicity of the loans, and the accumulations of interest, to which he seemed to have taken no heed. He had been deceived from the want of written and regular accounts. He listened to my explanations with both his hands resting on the table, and his eyes fixed on my face.

"I understand—I understand," said he when I had done; "I have put all the horses they were willing to lend me into my stable, without thinking that they would ruin me in forage. A hundred thousand devils! see to what one is brought by not knowing how to make your scribblements, or to understand your conjuring figures! Those who have only their own pates for account-book, should keep every thing straight with ready money, and not get themselves into nasty papers. It's like a river, you see; one always ends by being drowned in it."

I asked him uneasily, "If he had not other resources than those which I had just noted down, and if that was really his balance-sheet."

"No, no!" replied he hastily; "do you tell me that twenty-three thousand francs are deficient? well, they will be found—they are elsewhere."

And when I insisted more urgently upon knowing, he impatiently interrupted me—

"Why, I've told you that it will all come right. I only

wanted to see to the bottom of the well, as they say; now it is done. Twenty-three thousand francs deficient! Well, good—the rest will go of itself. In the mean time let's have dinner, my old boy—I am as hungry as thirty wolves."

Notwithstanding this last assertion, Maurice eat hardly any thing, but then he drank much, and talked still more; he seemed to be endeavouring to forget himself.

When dinner was over, the day had begun to close; Maurice collected his papers, put them in order, and looked for some time at the account that I had made out, as if he had been able to read it. He said nothing, but his hand seemed to me to tremble.

Then he put them all upon the chest of drawers—began again to walk up and down the room, and at last asked us after our child.

Genevieve turned to him with a cry, and I looked in his face quite astounded. We had written to him on the death of the child, and when he had arrived he had himself spoken to us of our loss; he perceived his own absence of mind, and put his two hands to his head.

"Thunder! there are no brains here!" murmured he in a sort of fury; "forgive—excuse—my friends; it is Pierre Henry's fault—he made me drink too much; but it does not signify, I ought not to have forgotten your grief."

He sat down, and for some time seemed overcome. I asked him again if his affairs made him uneasy.

"Why do you ask?" said he quickly; "have I complained? have I asked for any thing?"

Suddenly softening—

"Hold! do not let us speak any more of business," continued he; "let us talk of you—of Genevieve. Is it not true that we are always happy when we are beloved, when we are young, and owe nothing! Ah! if I were your age. But we cannot be and have been; every one has his turn. I have already seen a number of those of my time file off. Your father Jerome,

Madeleine, and many more still ! To the devil with sorrow ! let us live till we die."

I was astonished at this unconnected talk ; Maurice had not drunk enough to affect him in this way ; his high spirits did not satisfy me, and I saw a wild look in him which made me uneasy. He soon stopped laughing, as we did not join him. Genevieve spoke gently to him of his children, who were getting on well in the country. Then he became quieter, and praised them long and tenderly. At last, suddenly stopping with a great effort, he got up, and said in a broken voice—

"Come, my friends, enough talk ; the time is come for me to go to my business."

He looked for some time for his hat, which was close by him, put it on awkwardly, as if he could not find his head, went slowly towards the door, and then stopped to take out his watch, which he put on the papers.

"I had rather leave all with you," stammered he. "I might lose them ; they are safer here."

We tried to keep him, but he refused to stay, and when I wished to go with him, he was angry, and went out abruptly ; but, before he had got half-way down the stairs, he returned.

"Come, come, a thousand devils !" said he ; "do not let us part in a quarrel."

He kissed my wife, pressed my hand, and disappeared.

We remained on the landing-place much excited and disturbed. When we could no longer hear the sound of his footsteps on the stairs, Genevieve turned quickly towards me—

"Good God ! Pierre Henry, there is something the matter," said she.

"I think so, too," replied I.

"Maurice must not be left alone."

"But he will be angry if I follow him."

"Let us go together," said she, tying on her bonnet, and putting on her little woollen shawl.

I ran for my hat, and we went down stairs.

It was night, and we could not perceive Maurice, but we went to the first turning in the street.

There, fortunately, we recognised the head mason going along close by the houses. Sometimes he walked quickly, sometimes slowly, gesticulating and talking aloud ; but we could not hear what he said.

He went down several streets at random, sometimes coming back, like a man who does not care where he is going. At last he reached the market, and from thence he went towards the quay.

Arrived at the Chatelet Bridge he stopped again, then suddenly turned towards one of the flights of stairs which go down to the river.

Genevieve pressed my arm with a stifled cry. The same thought struck us both, and we ran on together.

The night was already dark ; Maurice glided before us like a shadow, and disappeared under one of the arches of the bridge. When I came up he had just taken off his coat, and was approaching the water, which flowed past the foot of the pier with a strong current. He heard somebody coming, and was throwing himself forward ; I had but just time to seize him round the body.

He turned with an imprecation ; the darkness prevented him seeing me, but he knew my voice.

"What are you doing here ? what do you want ?" cried he ; "Have I not told you to leave me alone ? Take away your hands, Pierre Henry ! A thousand devils ! let me go, I tell you !"

"No ; I will not leave you any more," cried I, trying to drag him up the bank.

He struggled to disengage himself.

"Then you do not understand, unhappy man, that I am ruined !" cried he. "I can no long honour my signature ; cursed be the day when I learnt to put it on paper ! As long as I did not know how to write, I preserved my reputation blameless. I did not then pledge it on these bills, which God confound ! but *now the thing is done*—there is no way of drawing back ; it must

bè bankruptcy or death : I have chosen ! Do not hinder me, Pierre Henry ; in a moment, do you see, I am where nothing can arrest me. I am a match for every thing. In the name of God, or the devil, leave me—leave me !”

He struggled furiously, and, in spite of my opposition, would have escaped me, when Genevieve threw her arms round his neck, crying out—

“ Maurice, think of your children !”

It was like the blow of a club. The unhappy man groaned aloud ; I felt him reel, and he sank down on the shore.

We heard him sobbing. Genevieve, on her knees on one side, and I on the other, began to console him by weeping with him ; but I could not think of any thing to the purpose to say to him, while Genevieve's every word went to his heart. It is only woman who understand this science. The head mason, just before so terrible, was now no better than a child, incapable of resistance.

He related to us, with sobs, all that he had suffered for the last week, when he had begun to see clearly into his affairs. I then understood that his inability to keep accounts had been the true cause of his ruin. Carried away by the current of business, nothing had warned him of his danger, until he learnt it by being wrecked.

I took advantage of this same ignorance to persuade Maurice that all was not desperate, that his position offered resources that he was not himself aware of, and that it only required to be freed from its entanglements. The head mason was like all who affect to despise writing and ciphering ; in reality, he attached a secret power to them, before which every thing would give way. We succeeded then in bringing him back with us, if not consoled, at least encouraged.

In truth, the danger was only delayed. I knew that bad thoughts would return the next day. Above all, I feared the sort of shame that follows abortive attempts at suicide. ~~A man~~

returns to his first purpose from fear of letting it be thought that he has been a coward; he looks upon death as the only means of proving his courage, and he makes it a point of honour to kill himself.

I warned Genevieve of this, who promised to keep a vigilant watch. To say the truth, she alone could do it without irritating Maurice; honest hearts have no strength against either women or children.

As for me, I had to see what could be done to prevent a crash. I spent part of the night in verifying the head mason's balance-sheet, with the help of his documents and memorandums; but it was in vain I turned the figures and calculated them over again—the deficit always remained nearly the same. By continuing the business in which he was engaged, there was a chance of retrieving every thing, and, in the slang of the trade, of *cutting a figure*; but for that it was necessary to have money or credit, and where could they be found?

In vain I racked my brain; no way could I think of. I tried, however, the next day; but all my attempts were useless: I was sent from one to another with harsh rebuffs. People thought me implicated in Maurice's affairs, as I took them so much to heart, and I injured myself without serving him.

Nevertheless I persisted; for I was determined to do my duty to the end. Silent despondency had come over the head mason, and I could not hope for any help or exertion from him. When I tried to put him in good spirits again, he simply said to me—
"My hamstrings are cut; leave me alone!"

And nothing more could I get. I had come to my wits' end; when I recollected the rich contractor who had formerly encouraged me to educate myself. I had often thought of him in my own difficulties, but would not ask help of him. I always remembered our first interview, in which he had proved to me that success was the reward of energy and talent. To go to him and confess that I had failed, was to own that I had been either

careless or incapable ; right or wrong, I had always avoided this on my own account : I had fewer scruples with regard to Maurice.

I feared that the millionaire had forgotten my face, but he recognised me at first sight. That was something ; however I hesitated when I had to explain the cause of my visit. I had well prepared what I had to say, but at the moment of telling it I became confused ; the contractor understood that I was in difficulties, and that I came to ask him for money. I saw him frown and compress his lips, like a man who begins to distrust ; this suddenly restored my courage.

"Pray, observe that I do not come for myself," cried I ; "but for an honest friend, who has been almost a father to me, and whom you know—father Maurice. He does not ask you either to advance him money or to give it to him, but only to save him from the shame of bankruptcy, without injuring yourself. It will be a good action, which perhaps may bring you nothing, but which will neither cost you any thing."

"Let us see about it," said the contractor, continuing to look at me.

I then explained shortly the whole business to him, without making a speech, but without losing the thread of my discourse, and like a capitalist who discusses affairs with an equal. The force of my spirit had raised me above myself. He heard every thing, made several questions, demanded the vouchers, and told me to return the next day.

I went away quite hopeless. The thing seemed to me too clear for him to put off his answer, if he had meant to accept it. The delay could certainly have no other object than to give his refusal a semblance of consideration. However, I returned at the appointed hour.

"I have examined every thing," said the contractor. "Your calculations are right ; I take the business on myself. You may tell Maurice to come and see me ; he is an honest man, and we will find him an employment that will satisfy him."

CHAPTER XII.

We leave Paris.—A new Abode.—The Head Mason of Montmorency.—An Honest Man's Revenge.—The Good that may be gathered from an Infirmary.—All Goes Well.

AFTER the departure of friend Maurice, I busied myself about finishing my own affairs. Judgment had at last been pronounced, and I was able to clear myself.

When all my debts were paid, nothing was left but stamped paper! I had fulfilled all my contracts; but I was ruined for the second time.

I was going to take up the trowel again, when an architect under whom I had worked, proposed to me to leave Paris, and settle myself at Montmorency. He answered for plenty of work for me during the season, and promised to push me on.

"It is a good place," said he; "there is only one head mason, who is a clever workman, but churlish, and he is only employed for want of a better. With a little exertion, the better part of the work will come to you. Here you will always vegetate among the great contractors, who overwhelm you; it is better to be a tree among the bushes, than a bush in the forest."

I understood this reasoning too well to hesitate, and soon all was settled. The architect took me to the works at Montmorency, showed me what I ought to do; and I returned to Paris for Genevieve.

The moment of departure was painful to me; it was the first time I had left the great city! I was as used to its mud and its pavements, as the peasant to green grass or the perfume of hay. I had my accustomed streets where I passed the day; my eye was used to the people and the houses; by long habit, every

thing had become a part of myself; to leave Paris, was to break up my pleasures, my associations, my whole life, at once!

Those of the neighbours who had known us for long, came to their doors to wish us good-bye; some of them pitied us! This made me put on a good face, and I smiled when I parted from them. I would not for the world have let them see my sorrow; I felt much the humiliation of this necessary departure; it proved that bad luck had the mastery of me, and I protested against my defeat by seeming not to be aware of it.

As for Genevieve, who regretted it less, she did not dream of hiding her tears. The poor woman, loaded with baskets and parcels, replied to all the parting greetings and good wishes by thanks, mixed with sighs. She stopped at every door to give the children a last kiss! I grew impatient at the delay, and I walked on whistling, that I might look unconcerned. At last, at the turn of the street, and when the last house in our suburb had disappeared, I breathed more freely. Genevieve had rejoined me; we both got into the cart which held our humble furniture, and took the road to Montmorency.

During our journey, God knows how many silent imprecations I directed against the slowness of the horse, and the frequent haltings of the driver! My blood boiled in my veins; however I held my tongue, for I was afraid, if I spoke, to say too much. Genevieve did the same; at last, at the close of day, we arrived at Montmorency.

The little lodging I had taken was at the end of the village, in a narrow lane, where the cart could hardly pass. I opened the door sorrowfully, and signed to Genevieve to come in; then I went back to help the driver to take out the things, for I could not see the poor woman's disappointment at our miserable habitation.

Without doubt she understood what I felt; for she soon appeared again at the doorway smiling, and declaring that we should be settled there as well as we could wish. She herself helped to carry and put every thing in order. Night had closed in when *we had done*. The driver set off again, and we were left alone.

Our lodging consisted of the ground floor, which was lower than the road. It had once been paved with square tiles; but, broken as they were then, they formed a sort of uneven and muddy macadamized floor. A small window, looking on the neighbouring court, let in the smell of a dunghill; and a high chimney, nearly as wide as the end of the house, sent down clouds of smoke.

I contemplated this miserable little room in a sort of stupor. Whether it was that I had formed a wrong opinion of it at first sight, or that I was in a different humour, I know not; but I now noticed an unwholesome and ruinous appearance, which had not struck me so much at first.

Our furniture, which was now brought in, and even Genevieve's presence, instead of enlivening it, seemed to have made it more gloomy. Our lodging had now received all the embellishment which was possible, but it still showed itself with a distinct ugliness, about which there could be no possible doubt.

Genevieve felt an uneasy sensation, which she could not hide, in spite of her efforts to appear satisfied. She was sitting by the fire, her two elbows on her knees, and looking straight before her. I was standing at the other end of the room with my arms crossed. A little candle flickering in a tin candlestick, only gave us light enough to perceive our melancholy state. Genevieve was the first to shake off this dejection; she got up with a sigh, looked for the basket of provisions she had brought from Paris, and began to lay the cloth, but there was not bread enough. I went out to buy some.

The baker's shop was at some distance; when I went in, there were several of the neighbours collected round the door: they seemed to be listening to a portly man, who was speaking very loud and angrily. I did not pay much attention to him at first, and I was waiting for the loaf they had gone to get for me in the back shop, when I heard my name pronounced by the big man.

"His name is Pierre Henry, and he is called *The Striot*," cried he; "but the devil wring my neck if I don't change his name into

The Starved! If I have to sell my last shirt, I will serve him tricks enough to settle him!"

"Yes, indeed, if we let the Parisians settle themselves in the country, they will come and take the bread out of our very mouths," observed a neighbour, who, by his black hands, I saw was an ironsmith.

"Without reckoning that they always end by being bankrupt," added the grocer, "as you may see by the watchmaker in the great square, who is gone off without paying me."

"And you need not expect the new builder will have a better memory," resumed the big man; "it's my idea that he is some sharper come here to hide himself from the police."

I had heard every thing till then, without knowing whether I should seem to have heard it; but at these last words the blood rushed to my face, and I turned again towards the door.

"Pierre Henry has no need to hide himself from any one!" cried I; "and, to prove it, it is he who speaks to you."

There was a general movement among the spectators. The big man advanced nearer from the doorway.

"Ah! ah! see, here's the bird then!" said he insolently, looking me in the face; "well, by his feathers I should not have taken him for a town-bred builder; he looks rather like a simpleton!"

"You shall see by his work what he can do," replied I quickly; "insults only show jealousy or spite: the workman must be judged by his work."

"It remains to be proved if your work is wanted," said the master mason rudely; "you have taken one customer from me, but if you take a second, as sure as my name is Jean Ferou, I will break your back the first opportunity."

I felt myself growing pale, not from fear, but from anger. His great face flushed with rage, and his little grey eyes flashing forth threats, made my blood boil; I looked the master-builder full in the face.

"We shall see that! Master Ferou," said I; "people are not always so willing to have their backs broken. I have already

defended my hide against more than one quarrelsome fellow, and I hope I shall not leave it at Montmorency."

"Well, all in good time!" cried the mason, taking up his cap; "we shall see what you can do with your fists! The devil take me if I will not have satisfaction; it shall not be said that Jean Ferou let a Paris mud-mason cut the ground from under his feet!"

I did not answer; anger overpowered me, and I felt ready to burst. I hastily took the bread I had come for, and I was going away when the baker called out for his money. I replied that I had put it on the counter, but the shopman declared he had taken nothing. Then a dispute followed, which the master mason did not fail to exasperate by his interference. As my honour was implicated, I persisted firmly in my assertion. At the height of the quarrel, a little girl who was present declared, in an under tone, that I had the money hid in my hand. I opened my hand directly,—it was the truth! I had in my agitation taken the twelve sous piece from the counter, and was unconsciously carrying it away with me.

The sensation which followed among the spectators made me giddy. I tried to stammer forth an explanation; but I became confused by perceiving that I was suspected. I was unknown, surrounded by people ill-disposed towards me, without any way of proving my fault to have been involuntary: I knew that all self-defence would be useless; so, suddenly cutting the matter short, I paid the shopman, and was going away.

The master mason was standing in the opening of the door, one shoulder against the sill, and his feet stretched out to the opposite side; he eyed me with a sneer—

"Lost the trick!" said he ironically; "for to-day we must pay the regular price for our bread!"

"Let me pass!" cried I, losing all patience.

"What! what!" said he, in a still more provoking tone. "They will say that the Paris gentleman seems to be putting himself in a passion!"

"The Paris gentleman has had enough of your insults," replied I, trembling with rage; "and you must make room for him."

"Indeed! and what if I will not?"

"Then he will make you."

"Oh yes! we will see that!"

I went resolutely up to him; he still remained leaning against the wall with his arms folded.

"Jean Ferou, will you let me go by?" cried I, clenching my fists.

"No!" said he, with a sneer.

I seized him by the arm, and pushed him violently, to force him to let me pass.

Doubtless he did not expect such presumption, for he was on the point of losing his balance; but he recovered himself immediately, with an oath, turned to me with his arm raised, and struck me a blow on the forehead which nearly stunned me.

I tried, however, to defend myself, and the fight went on, until I fell against the threshold, dragging the master mason down with me.

As I fell beneath him, I soon felt both his knees on my breast, while with his fists he struck me in the face. The spectators had let us alone till then; but they now determined to separate us. They tore me with difficulty from Master Ferou, put the bread that I had bought into my hand, showed me my way, and mechanically I took the road to my lodgings.

I went on like a drunken man; I was aching in all my limbs, and grieved to the bottom of my heart. I slackened my pace when I got in sight of the house, for fear of being questioned by Genevieve, when she saw my bruised and bloody face. I could not endure the idea of telling her of the mortifications I had just received. Happily she had given way to the fatigues of the day, and I found her in bed, and asleep.

I made haste to extinguish the candle, which was still burning, and to go to bed. But in vain I tried to sleep; I was consumed by a sullen rage. Hatred towards the head mason had taken possession of me. I wished him now all the evil that he had

wished to do me; I tried to think of some way in which I could harm him, and revenge myself; there was nothing else that I cared for: I silently prayed for the help of God against my enemy. Reflection, instead of calming me, excited my evil thoughts more and more; my anger was like a pit, which becomes deeper the more it is worked.

If at intervals I slept, it was only to dream of my anger. Sometimes I saw Master Ferou ruined, with a beggar's wallet on his back; sometimes I held him under me, as he had himself held me, and I forced him to cry to me for mercy; at other times I saw him handcuffed, and between four policemen, who were taking him to prison for theft, and I gave him back all his insolent abuse.

In the middle of one of these broken dreams, Genevieve suddenly awoke me. I started up in bed. A bright light illuminated our room; we heard without an uproar of voices, and the noise of people running; then the cry of Fire!

I jumped out of bed, hastily dressed myself, and went out.

Two men were running across the street.

"Where is the fire?" asked I.

"In Jean Ferou's workyard," they answered both together.

I stopped, struck with wonder. It seemed as if God had heard my prayers, and had taken upon Himself to avenge me.

I must now confess that my first feeling was of satisfaction, but it only lasted an instant; immediately afterwards I blushed for myself.

When my good feelings returned, I thought that it was more incumbent on me, than on any one else, to bring help to the master mason, and to make up by my acts for my evil wishes. This thought went through my heart like a flash of fire; I rushed into the crowd of people who were passing, and arrived at Ferou's work-yard.

The fire had first begun in an outhouse, and had soon spread to all the rest. At the moment of my arrival, the accumulation of timber and wood-work round the house formed an enclosure

of flames, which prevented any one reaching it. Workmen were running through the smoke, removing the things on fire. I joined them, and we succeeded in opening a passage to the house. When we got up to it, we found it closed. Some voices called out that Jean Ferou might be at his brother's at Andilly, but many others replied that they had met him that very evening in the village; one of them had even seen him go home half tipsy, with a bottle in his hand. Without doubt he had heard nothing, being drunk and fast asleep.

In the mean time the danger became more and more pressing. The fire, which had spread behind, had already caught the roof of the porch. We knocked in vain at the fastened door, and called the master mason with all the strength of our lungs; there was no reply.

At this moment a frightful crackling was heard over our heads, and the loose tiles began to fall amidst a shower of charcoal; the roof had caught fire. Every body took to their heels. I rushed with the others towards the other end of the work-yard, when a loud cry behind me stopped me short. I turned round; Jean Ferou was at last awake, and had just appeared at one of the windows.

He was still only half roused out of his drunken sleep, and he looked around with exclamations of terror, but without appearing properly to understand what was going on. Every voice called out to him at the same time to come down and escape; but the unhappy man, apparently out of his senses, continued to look at the flames, which were blazing across the work-yard, repeating in a doleful voice: "The fire! the fire!"

Two or three of us decided to go back to the house. The fire was already beginning to catch the floor. We warned the master mason that the least delay might cost him his life. He seemed at last to comprehend it; for he quickly went in, as if he were resolved to reach the door, and we came nearer to help him. By the sparks of fire which burst out through the window-shutters on the ground floor, we knew that the flames had

caught the lower story, as well as the top. Jean Ferou soon reappeared at the window, crying out that the staircase was on fire, and asking for a ladder. Some of the people ran to look for one; but in the middle of all the confusion and destruction, it was doubtful if they would find one in time. The fire rapidly increased on the ground floor; instead of crackling, the flames began to roar within like a furnace. Jean Ferou was astride on the window-sill, with a load of papers and bags of money, and crying out for some one to help him to get down; but those who were there, either from inability or fear, did not move. I felt all of a sudden seized with resolute courage; the thought of danger vanished: I only saw a man to save.

I ran to one of the windows on the ground floor, and, with the help of the shutters, I reached the flooring of the first story. There, my shoulders were nearly on a level with the master mason's feet; I called out to him to step upon them. Jean Ferou, who was now sobered by fright, did not make me say it twice; he threw his feet over the window-sill, and alid down to me. At first I lost my balance with his weight, and I tottered; but, catching to the wall again, I dug my nails into the joints of the stones, to which I clung by a great effort of strength, and the mason, using my body as a ladder, reached the ground without accident.

It was only when I joined him again that he recognised me. He drew back three steps, lifted his hand to his forehead, and, after having stammered out some words which I could not understand, he sat down on the end of a beam which was still smoking. He was overcome by so many events, one upon another—he had not strength for explanation or thanks.

Perhaps he wanted the will, too. Jean Ferou's was a heart into which it was as difficult for a good feeling to enter, as a wedge into stone. He had even need of an effort not to behave to you as an enemy. His wife had been obliged to leave him, after eighteen years of torment and patience; his children had been driven from home to get their bread among strangers; and of all

those with whom he had lived and worked, not one was his friend.

He had become indebted to me since the fire in the work-yard, and gave up doing me harm, but that was all. Whenever I met him, he passed straight on as if he had never seen me. If they spoke of me to him, he either said nothing, or went quickly away: the bear had only left off biting without being tamed.

Happily those who were witnesses of the service I had done him, made me amends for his coldness. They made known how I had behaved to the master mason, and they liked me so much the more, when they learnt at the same time what I had suffered from him that evening. Only to have done my duty seemed generosity to them, and each paid me in esteem, what Jean Ferou refused me in gratitude.

A chance meeting also gave me courage, and taught me a lesson.

At that time there was, on the roadside leading from the town of Sarcelles to Ecouen, a small thatched house, with a little garden in front, where fruit, vegetables, and flowers were planted without any order, but not without taste. There lived a poor working-man, whose acquaintance I made by chance, and who was a pattern for me.

He was a foundling, first brought up in a charitable convent, and afterwards, having nothing else to depend upon, obliged to live by the coarsest work. Though deformed, wretched, and forsaken, he had been able to make up, by a hearty good-will, for all these deficiencies. At first he was employed for his energy, but gradually his energy turned into ability. His perseverance served instead of strength; his application instead of skill; and, like the tortoise in the fable, he always arrived at the end before the hares, who had reckoned too much upon their nimbleness.

But God had laid an infirmity upon him, which seemed to fill up the measure of his misfortunes. Francis was afflicted with a confused stuttering, which one could not hear without laughing. As a child, he had been a constant butt for the jokes of his companions, and, when he grew older, he became the amusement

of the lads and young girls. To avoid their jokes, he forbade himself to speak unless it was indispensable; and in parties of pleasure he submitted to fill the part of a mute, so mortifying to our vanity.

But as he required an excuse for silence, he learnt to make coarse baskets of a basket-maker, and used to take his work to the winter parties round the fire, and the summer gossiping outside the doors. While the other young people were smoking, laughing, and talking, with their elbows on their knees, he plaited his osiers in silence. At first they had joked him on what they called his mania, but afterwards custom prevented them from noticing it.

Francis's affliction had thus induced him to employ those hours usefully which were lost to his companions. He profited from it in another way. His half-tied tongue was spared all useless action; he only spoke when he had something to say, so for the most part he remained silent. But in this state of forced contemplation, his mind slowly ripened; he followed each of his thoughts attentively and without distraction, he recollected and meditated upon those which he heard pass between other people.

The sale of his baskets in the country increased his savings by little and little. His infirmity kept him apart from the lads of the village, and he thus escaped temptations to spend what he had thus saved. After some years he was rich enough to buy a bit of land which he cultivated in his leisure moments, and the produce of which was even more profitable to him than his packets. He then thought of building himself a house.

The little cottage rose slowly but surely; at last it was covered in, and the new owner could sleep under a roof of his own.

All this had taken ten years! Francis took ten more to complete his work, and round off his domain. He dug a well, planted fruit-trees, collected bees, which multiplied their swarms, and bought two other fields, which he made his meadow and his orchard. When I saw him, he had cleared the difficult ditch which separates poverty from ease, he could afford to sacrifice a

few fruit-trees for the sake of a grass plat, and some ears of corn for rose-trees. His cottage, shaded by acacias, looked from the road, like a hive in a bed of flowers.

It was then he told me what I have just related, not in a breath, but in short and often interrupted answers. Although Francis was no longer in want, he went on weaving his baskets as an occupation, and that he might have the right of not speaking. One day as I was going over his domain, and I was expressing my admiration at so much order, perseverance, and activity—

“The merit is not mine, but God’s, who has taken the liberty of speech from me,” replied Francis, with a smile. “As I was not, able to lose my time in talking, I have employed it in working. Our life depends much more on our will than on our advantages; and you yourself see here *what profit may be gathered from an infirmity.*”

I profited from Francis’s example, and accustomed myself not to waste a moment. As for Genevieve, she took in washing for some neighbouring families. Every thing succeeded. Work crowded in upon me, as the architect had foreseen. After a contest of two years, the master mason suddenly left the place without saying any thing, and I have never heard of him since.

A son and a daughter soon consoled us for the loss of our first child. Our home was filled with love, joy, comfort, and health. Genevieve was singing all day; the children thrived and prattled; money came of itself into our money-box, and good fortune shone upon us as brightly as the sun. I may say that this time was the happiest of all my life; for it was that in which I felt most the goodness of God. In general, we accustom ourselves to happiness, and we look for it as our due, instead of receiving it as a gift; but at that time I was not spoilt by Providence: I had still in my mouth the bitter taste of the bread of poverty, and that made the sweet flavour of the bread of prosperity the more perceptible to me.

CHAPTER XIII.

**Maurice Re-appears.—The Choice of a Godfather.—Our daughter Marianne.—
The Architect.**

I HAVE scarcely any reminiscences left of the first five years of our life at Montmorency. I only recollect that my work increased more and more, and that those who looked upon me with contempt when I first came, now did not pass me without touching their hats. From henceforth I was a considerable person in the place.

I rented my old rival's work-yard, and went to live there with Genevieve. We furnished the house, repainted the old ceilings, provided the windows with white curtains, and planted china rose-trees on both sides of the door. A bit of ground had been turned into a garden; my wife planted flowers, and hung the linen to dry in it. She even collected a stray swarm of bees there, from which by degrees we had several hives.

Our son and daughter were growing up like poplars, running about among my mouldings and chips, and chattering enough to put the birds to silence. Peace and plenty had taken up their abode in our home. I am only reminded of this time by a trouble which soon became a pleasure.

It was at the birth of little Marianne. We had for a neighbour a Paris lady, worth a hundred thousand francs, and as good as she was rich; a true friend to all who came near her. I had built her some greenhouses in her pleasure-ground, much to her satisfaction, and she had, moreover, taken a fancy to Genevieve, who washed for her; therefore, two or three months before the birth of the little one, she had proposed to be its godmother, to which its mother and I gratefully consented.

The child was born, seemed likely to live, and I was enjoying the first happy moments, when Maurice arrived.

I had not seen the master mason since his misfortunes in business; but I knew he had an easy place with the contractor who had engaged him, and that he had taken to life again with good heart.

In fact, I found him as talkative, as jovial, and as active as in better days; age had only made him fatter. He embraced us three times, and could not restrain his tears.

"I saw your work-yard as I came in," said he, resting his two hands on my shoulders, and with his eyes, still wet, close to mine; "it seems that all goes well, my boy—you are laying up stores for your old age.—Well done, my brave boy! The success of my friends does me good!"

I replied, "That in fact every thing was going on as well as we could wish," and I rapidly described my situation to him. He listened to me, sitting by Genevieve's bed, our little Frederic on his knee, and looking at the *little stranger*, which was sleeping in its cradle.

"Come, bravo!" cried he, when I had done; "honest people must prosper to do honour to the all-good God! I have wished much to know how you were, and that is why I have asked my master for a few days' holiday."

"Then you will stay with us!" said Genevieve with visible gratification.

"If you approve," replied Maurice. "In the first place, I am come to see you. After so many weeks' separation, I hungered and thirsted after this neighbour here!"

He took my hands again.

"And then," said he, turning towards my wife, "I knew the family was about to increase, and I got a scheme into my head which has gladdened me for the last three months!"

"What scheme?" asked Genevieve.

"To bring you a godfather for the baby."

"A *godfather*!"

"And here he is!" added he, striking his breast; "you will never find one more willing, or one who loves you better."

Genevieve could not avoid starting; we exchanged looks, which Maurice perceived.

"Am I come too late?" asked he, "perhaps you have already chosen?"

"A godfather—no!" stammered the mother; "we have only a godmother."

"Then it's all right," resumed the master mason; "you will introduce me to her. Don't you see that finding myself with you again, gives me an appetite for mirth. We must amuse ourselves to death! I must have a pattern christening, with sugar plums, as much Bordeaux as we please, and fricasseed rabbits! Come! I hope she is tolerably good-looking, this godmother."

I replied with a little hesitation, "That she was Madame Lefort, our rich neighbour."

"A lady!" repeated Maurice. "Oh, indeed! I beg your pardon! Here's an honour! then we must be on our P's and Q's. But never fear; one knows how to behave when it is required. I shall buy a pair of cotton gloves."

Before we had time to reply, our neighbour herself came in.

For a moment I was quite disconcerted. Genevieve raised herself up in bed. Our situation was truly embarrassing.

It became much more so when Madame Lefort reminded us of the promise she had made us, and said she came to settle with us about a godfather.

"What!" cried Maurice, getting up. "A godfather! here he is!—I am just come from Burgundy on purpose. By what I see, it is madame who is to be my gossip. Delighted with the honour! We must settle together about the sugar plums."

Madame Lefort looked at us in astonishment, Genevieve became very red, and pulled out the down of her cotton counterpane, without daring to raise her eyes;—there was a long silence, during which Maurice, who did not perceive any thing amiss, danced Frederic on his knee to the old song:—

Ride to Paris away
On a horse of grey;
From Paris ride back,
On a horse of black.

"This changes every thing," said our neighbour at last, rather dryly; "I came to propose to name the child with my brother, the town-counsellor. I was not aware that you had made your choice without my knowledge."

"Will madame excuse us," replied I; "we had not thought of it; but the master mason, who is just arrived, has proposed it to us."

"And we meant to speak to you about it, madam," added Genevieve.

"Stay!" interrupted Maurice, who at last perceived our embarrassment; "I don't wish to stand in any one's way! What I said was from affection: I should have liked to name the little one, seeing that a god-daughter is almost a daughter; but my good wishes must not do her harm, and, if Pierre Henry thinks it better, don't let him trouble himself with me."

He had got up to go; the jovial expression on his kind face had disappeared. Genevieve and I signed to him together to remain; we had at once taken the same resolution.

"Stay!" cried I, "we can never find any better than an old friend like you."

"Madame Lefort will say the same when she knows you," added Genevieve.

And, turning to our neighbour with a beseeching smile—

"This is honest Maurice," continued she, "Pierre Henry's old protector, of whom I have so often spoken to you, madam; he who has helped him, after God, to be an honest man. When our mother Madeleine died, he conducted the funeral; and when we were married, he took me to church. He has always been with us, in happiness as well as in sorrow. Madame will understand that he has a right to continue his office of protector to our children."

"You are right," said Madame Lefort, "whose countenance had

regained its serenity: new friends must not take the place of old ones. Mr. Maurice, we will name the child together."

"Well!" cried the master mason, affected to tears, "I said that you were a good woman! But you will not have to regret what you do; for, we are not in the rough, like a plank before it is planed: we know what is due to people of breeding. Do not fear, madam; you will be satisfied with me."

Our neighbour smiled, and changed the conversation. She was very civil to Maurice, who, after she was gone, declared she was the *Queen of the great folk*. As for us, he squeezed our hands in his, with an expression of such gratitude that it quite affected me.

"Thanks, my friends," said he in a voice of emotion; "if I live a hundred years, d'ye see, I shall never forget this hour! You have not been ashamed of your old comrade, and for him you have risked the loss of a rich protector. That is honest and right: God will reward you for it!"

The christening went off to the satisfaction of every body. Maurice with the manners of a lord, and Madame Lefort not seeming the less at her ease with such a godfather.

After he had spent some days with us, the master mason left us, well pleased with every body. We shed tears when we wished him good-bye, for Maurice never expected to see us again.

"Here we take leave till the judgment-day," said he; "but it does not signify—our last meeting will have been happy. . It is not so common a thing, you know, to meet again after a long absence, and to part without either having any thing to reproach the other with. You, my children, are on the high-road of fortune; do not overwork the horses, but go quietly on your way, taking care of the ruts. I leave you a little Christian there, who will recall me to your remembrance. And you, Pierre Henry, who write like talking, don't be an idle fellow any more, but every now and then picture to me in a letter the state of your household; since the devil has invented writing, we are bound to make use of it."

He embraced us again, returned to the cradle of his god-daughter to look at her sleeping, and then set off.

The sort of presentiment he had at leaving us was fulfilled. I never saw him again, though, thank God! he lived yet many years. But every now and then workmen brought us verbal news of him, with little presents for Marianne. As the good mason grew older, he still remained as brave a workman, and as warm a friend. The contractor, who saw with whom he had to do, left him to manage his own department his own way.

Maurice grew old thus happily and usefully, without ever thinking that he might have been worthy of a better state in life; we may say that his was a simple heart, which never thought to alter the lot apportioned to him by the goodness of God. It is only a year ago that I suddenly heard of his illness and death. He had come to the work-yard less vigorous than usual; he had got wet through in a storm of rain, but would not leave work; he was seized with fever at night, and breathed his last the next day but one. A soldier of labour, he had fallen, so to speak, on the field of battle!

This was painful news to us. Genevieve loved him especially; she put little Marianne into mourning for him. The last friend of our youth was gone; the last of his generation on whom we looked as a kinsman, was laid in the earth! From henceforth, our family began with ourselves; our children were coming on by degrees to fill our places; we were beginning the downhill of life, at the bottom of which opens the door of the tomb.

Happily one does not dwell upon these thoughts. Men live as the world goes, by the will of God! It is for Him to think, and for us to submit.

Frederic and Marianne grew up without giving us care, or having any themselves; they were the joy of the house. The boy already went among the workmen, and learnt as he looked on; the little girl followed her mother every where, as if she could not live without seeing her, laughing with her, and kissing her.

Meanwhile Madame Lefort sometimes took her away from us.

She herself had a daughter who had taken a great fancy for Marianne, and would only play or work with her. She shared every thing with Marianne. Our house insensibly became a sort of dependency upon that of our neighbour. A door, which formerly led from the park into my work-yard, was opened again. When Miss Caroline was not with us, Marianne was with her. The child came home every day with some new present, fruit, toys, even jewels. For all that, we both feared this generosity. As for me, I was grateful for it, but only on account of the friendship it showed; I preferred the caresses of our little neighbour to her gifts.

To say the truth, there was no arrogance in Madame Lefort. Our child was always treated as her daughter's equal, and often even held forth to her as an example. All went on as well as possible until M. Lefort accepted an office which obliged him to return to Paris. When his daughter learnt that she must leave Marianne, she cried aloud; it was in vain to make her promises: nothing could console her. At last, the evening before they went, when we were at supper, Madame Lefort came in; she was followed by a servant, who went away after putting a handbox on the table.

Our neighbour gave some pretence for the children to leave us, and when we were alone—

"I am come to speak seriously to you," said she; "do not begin exclaiming, but listen to me with all your heart, and all your judgment."

We promised to do so.

"I need not speak to you of Caroline's love for Marianne," continued she; "you have seen it, and can judge of it. My daughter is accustomed to spend half her life with yours: she requires her as much for learning as for happiness; she has enjoyed nothing since she has feared being separated from her; she refuses every occupation and every amusement; one might say she had lost a part of her own life."

Genevieve interrupted her to express her gratitude for such *affection*.

"If it is true that you are thankful for it," replied Madame Lefort, "you can prove it to her; your daughter is like an adopted sister to Caroline, let her become a sister in reality."

"How so?" asked I.

"By entrusting her to us," replied she.

And, on seeing us both give a start, she exclaimed—

"Ah! remember your promise; you agreed to listen to the end. I am not come to propose to tear Marianne away from your love, but only to let her accept ours. There is no question of taking her away from her own family; we would give her a second, too. I shall have a child more, without your having one less; for you shall keep all your rights, and your daughter shall return to you as often as you wish."

Genevieve and I began at the same time to raise objections.

"Stop again," interrupted Madame Lefort; "let me finish. Is it not true that you desire the happiness of your child above every thing? Your dearest wish is to secure her future happiness. Well! I will see to it. Not only shall Marianne receive the same education as my daughter, and shall share all her amusements; but I will engage to secure her position, to portion her! I have but one daughter, and I am rich enough to give myself this pleasure."

Her proposal was so extraordinary, so unexpected, that we remained quite overcome; she perceived it, and rose to go.

"Reflect upon it," said she; "I do not wish to take you by surprise; to-morrow you shall give me your answer, and I will then take measures to put my promises into a written and formal engagement."

Genevieve seized her hand, and wished to express how much she felt such great kindness.

"Do not thank me," continued Madame Lefort; "what I do is for my daughter's sake much more than for yours. I make her rich by bringing her an affectionate companion. You will find one of Caroline's dresses in this bandbox; it is meant for her adopted sister. I feel that what I have said must agitate you; I myself, *you see, can hardly restrain my tears; therefore I should wish to*

avoid a second interview on this subject. If you decide to accept my proposal, bring Marianne to me to-morrow in her new dress ; that will be a proof that Caroline may look upon her as her sister ; if not—spare my poor child and myself the grief of parting.

With these words she kissed her hand to us, and departed.

I did not move, but remained by the door, with my head drooping, and my arms hanging down. Genevieve threw herself into a chair, covered her face with her apron, and began to sob.

We remained thus for a long time without speaking, but in silence we understood each other. The same conflict was going on in our hearts. In spite of what Madame Lefort could say, we felt very well that, by entrusting Marianne to her, we were renouncing the best part of our parental rights ; that the child was leaving her family ; and that we could not hope for more than the second place in her affections ; but the proposed advantages were important. However prosperous my situation was at present, I knew by experience that at any moment all might change. A failure in business had but to bring my credit into question ; an illness, to put my affairs out of order ; my death, to expose those who survived me to poverty. What Madame Lefort offered us was painful to Genevieve and to me, but advantageous to Marianne. If it was quite obvious to refuse with regard to ourselves, perhaps it was prudent to consent when thinking of our daughter.

This last thought decided us. After all, parents live for their children, and not for themselves.

We had each made these reflections in silence ; and when we were able to speak, we had both arrived at the same conclusion.

Genevieve was crying ; and, although I was hardly more courageous, I tried to encourage her.

"Come, be calm," said I, speaking in a low tone, for fear of being as much overcome as she was ; " we must not make it a question of feeling, but of duty. Why should we grieve ourselves if we

child is to be happy? Rather let us thank God for giving us an opportunity of sacrificing ourselves for her good; it is a proof that He thinks of us, and loves us."

However, I hardly slept all night, and I rose the next morning at break of day. Genevieve was already about, and getting ready the clothes which Madame Lefort had brought the evening before. She did not complain, or express any regret. She was a brave soul, who never raised questions about that she believed to be necessary.

When Marianne awoke, she began silently to dress her in her new clothes. The little girl seemed surprised at first. She wished to know why they gave her such a fine dress, fit for a young lady; but her mother, who was stifling her sobs, could not answer. Marianne's astonishment very soon gave way to admiration; she cried out with joy at every fresh part of the dress. I hoped to moderate these transports of delight a little, by telling her she was about to leave us, and go away with Madame Lefort; but she remained almost indifferent to this news. Genevieve looked sadly at me. The child herself went on dressing, and talking loudly of her expectations:—she should have a place in Madame Lefort's open carriage; all the little village girls would see her in her new dress; she should be taken for a young lady! And when her mother had finished dressing her, and was going to press her in her arms for the last time, she drew back, warning her not to rumple her collar.

Genevieve uttered a faint cry, and burst into tears. I myself shuddered; a veil had just been torn from my eyes. I took the child by the hand, led her quickly into the next room, and returned to her mother, who was still weeping.

"Listen," said I in a half whisper; "we have decided to do what is best for the interest of our child; but it is necessary to ascertain if, when we wish to benefit her, we are not about to do her harm!"

"Ah! then, you have seen—as I have—" stammered Gene-

"I have seen," replied I, "that fine clothes make her forget that she is to live away from us; and that vanity is already stifling affection in her."

"She loves her dress better than my kisses!" said her mother, redoubling her tears.

"And this is only the beginning," added I. "We might by a great effort deprive ourselves of the child whom we love, but we may never consent to her corruption. I would not have Marianne become richer, if it is on condition of her becoming more selfish. Yesterday we only saw one side of the thing—that of interest; there is another more important—that of morality. When she is living like a lady, our child will very soon forget where she comes from; who knows if she will not get to be ashamed of it? That must not be—it shall not be! Go, and take off her fine clothes, Genevieve, and continue to be her mother, so that she may continue worthy to be your daughter."

The poor woman threw herself into my arms, and ran to undress the little girl.

We let Madame Lefort depart, as she had begged us, without wishing her good-bye; but I wrote, to explain to her as well as I could, what had happened to us. She did not answer me, and we heard no more of her; without doubt, she could not forgive us for our refusal.

Meanwhile, the architect to whom I owed my situation at Montmorency, continued my friend. He gave me all the work which he could dispose of, and neglected no opportunity of increasing my profits. I looked upon him as the true author of my success, and I wished for nothing so much as to see him prosper. Unfortunately, he was a man who was carried away by pleasure. Relying on his own skill and activity, he believed himself able to do any thing, and never put a check upon his own fancies. The summer residence he had built, had become the rendezvous of a brilliant company. There was nothing but *fêtes* and festivities, not to speak of his equipages and his play. I soon saw that his affairs were embarrassed; he put off the

payment of bills, demanded money in advance, and accepted every contract. At first his credit suffered, then his reputation. There were whispers of overcharges in accounts, and douceurs received; but these accusations I repulsed as calumnies. As for me, I had always found M. Dupré careless at business, but honest.

A Paris company had entrusted him for the last two years with the management of a brick-kiln and quarries, which had been very extensively worked, thanks to his energy. But the company, though apparently prosperous, had not yet realized any profits: the shareholders suspected fraud among the inferior clerks during M. Dupré's frequent absences on business; they decided that a resident superintendent was necessary, and offered me the place.

Before accepting it, I consulted M. Dupré himself; he appeared embarrassed, but after hesitating a few moments—

"If it is not Pierre Henry, it will be somebody else," said he, as if talking to himself. "I would much rather have to do with an acquaintance than a stranger."

He told me then to accept it; but at the same time advised me not to worry myself out of reason—to let things take their course; and, above all, to do nothing without first letting him know. I immediately entered on the duties of my office.

The works seemed to me in excellent order, well regulated, and briskly carried on. When I looked at the arrangements of the business, I could not understand why the results were not more satisfactory. Curiosity induced me at first to find the cause, and then honesty obliged me to go on with the search.

I discovered considerable defalcations in my first examination. I succeeded in making out a list of them, and ascertaining their amount; it came to a sum of about twenty thousand francs.

I went in much distress to M. Dupré, and told him of my painful discovery. At the first word he uttered an exclamation: I thought he doubted it, and I showed him all the proofs. When I had done, he asked me if I suspected any one. I replied, "I did not; the thing having happened before I had entered into the business."

"Then do not speak of it to any one," said he quickly; "act as if you were ignorant of it all; remember that you have not seen any thing."

I raised my eyes, thunderstruck. He was very pale, and his hands trembled. A terrible flash of light crossed my mind; I drew back as I looked at him. He raised his hand to his forehead in despair—I could not refrain from a cry.

"Peace! peace!" said he in a fearful voice. "It is but a momentary confusion. My affairs will recover themselves, and I shall make all right with the shareholders. But consider that a single word may ruin me!"

He then explained to me at length the embarrassments in which he found himself, told me all his plans, and gave me a list of his resources. I listened, but without understanding him. I was overwhelmed with astonishment.

I did not recover my presence of mind, until he asked me to continue *not to see* for some weeks. The sense of my responsibility then at once returned to me, and I felt how painfully I was situated.

"Excuse me," replied I, stammering. "I need not see what was entrusted to others, but I must what has been put under my charge. I give up my place of superintendent from to-day."

"So that they may give me another, who will make the same discoveries, and who will hold me at his mercy," cried the architect, bitterly. "I had hoped to find you more obliging, Pierre Henry; and, above all, that you had a better memory."

"Ah! do not think that I have forgotten any thing, sir," cried I, moved to the bottom of my heart; "I know that I owe you all, and that what I have belongs to you—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Do not take what I say for mere words," added I, more firmly; "by availing myself of all my resources, I can get together eleven thousand francs in a few days. Take them, in the name of God! try you to get the rest, and make yourself clear."

I had clasped my hands. M. Dupré remained for some time

without answering; he was himself much agitated. At last he said dejectedly—

“It is impossible! I thank you, Pierre Henry, but it is too late; I should ruin you without saving myself. You cannot know all.”

He stopped: I dared not look at him, and I could not speak; he resumed after a pause—

“Do what you will—give up your office—all I ask of you is, silence on what it was not your duty to know.”

He dismissed me by a sign, and I left him quite overcome.

It was about a month afterwards that I had the offer of a considerable contract, which would take me into Burgundy. I decided to accept it, owing to what had passed with M. Dupré. The sight of him made me unhappy, and the secret of which I was the keeper made me tremble; by going away, I seemed to leave it behind me. Unhappily others of necessity learnt it: I heard shortly afterwards that all had been discovered, and that, to escape from the disgrace, my old patron had presently committed suicide!

Here the memoir of Pierre Henry broke off. In the midst, however, of copies of deeds, memorandums of expenses, and notes of business, several more pages of writing turned up here and there, without any indication from whence they came; but at the top of them the master mason had written—*For my children!* They were moral reflections, or instructions relative to their education.

CHAPTER XIV.

*Last Chapter of the Confessions.—My son Frederic's Studies.—Temptations—
A Literary Overseer.—Conclusion.*

It is long since I left off my journal of recollections. The lines written on the last page have had time to fade, and I have done the same without being conscious of it. The main walls are still firm, but the building has lost its look of youth. Genevieve herself is no longer what she was; the crow'sfoot shows itself at the corner of her eyes. Happily that which makes her the charm of the house—good health and a good heart—are left.

And besides, if we are setting, those near us are rising: our children are there, and take our place; the sun shines now for them. Life resembles a ball; when we are too old to dance, we look at others, and our hearts are gladdened by their enjoyment.

It is a saying of Genevieve's. She consoles herself over every lost enjoyment, by those of her boy and girl. Their white teeth replace those she has lost, and their dark locks prevent her from seeing her own grey ones.

People who live alone never know this happiness. The whole world seems to grow old with themselves, and all here below ends at their graves. But to him who has a family, nothing comes to an end, for all is a constant revival; children continue it till the judgment-day!

I have sometimes asked myself, in my hours of bad humour, What profit is there in a good life? Now, I know of one at least; it is to be able to grow old with impunity. For example, when young it costs something to do one's duty: we find the task hard,

and the day tedious; but afterwards, when age has chilled our blood, we reap what we have sown. Our efforts are repaid us in a good name—in comfort, in peace; and our prosperity itself becomes, as it were, a testimonial of character.

Then there is our family profiting by what we have gone through, and receiving in enjoyment the fruit of all our old miseries; if there were no other reward, this would be sufficient, and whatever God had required of us, we must allow that He had paid us again.

For my part, I pretend to no such claim. Here are my children grown up without misfortune; they love us, they have good prospects; what more can I ask? Frederic was already the best journeyman of the place; he has just proved that he will not be the worst contractor. Yesterday the little viaduct was opened, the building of which was entrusted to him; and the engineer, who never gives praise if he can help it, declared that all was right.

As for Marianne, she has taken her mother's place in the laundry for many months. Genevieve says that all goes on better since she has been there. The laundry-maids sing louder, and do not work less. It is only the young who know how to season work with gaiety in this way.

Blessed be God for having put them both in a good course! For an instant I trembled; for they also have had their temptations—Frederic especially, who has just missed turning into another road, and thus slipping away from us.

His studies had given him a taste for books, and, though still so young, all the money he could save was kept for the hawkers of books. Every year he added another shelf to his library. His mother sometimes complained of the great expense, and I, of the time taken from work to read; but one scolded very faintly, and the other not loudly, so that the lad did not alter his habits.

In fact, I should hardly have had the power to blame him, I,

who have always felt a sort of veneration for paper and print. These dumb pages, which fix man's words, and so retain them to the end of the world, and which transmit to all the thoughts of each, seem to me to have something sacred in them. I cannot see the oldest almanac torn without impatience, and I handle with respect the bits of old newspaper in which the grocer wraps his wares.

Doubtless Frederic had inherited my fancies; for one never found him without a book in his pocket or his hand. His work did not go on the better for it! Whilst the lad read Racine, our workmen played the tipplers. However, I bore it patiently: after all, it was the least of the follies proper to his age. I let him spend his days behind the bushes, lying on the grass like the shepherds of old, revelling in prose or verse. I hoped he would lose the taste at last; but, far from it, he began to write himself, and very soon there were as many manuscripts as printed books in the house.

I still shut my eyes. Experience had taught me that authority had the same effect against a fancy as the wind against a sail, and that, instead of stopping it, it urged it forward. Frederic perceived that I was become his accomplice, and took advantage of it. At first he was content to steal odd hours, like the bad workmen, or to make *Book-Mondays*; but by degrees he left the work-yard, hung up his trowel, and buried himself in dusty papers.

Genevieve had always blamed me for my patience, repeating that the lad was going to ruin; and from fear, she soon passed to despair. I had tried many times to give Frederic a few friendly warnings, which at first he seemed to mind; but little by little he lost the habit of caring for them: he was no longer ashamed to leave all the work to me, and did not even seem to reproach himself for it. His conscience was evidently beginning to grow hard. I felt the necessity of coming to an explanation with him, but still I required a favourable opportunity.

For some weeks Frederic had appeared more absorbed than usual; he had written long letters, and seemed waiting for an answer. At last it came, with the Paris postmark upon it. When he received it, he could not refrain from uttering an exclamation; he opened it in haste, looked at the signature, and disappeared to read it.

I was coming in at that moment. Genevieve was still at the door, paying the postman; she took me aside to tell me, in a whisper, all that had just happened. The poor woman could make out nothing in all this mystery, and was frightened without knowing why. She showed me Frederic at the end of the garden, reading his letter half aloud with signs of joy, laughing to himself, and running like a madman across the vegetable beds. I was not less curious than Genevieve to know the solution of the riddle; but I had come with the new overseer, who had been placed over the works the evening before by the chief engineer, and it was necessary to put off the explanation to another time.

My companion was a young man with better manners than those in his line of life; but his cast-down look, and threadbare coat, showed how he was situated. He was evidently some gentleman's son, educated for better things, and who had been brought down by misfortune. I was affected by his mild and melancholy manner, had asked him to supper, and we entered the little parlour together.

It was here stood Frederic's bookcase of painted wood, with all his finest books in it. At the sight of them, M. Ducor showed some surprise, and began examining the volumes with the air of a connoisseur. The youth came in a moment afterwards. He looked as if he had grown six inches, and his face shone with delight. M. Ducor complimented him on his books, and the two began to talk about them.

The new overseer seemed quite in his element. He had lived in Paris, and we even saw that he was acquainted with several

authors there. This obtained him Frederic's friendship at once. Nothing was talked of during supper but romances or verses. M. Ducor contented himself with answers; but our boy's talk was inexhaustible: I had never seen him so carried away. Genevieve looked at me in astonishment and fear, as if to ask me if he had got a fever. I did not know what to think of it myself, and I waited impatiently for the moment when it should be all cleared up. Just as we had done, they came to ask me for a bill. I went into the light closet adjoining the parlour, Genevieve returned to her household concerns with Marianne, and the two young people remained alone.

At first, I turned over my accounts, without noticing their conversation; but by degrees their lowered voices attracted my attention: I raised a corner of the curtain to see into the little parlour.

Frederick and M. Ducor were leaning on their elbows across the table, in such confidential discourse that their faces seemed almost to touch. The former was very red, and his eyes sparkled like stars.

"There's an end," said he to the overseer; "I have been at this wearisome trade too long already: I mean to follow my proper vocation, and go to Paris."

"And write?" asked M. Ducor.

"And make my way, like so many others," replied the youth. "We no longer live in those times when the workman's hand was riveted to his tools; the door is open now to every one."

"A good many have to stay outside all the same," replied the overseer, with a melancholy smile.

"I know—I know," replied Frederic, a little impatiently; "but a man can tell what he is about, you see; and then I have some one to push me on. In fact, yesterday I was still in doubt; this evening I have decided."

The overseer did not reply directly; he crumbled a piece of

bread which was on the table, and appeared thoughtful: all at once he looked up.

"Then you mean to give up your business," said he slowly; "to leave your family; to begin, all alone, a life of which you know nothing, and for which you have had no preparation; and to go away yonder, to join the long train of those hungering after wealth and fame?"

"What is there to hinder me?" asked Frederic, resolutely.

"My example!" replied M. Ducor with more animation. "I, too, thought I had a vocation, and attempted to make it known. The play I wrote was acted, my book was printed; I was praised in several articles in the newspapers; I obtained what is called success, and you see what I am. For three years I paraded the Paris saloons, an unfortunate being in white gloves; I eat my bread dry, but seasoned with promises; so I remained till time had taken my last hope from me, with my last coat."

"And you have at last been obliged to begin life again?" said the youth.

"To become such as you see me," replied the overseer. "Ah! you are surprised! You can hardly believe me, but I can convince you. Stay, here is the announcement of my reception into the society of learned men; here are autographs of the great men of the present day, without counting those I have sold to get bread.—A note from the minister of public instruction, announcing a donation to me of fifty francs, granted to my literary merit. You see the phrase—it is at the same time a token of poverty, and a certificate of honour.—Ah! here is the letter to which I owe all my misfortunes. See, it is an answer to the receipt of my first manuscript."

Frederic read the signature aloud; it was that of ——. At this celebrated name he uttered an exclamation.

"You may read the letter," continued M. Ducor; "it will make you understand how, after having received it, I was induced to leave the little business in which I was engaged, and to believe

that my proper place was at Paris. I did not then know, that the promises of some of our great men are like the metal counters at a theatre, which none but fools take for gold."

Whilst the young man spoke, Frederic ran over the paper that he had given him, and I saw him change countenance. He stopped at last with an exclamation, rummaged in his pockets, drew out the letter that he had himself received before supper, and in a low tone began to compare the two compositions. There were the same praises and the same offers of service, expressed with the same enthusiasm. The great poet to whom I afterwards learnt Frederic had sent one of his works, as M. Ducor had done formerly, replied to both in the same terms; his patents for immortality had but one formula, like the certificates of a good character. Frederic could not conceal his vexation, but the overseer smiled.

"We have received the same passport," said he ironically. "I know where mine has taken me; we shall see where yours will take you. At a distance these gentlemen declare that we are stars; but when near, they behave to us as if we were only street lamps. The praises that we take for predictions of success, are but civility in their eyes; they pay us for our admiration, and flatter every one in return for the flattery they receive. They are simply like those lawyers who promise to gain a lawsuit that they may keep their clients. As for me, I have experienced it; now, it is your turn."

Frederic remained silent. The two letters were open before him, and his eyes wandered from one to the other. He no longer looked triumphant, but gloomy, and inclined to be angry. After a pause, he began again questioning the overseer less confidently, and he related to him in detail his *three literary gipsy years*, as he called them. It was a long series of bankrupt hopes and concealed sufferings. The unfortunate man had lived on disappointment and mortification, buttoning his coat up to the throat over his misery, mounting from the third story to

the attics, from the attics to the garret in the roof; first flying from hunger, then from hunger and his creditors.

The story was so mournful, and told in such a truthful accent, that Frederic was visibly affected by it; notwithstanding, he still hesitated. If the overseer had not succeeded, perhaps he had only himself to blame. Did he merit the praises that had encouraged him forward in the same degree as our young lad? It is only after having examined the work, that we need trouble ourselves about the failure of the workman. Without doubt, M. Ducor guessed the difficulty, and promised at his next visit to bring the volume he had published: but by its title Frederic recognised it as one of his favourite books; that which he had last proposed to himself as a pattern, and the author of which had often excited his envy.

This discovery was a real stage-hit. His self-congratulations now fell from doubt to utter disappointment. Was the author of this admired work really he who was there before his eyes? Was it possible that talent, such as he hardly hoped to attain, had thus miserably failed? All his illusions were cut short, and all his plans overturned. He conversed still for a long time with the young poet, questioning him about the life of an author, which at a distance had seemed so charming. There, where he had only dreamt of celebrity, independence, riches, leisure, the poor overseer showed him persecution, slavery, poverty, and hard work. The remembrance of what he had suffered excited him to speak so eloquently, that I was myself affected. His eyes were wet, and his voice trembled! Just before his departure, he took Frederic's two hands, and pressing them in his—

"Reflect," said he with warmth and feeling, "and look well at all that is certain here, for the uncertain good you will follow yonder. Your family love you; you have grown up with your present habits; you have been brought up to a good trade from childhood: and you are willing to sacrifice all to strangers, of

whom you will be the dupe; to customs that will always gail you; to a profession for which you have not been educated? What do you go to Paris to look for?—happiness? you have it; gratified vanity?—pray that God may never grant it to you. It is the disease of our times, do you see; every one wishes for a name in print, and to be known to fame; they are ashamed of the work of their hands; every where we see fugitives from labour; endeavouring to fly to art, as in former times peasants tried to associate with courtiers. But do you know what I should do, if I had had, like you, the advantage of having acquired strength from labour? I should remain where Heaven had placed me, not only from prudence, but also from pride and choice; I should put my knowledge at the service of my working friends; I should show them how intelligence can be united with labour; I would teach them to find a reward for bodily fatigue in the pleasures of the mind; I would help as well as I could to raise their understandings, to give them a hunger for thought; I would devote my life to make them my equals, so that I might no longer be alone among them. That is your true vocation: do not make knowledge a back-door, by which you would escape from the midst of your brothers, but a ladder that you raise for them to mount to your level. Think of this, Mr. Frederic. At Paris you would only be a soldier in a well-officered army; here you can be the captain and the instructor of a battalion which has no chief. Be persuaded: instead of leaving your own class, try to elevate it. We cannot change our lives as we change our furniture; where the habits and affections are formed, there also is our true position. We should never lightly quit the place where we have been happy, or where we are loved; it should be sacred to us."

The overseer pronounced these words in an agitated voice, took leave of Frederic, and went away. I would gladly have ran after and embraced him; for what he had just said, had affected me as much as the youth.

I passed the whole night without closing my eyes. I was

separated from Frederic by a single partition, and I heard him moving about and sighing. I, too, felt a weight on my mind. I saw that his fate was now being decided, and partly, also, ours; for what would become of Genevieve and me without our son? If Marianne was the joy of the house, he was the hope and support of it. We saw again in him what each day took from me. Now our house had two heads. When the old mother should grow feeble, the young daughter would be there to superintend every thing; but if he went, what would become of all my plans? What would become of himself in the midst of the dangers that the overseer had pointed out to him? Then I thought of what would be Genevieve's heartfelt grief; for Frederic was her best beloved, as Marianne was mine—and thus each of us had his or her own special portion in the general happiness. If our boy were away, this would all be broken up.

I pondered over all this with anguish of heart; and yet I knew that to influence Frederic's determination, would only occasion his afterwards regretting, and returning to, his old wishes! It was necessary to leave him to decide for himself, so that the decision should be without appeal.

I waited, then, in the torture of a man about to be sentenced.

At break of day I heard Frederic getting up; he whistled softly, as was his custom when he was thoughtful. I listened to all his movements. He went down-stairs noiselessly, and opened the front door. I drew back the curtain to look into the road. Ah! I thought my heart would have burst with joy.—He was in his working-dress, carrying his hammer and trowel over his shoulder. I ran to Genevieve, crying out—

“We are safe! our boy has discovered how the matter really stands!” * * * *

* * * *

From that time every thing has gone on well of itself. Frederic has discarded his vanity. He does not give up his books, but

only uses them as a recreation. He has his heart in his trade, and has become the best workman in the place. Nobody can estimate a piece of work at first sight as he can, and the best accountant could not be quicker at its calculation. At the same time he is a cheerful companion; always ready to laugh, but with a firm hand when necessary; he is a fit guide for others, and is content to be guided himself.

As for Marianne, she is still the same good girl, who sings, who laughs, who runs, who kisses you, and who can do every thing without seeming conscious of it. I think I see her mother when I first knew her. Wherever she is, there is sunshine. Our clerk of the works, the great Nicholas, takes much notice of her; he is an honest workman, and we could easily find a place for him in the family—so I say nothing, and let all alone. He is gone this very day with all our people to a village gathering—which is the reason that I am alone; and that is what led me to write these pages.

They will be the last, for the rest of the paper has been used for accounts. My pen has reached the end of the blank paper. I must then say adieu to the old events of past times, but not to the recollections they have left me. These recollections—I have them all around me, living, and therefore changed, while still present. First, there is Genevieve; then, our girl and boy; then, comfort at home and a good name abroad. If I had written nothing, all might be summed up as follows:—"The History of a Working Man is oftenest written in his own household, sad or joyful, comfortable or miserable, according as he has taken life on the good or bad side; for old age, in every man, is what youth and manhood have made it."

THE END.

AN
ATTIC PHILOSOPHER
IN PARIS:

OR,

A PEEP AT THE WORLD FROM A GARRET.

BEING

THE JOURNAL OF A HAPPY MAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF
EMILE SOUVESTRE.

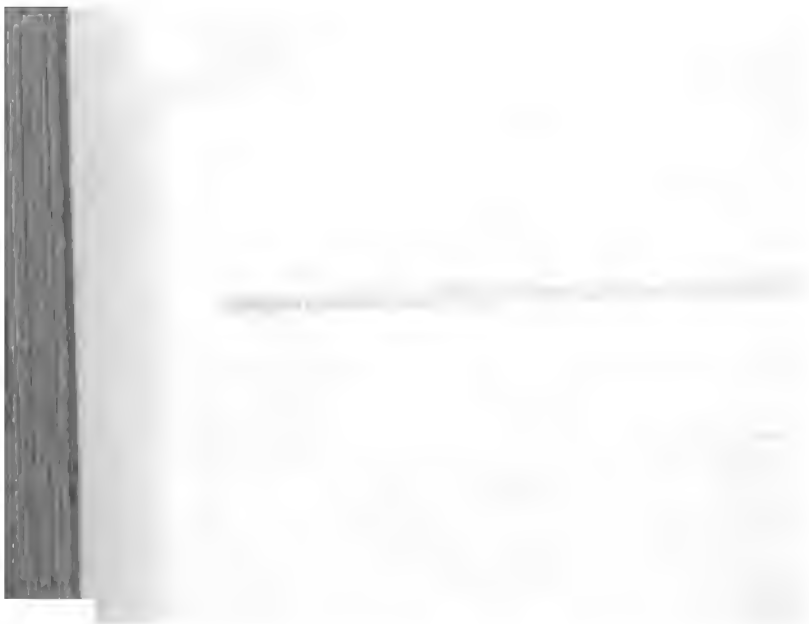


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ADVERTISEMENT.

WE know a man who, in the midst of the fever of restlessness and of ambition which racks society in our times, continues to fill his humble part in the world without a murmur, and who still preserves, so to speak, the taste for poverty. With no other fortune than a small clerkship, which enables him to live within the narrow limits which separate competence from want, our philosopher looks from the height of his attic upon society as upon a sea, of which he neither covets the riches nor fears the wrecks. Being too insignificant to excite the envy of any one, he sleeps peacefully, wrapped in his obscurity.

Not that he retreats into egotism, as a tortoise into its shell! He is the man of whom Terence says, that "nothing human seems foreign to him!" All external objects and incidents are reflected in his mind as in a camera-obscura, which presents their images in a picture. He "looks at society as it is, in itself," with the patient curiousness

which belongs to recluses ; and he writes a monthly journal of what he has seen or thought. It is the "Calendar of his Impressions," as he is wont to call it.

We have been allowed to look over it, and have extracted some pages which may make the reader acquainted with the commonplace adventures of an unknown thinker in those twelve hostelries of Time—called Months.

AN

ATTIC PHILOSOPHER IN PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE ATTIC NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

January 1st.—THE day of the month came into my mind as soon as I awoke. Another year is separated from the chain of ages, and drops into the gulf of the past! The crowd hasten to welcome her young sister. But while all looks are turned towards the future, mine revert to the past. Every one smiles upon the new queen; but, in spite of myself, I think of her whom time has just wrapped in her winding-sheet. The past year!—at least I know what she was, and what she has given me; whilst this one comes surrounded by all the forebodings of the unknown. What does she hide in the clouds which mantle her? Is it the storm or the sunshine? Just now it rains, and I feel my mind as gloomy as the sky. I have a holiday to-day; but what can one do with a rainy day? I walk up and down my attic out of temper, and I determine to light my fire.

Unfortunately the matches are bad, the chimney smokes, the wood goes out! I throw down my bellows in disgust, and sink into my old arm-chair.

In truth, why should I rejoice to see the birth of a new year? All those who are already in the streets, with their holiday looks and smiling faces—do they understand what makes them so gay?

Do they even know what is the meaning of this holiday, or from whence comes the custom of New-year's gifts?

Here my mind pauses to prove to itself its superiority over that of the vulgar. I make a parenthesis in my ill-temper in favour of my vanity, and I bring together all the evidence which my knowledge can produce.

(The old Romans divided the year into ~~ten~~ months only; it was Numa Pompilius who added January and February. The former took its name from Janus, to whom it was dedicated. As it opened the New-year, they surrounded its commencement with good omens, and thence came the custom of visits between neighbours, of wishing happiness, and of *New-year's gifts*. The presents given by the Romans were symbolic. They consisted of dried figs, dates, honeycomb, as emblems of "the sweetness of the auspices under which the year should begin its course," and a small piece of money called *stips*, which foreboded riches.)

Here I close the parenthesis, and return to my ill-humour. The little *speech*,* I have just addressed to myself has restored me my self-satisfaction, but made me more dissatisfied with others. I could now enjoy my breakfast; but the portress has forgotten my morning's milk, and the pot of preserves is empty! Any one else would have been vexed; as for me, I affect the most supreme indifference. There remains a hard crust, which I break by main strength, and which I carelessly nibble, as a man far above the vanities of the world and of fresh rolls.

However, I do not know why my thoughts should grow more gloomy by reason of the difficulties of mastication. I once read the story of an Englishman who hanged himself because they had brought him his tea without sugar. There are hours in life when the most trifling cross takes the form of a calamity. Our tempers are like an opera-glass, which makes the object small or great according to the end you look through.

* *Spitch*, in the original.

Generally, the prospect which opens out before my window delights me. It is a mountain range of roofs, with ridges crossing, interlacing, and piled on one another, and upon which tall chimneys raise their peaks. It was but yesterday that they had an alpine aspect to me, and I waited for the first snow-storm to see glaciers among them; to-day, I only see tiles and stone flues. The pigeons, which assisted my rural illusions, seem no more than miserable birds which have mistaken the roof for the back-yard; the smoke, which rises in light clouds, instead of making me dream of the panting of Vesuvius, reminds me of kitchen preparations and dish-water; and lastly, the telegraph, that I see far off on the old tower of Montmartre, has the effect of a vile gallows stretching its arms over the city.

My eyes, thus hurt by all they meet, fall upon the great man's house which faces my attic.

The influence of New-year's Day is visible there. The servants have an air of eagerness proportioned to the value of their New-year's gifts, received or expected. I see the master of the house crossing the court with the morose look of a man who is forced to be generous; and the visitors increase, followed by shop porters who carry flowers, band-boxes, or toys. All at once the great gates are opened, and a new carriage, drawn by thorough-bred horses, draws up before the door-steps. They are, without doubt, the New-year's gifts presented to the mistress of the house by her husband; for she comes herself to look at the new equipage. Very soon she gets into it with a little girl, all streaming with laces, feathers, and velvets, and loaded with parcels which she goes to distribute as New-year's gifts. The door is shut, the windows drawn up, the carriage sets off.

Thus all the world are exchanging good wishes and presents to-day: I alone have nothing to give or to receive. Poor Solitary! I do not even know one chosen being for whom I might offer a prayer.

Then let my wishes for a happy New-year go, and seek out all

my unknown friends,—lost in the multitude which murmurs like the ocean at my feet!

To you first, hermits in cities, for whom death and poverty have created a solitude in the midst of the crowd! unhappy labourers, who are condemned to toil in melancholy, and eat your daily bread in silence and desertion, and whom God has withdrawn from the intoxicating pangs of love or friendship!

To you, fond dreamers, who pass through life with your eyes turned towards some polar star, while you tread with indifference over the rich harvests of reality!

To you, honest fathers, who lengthen out the evening to maintain your families! to you, poor widows, weeping and working by a cradle! to you, young men, resolutely set to open for yourselves a path in life, large enough to lead through it the wife of your choice! to you, all brave soldiers of work, and of self-sacrifice!

To you, lastly, whatever your title and your name, who love good, who pity the suffering; who walk through the world like the symbolical Virgin of Byzantium, with both arms open to the human race!

—Here I am suddenly interrupted by loud and increasing chirpings. I look about me—my window is surrounded with sparrows picking up the crumbs of bread, which in my brown study I had just scattered on the roof. At this sight, a flash of light broke upon my saddened heart. I deceived myself just now, when I complained that I had nothing to give: thanks to me, the sparrows of this part of the town will have their New-year's gifts!

Twelve o'clock.—A knock at my door; a poor girl comes in, and greets me by name. At first I do not recollect her; but she looks at me, and smiles.—Ah! it is Paulette! But it is almost a year since I have seen her, and Paulette is no longer the same: the other day she was a child, now she is almost a young woman.

Paulette is thin, pale, and miserably clad; but she has always the same open and straightforward look—the same mouth, smiling at every word, as if to court your sympathy—the same voice, somewhat timid, yet expressing fondness. Paulette is not pretty—she is even thought plain; as for me, I think her charming.

Perhaps that is not on her account, but on my own. Paulette appears to me as a part of one of my happiest recollections.

It was the evening of a public holiday. Our principal buildings were illuminated with festoons of fire, a thousand flags waved in the night winds, and the fire-works had just shot forth their spouts of flame into the midst of the Champs de Mars. All of a sudden, one of those unaccountable alarms which strike a multitude with panic, fell upon the dense crowd: they cry out, they rush on headlong, the weaker ones fall, and the frightened crowd tramples them down in its convulsive struggles. I escaped from the confusion by a miracle, and was hastening away, when the cries of a perishing child arrested me: I re-entered that human chaos, and, after unheard of exertions, I brought Paulette out of it at the peril of my life.

That was two years ago: since then I had not seen the child again but at long intervals, and I had almost forgotten her; but Paulette's memory was that of a grateful heart, and she came at the beginning of the year to offer me her wishes for my happiness. She brought me, besides, a wallflower in full bloom; she herself had planted and reared it:—it was something that belonged wholly to herself; for it was by her care, her perseverance, and her patience, that she had obtained it.

The wallflower had grown in a common pot; but Paulette, who is a bandbox-maker, had put it into a case of varnished paper, ornamented with arabesques. These might have been in better taste, but I did not feel the attention and good-will the less.

This unexpected present, the little girl's modest blushes, the compliments she stammered out, dispelled, as by a sunbeam, the kind of mist which had gathered round my mind; my thoughts

suddenly changed from the leaden tints of evening to the brightest colours of dawn. I made Paulette sit down, and questioned her with a light heart.

At first the little girl replied by monosyllables; but very soon the tables were turned, and it was I who interrupted with short interjections her long and confidential talk. The poor child leads a hard life. She was left an orphan long since, with a brother and sister, and lives with an old grandmother, who has *brought them up to poverty*, as she always calls it.

However, Paulette now helps her to make bandboxes, her little sister Perrine begins to use her needle, and her brother Henry is apprentice to a printer. All would go well if it were not for losses and want of work—if it were not for clothes which wear out, for appetites which grow larger, and for the winter, when you cannot get sunshine for nothing. Paulette complains that her candles go too quickly, and that her wood costs too much. The fireplace in their garret is so large, that a fagot makes no more show in it than a match; it is so near the roof, that the wind blows the rain down it, and in winter it hails upon the hearth; so they have left off using it. Henceforth they must be content with an earthen chafing-dish, upon which they cook their meals. The grandmother had often spoken of a stove that was to sell at the broker's close by; but he asked seven francs for it, and the times are too hard for such an expense: the family, therefore, resign themselves to the cold for economy!

As Paulette spoke, I felt more and more that I was losing my fretfulness and low spirits. The first disclosures of the little bandbox-maker created within me a wish that soon became a plan. I questioned her about her daily occupations, and she informed me, that on leaving me she must go, with her brother, her sister, and grandmother, to the different people for whom they work. My plan was immediately settled. I told the child that I would go to see her in the evening, and I sent her away with fresh thanks.

I placed the wallflower in the open window, where a ray of sunshine bid it welcome; the birds were singing around, the sky had cleared up, and the day, which began so louringly, had become bright. I sang as I moved about my room, and, having hastily put on my hat and coat, I went out.

Thres o'clock.—All is settled with my neighbour, the chimney-doctor; he will repair my old stove, and answers for its being as good as new. At five o'clock we are to set out, and put it up in Paulette's grandmother's room.

Midnight.—All has gone off well. At the hour agreed upon, I was at the old bandbox-maker's; she was still out. My Piedmontese* fixed the stove, while I arranged a dozen logs in the great fireplace, taken from my winter stock. I shall make up for them, by warming myself with walking, or by going to bed earlier.

My heart beat at every step which was heard on the staircase; I trembled lest they should interrupt me in my preparations, and should thus spoil my intended surprise. But no—see every thing ready: the lighted stove murmurs gently, the little lamp burns upon the table, and a bottle of oil for it is provided on the shelf. The chimney-doctor is gone. Now, my fear lest they should come is changed into impatience at their not coming. At last I hear children's voices; here they are: they push open the door and rush in——But they all stop in astonishment.

At the sight of the lamp, the stove, and the visiter, who stands there like a magician in the midst of these wonders, they draw back almost frightened. Paulette is the first to comprehend it, and the arrival of the grandmother, who is more slowly mounting the stairs, finished the explanation. Then come tears, ecstasies, thanks!

But the wonders are not yet ended. The little sister opens the oven, and discovers some chestnuts just roasted; the grand-

* In Paris, a chimneysweeper is named "Piedmontese" or "Savoyard," as they usually come from that country.

mother puts her hand on the bottles of cider arranged on the dresser, and I draw forth from the basket that I have hidden a cold tongue, a pot of butter, and some fresh rolls.

Now their wonder turns into admiration; the little family have never seen such a feast! They lay the cloth, they sit down, they eat; it is a complete banquet for all, and each contributes his share to it. I had brought only the supper; the bandbox-maker and her children supplied the enjoyment.

What bursts of laughter at nothing! What a hubbub of questions which waited for no reply, of replies which answered no question! The old woman herself shared in the wild merri-ments of the little ones! I have always been struck at the ease with which the poor forget their wretchedness. Being only used to live for the present, they make a gain of every pleasure as soon as it offers itself. But the surfeited rich are more difficult to satisfy: they require time and every thing to suit before they will consent to be happy.

The evening has passed like a moment. The old woman told me the history of her life, sometimes smiling, sometimes drying her eyes. Perrine sang an old ballad with her fresh, young voice. Henry told us what he knows of the great writers of the day, to whom he has to carry their proofs. At last we were obliged to separate, not without fresh thanks on the part of the happy family.

I have come home slowly, ruminating with a full heart, and pure enjoyment, on the simple events of my evening. It has given me much comfort, and much instruction. Now, no New-year's Day will come amiss to me; I know that no one is so unhappy as to have nothing to give, and nothing to receive.

As I came in, I met my rich neighbour's new equipage. She, too, had just returned from her evening's party; and, as she sprang from the carriage-step with feverish impatience, I heard her murmur—*At last!*

I, when I left Paulette's family, said—*So soon!*

CHAPTER II.

THE CARNIVAL

February 20th.—WHAT a noise out of doors! What is the meaning of these shouts and cries?—Ah! I recollect, this is the last day of the Carnival, and the maskers are passing.

Christianity has not been able to abolish the noisy, bacchanalian festivals of the pagan times, but it has changed the names. That which it has given to these "days of liberty" announces the ending of the feasts, and the month of fasting which should follow; "*carne-a-val*" means literally "*down with flesh meat!*" It is a forty days farewell to the "blessed pullets and fat hams," so celebrated by Pantagruel's minstrel. Man prepares for privation by satiety, and finishes his sin thoroughly before he begins to repent.

Why, in all ages and among every people, do we meet with some one of these mad festivals? Must we believe that it requires such an effort for men to be reasonable, that the weaker ones have need of rest at intervals? The monks of La Trappe, who are condemned to silence by their rule, are allowed to speak once in a month, and on this day they all talk at once from the rising to the setting of the sun.

Perhaps it is the same in the world. As we are obliged all the year to be decent, orderly, and reasonable, we make up for such a long restraint during the Carnival. It is a door opened to the incongruous fancies and wishes which have hitherto been crowded back into a corner of our brain. For a moment the slaves become the masters, as in the days of the Saturnalia, and every thing is given up to the "fools of the family."

The shouts in the Square redouble; the troops of masks increase—on foot, in carriages, and on horseback. It is now who can attract the most attention by making a figure for a few hours, or by exciting curiosity or envy; to-morrow they will all return, dull and exhausted, to the employments and troubles of yesterday.

Alas! thought I with vexation, each of us is like these masqueraders; our whole life is often but an unsightly Carnival! And yet man has need of holidays, to relax his mind, rest his body, and open his heart. Can he not have them, then, without these coarse pleasures? Economists have been long inquiring what is the best disposal of the industry of the human race. Ah! if I could only discover the best disposal of its leisure! It is easy enough to find it work; but who will find it relaxation? Work supplies the daily bread; but it is cheerfulness which gives it a relish. O philosophers! go in quest of pleasure! find us amusements without brutality, enjoyments without selfishness; in a word, invent a Carnival which will please every body, and bring shame to no one.

Three o'clock.—I have just shut my window, and stirred up my fire. As this is a holiday for every body, I will make it one for myself, too. So I light the little lamp over which, on grand occasions, I make a cup of the coffee that my portress's son brought from the Levant, and I look in my bookcase for one of my favourite authors.

First, here is the amusing parson of Meudon; but his characters are too fond of talking slang:—Voltaire; but he disheartens men by always bantering them:—Molière; but he hinders one's laughter by making one think:—Lesage; let us stop at him. Being profound rather than grave, he preaches virtue while ridiculing vice; if bitterness is sometimes to be found in his writings, it is always in garb of mirth: he sees the miseries of the world without despising it, and knows its cowardly tricks without hating it.

Let us call up all the heroes of his book. Gil Blas, Fabrice,

Sangrado, the Archbishop of Granada, the Duke of Lerma, Aurora, Scipio! Ye gay or graceful figures, rise before my eyes, people my solitude, bring hit her for my amusement the world-carnival, of which you are the brilliant maskers!

Unfortunately, at the very moment I made this invocation, I recollected I had a letter to write which could not be put off. One of my attic neighbours came yesterday to ask me to do it. He is a cheerful old man, and has a passion for pictures and prints. He comes home almost every day with a drawing or painting—probably of little value; for I know he lives penuriously, and even the letter that I am to write for him shows his poverty. His only son, who was married in England, is just dead, and his widow—left without any means, and with an old mother and a child—had written to beg for a home. M. Antoine asked me first to translate the letter, and then to write a refusal. I had promised that he should have this answer to-day: before every thing, let us fulfil our promises.

The sheet of "Bath" paper is before me, I have dipped my pen into the ink, and I rub my forehead to invite forth a sally of ideas; when I perceive that I have not my dictionary; now, a Parisian, who would speak English without a dictionary, is like a child without leading-strings; the ground trembles under him, and he stumbles at the first step. I run then to the bookbinder's where I left my Johnson, and who lives close by in the Square.

The door is half open; I hear low groans; I enter without knocking, and I see the bookbinder by the bedside of his fellow-lodger;—this latter has a violent fever and delirium. Pierre looks at him perplexed and out of humour. I learn from him that his comrade was not able to get up in the morning, and that since then he has become worse every hour.

I ask if they have sent for a doctor.

"Oh yes, indeed!" replied Pierre roughly; "one must have money in one's pocket for that, and this fellow has only debts instead of savings."

"But you," said I, rather astonished; "are you not his friend?"

"Friend!" interrupted the bookbinder. "Yes, as much as the shaft-horse is friend to the leader: on condition that each will take his share of the draught, and eat his feed by himself."

"You do not intend, however, to leave him without any help?"

"Bah! he may keep in his bed till to-morrow, as I'm going to the ball."

"You mean to leave him alone?"

"Well! must I miss a party of pleasure at Courtille* because this fellow is light-headed?" asked Pierre sharply. "I have promised to meet some friends at old Desnoyer's. Those who are sick may take their broth; my physic is white wine."

So saying, he untied a bundle, out of which he took the fancy costume of a waterman, and proceeded to dress himself in it.

In vain I tried to awaken some fellow-feeling for the unfortunate man who lay groaning there, close by him; being entirely taken up with the thoughts of his expected pleasure, Pierre would hardly so much as hear me. At last his coarse selfishness provoked me. I began reproaching instead of remonstrating with him, and I declared him responsible for the consequences which such a desertion must bring upon the sick man.

At this the bookbinder, who was just going, stopped with an oath, and stamping his foot: "Am I to spend my Carnival in heating water for foot-baths, pray?"

"You must not leave your comrade to die without help!" I replied.

"Let him go to the hospital, then!"

"How can he be by himself?"

Pierre seemed to make up his mind.

"Well, I'm going to take him," resumed he; "besides, I shall get rid of him sooner. Come, get up, comrade!" He shook his comrade, who had not taken off his clothes. I observed that he

* A Paris Vauxhall.

was too weak to walk, but the bookbinder would not listen: he made him get up, and half dragged, half supported him to the lodge of the porter, who ran for a hackney carriage. I saw the sick man get into it, almost fainting, with the impatient waterman; and they both set off, one perhaps to die, the other to dine at Courtille gardens!

Six o'clock.—I have been to knock at my neighbour's door, who opened it himself; and I have given him his letter, finished at last, and directed to his son's widow. M. Antoine thanked me gratefully, and made me sit down.

It was the first time I had been into the attic of the old amateur. Curtains stained with damp, and hanging down in rags, a cold stove, a bed of straw, two broken chairs, composed all the furniture. At the end of the room were a great number of prints in a heap, and paintings without frames turned against the wall.

At the moment I came in, the old man was making his dinner on some hard crusts of bread, which he was soaking in a glass of *eau sucrée*. He perceived that my eyes fell upon his hermit fare, and he looked a little ashamed.

"There is nothing to tempt you in my supper, neighbour," said he with a smile.

I replied, that at least I thought it a very philosophical one for the Carnival.

M. Antoine shook his head, and went on again with his supper.

"Every one keeps his holidays in his own way," resumed he, beginning again to dip a crust into his glass. "There are several sorts of epicures, and all feasts are not meant to regale the palate; there are some also for the ears and the eyes."

I looked involuntarily round me, as if to seek for the invisible banquet which could make up to him for such a supper.

Without doubt he understood me; for he got up slowly, and, with the magisterial air of a man confident in what he is about

to do, he rummaged behind several picture frames, drew forth a painting, over which he passed his hand, and silently placed it under the light of the lamp.

It represented a fine-looking old man, seated at table with his wife, his daughter, and his children, and singing to the accompaniment of musicians who appeared in the background. At first sight I recognised the subject, which I had often admired at the Louvre, and I declared it to be a splendid copy of Jordaens.

"A copy!" cried M. Antoine; "say an original, neighbour, and an original retouched by Rubens! Look closer at the head of the old man, the dress of the young woman, and the accessories. One can count the pencil strokes of the Hercules of painters. It is not only a masterpiece, sir; it is a treasure—a relic! The picture at the Louvre may be a pearl, this is a diamond!"

And resting it against the stove, so as to place it in the best light, he fell again to soaking his crusts, without taking his eyes off the wonderful picture. One had said that the sight of it gave the crusts an unexpected relish, for he chewed them slowly, and emptied his glass by little sips. His shrivelled features became smooth, his nostrils expanded; it was indeed, as he said himself—a *feast of the eyes*.

"You see that I also have my treat," resumed he, nodding his head with an air of triumph; "others may run after dinners and balls; as for me, this is the pleasure I give myself for my Carnival."

"But if this painting is really so precious," replied I, "it ought to be worth a high price."

"Eh! eh!" said M. Antoine, with an air of proud indifference, "in good times, a good judge might value it at somewhere about twenty thousand francs."

I started back.

"And you have bought it?" cried I.

"For nothing," replied he, lowering his voice; "these broken

are asses; mine mistook this for a student's copy, he let me have it for fifty louis, ready money! This morning I took them to him, and now he wishes to be off the bargain."

"This morning!" repeated I, involuntarily casting my eyes on the letter containing the refusal that M. Antoine had made me write to his son's widow, and which was still on the little table.

He took no notice of my exclamation, and went on contemplating the work of Jordaens in a kind of ecstasy:—

"What a knowledge of chiaroscuro!" murmured he, biting his last crust in delight. "What relief! what fire! Where can one find such transparency of colour! such magical lights! such force! such nature!"

As I was listening to him in silence, he mistook my astonishment for admiration, and clapped me on the shoulder:—

"You are dazzled," said he merrily; "you did not expect such a treasure! What do you say to the bargain I have made?"

"Pardon me," replied I gravely; "but I think you might have done better."

M. Antoine raised his head.

"How?" cried he; "do you take me for a man likely to be deceived about the merit or value of a painting?"

"I neither doubt your taste nor your skill; but I cannot help thinking that, for the price of this picture of a family party, you might have had—"

"What then?"

"The family itself, sir."

The old amateur cast a look at me, not of anger, but of contempt. In his eyes I had evidently just proved myself a barbarian, incapable of understanding the arts, and unworthy of enjoying them. He got up without answering me, hastily took up the Jordaens, and replaced it in its hiding-place behind the prints.

It was a sort of dismissal; I took leave of him, and went away. *Seven o'clock.*—When I come in again, I find my water boiling

over my little lamp, and I busy myself in grinding my Mocha, and setting out my coffee things.

The getting coffee ready is the most delicate and most attractive of domestic operations to one who lives alone: it is the grand work of a bachelor's housekeeping.

Coffee is, so to say, just the mid-point between bodily and spiritual nourishment. It acts agreeably, and at the same time, upon the senses and the thoughts. Its very fragrance gives a sort of delightful activity to the wits; it is a genius who lends wings to our fancy, and transports it to the land of the Arabian Nights.

When I am buried in my old easy-chair, my feet on the fender before a blazing fire, my ear soothed by the singing of the coffee-pot which seems to gossip with my fire-irons, the sense of smell gently excited by the aroma of the Arabian bean, and my eyes shaded by my cap pulled down over them, it often seems as if each cloud of the fragrant steam took a distinct form. As in the mirages of the desert, in each, as it rises, I see some image of which my mind had been longing for the reality.

At first the vapour increases, and its colour deepens; I see a cottage on a hill-side. Behind is a garden shut in by a white-thorn hedge, and through the garden runs a brook, on the banks of which I hear the bees humming.

Then the view opens still more. See those fields planted with apple-trees, and in which I distinguish a plough and horses waiting for their master! Further on, in a part of the wood which rings with the sound of the axe, I perceive the woodman's hut, roofed with turf and branches; and, in the midst of all these rural pictures, I seem to see a figure of myself gliding about. It is my ghost walking in my dream!

The bubbling of the water, ready to boil over, compels me to break off my meditations, in order to fill up the coffee-pot. I then remember that I have no cream; I take my tin can off the hook, and go down to the milkwoman's.

Mother Denis is a hale country woman from Savoy, which she left when quite young; and, contrary to the custom of the Savoyards, she has not gone back to it again. She has neither husband nor child, notwithstanding the title they give her; but her kindness, which never sleeps, makes her worthy of the name of mother.

A brave creature! Left by herself in the battle of life, she makes good her humble place in it by working, singing, helping others, and leaving the rest to God.

At the door of the milk-shop I hear loud bursts of laughter. In one of the corners of the shop three children are sitting on the ground. They wear the sooty dress of Savoyard boys, and in their hands they hold large slices of bread and cheese. The youngest is besmeared up to the eyes with his, and that is the reason of their mirth.

Mother Denis points them out to me.

"Look at the little lambs, how they enjoy themselves!" said she, putting her hand on the head of the little glutton.

"He has had no breakfast," puts in one of the others by way of excuse.

"Poor little thing!" said the milkwoman; "he is left alone in the streets of Paris, where he can find no other father than the All-good God!"

"And that is why you make yourself a mother to them?" I replied gently.

"What I do is little enough," said mother Denis, measuring out my milk; "but every day I get some of them together out of the street, that for once they may have enough to eat. Dear children! their mothers will make it up to me in heaven. Not to mention that they recall my native mountains to me; when they sing and dance, I seem to see our old father again."

Here her eyes filled with tears.

"So you are repaid by your recollections for the good you do them?" resumed I.

"Yes! yes!" said she, "and by their happiness too! The laughter of these little ones, sir, is like a bird's song; it makes you gay, and gives you heart to live."

As she spoke she cut some fresh slices of bread and cheese, and added some apples and a handful of nuts to them.

"Come, my little dears," she cried, "put these into your pockets against to-morrow."

Then, turning to me—

"To-day I am ruining myself," added she; "but we must all have our Carnival."

I came away without saying a word: I was too much affected.

At last I have discovered what true pleasure is. After having seen the egotism of sensuality and of intellect, I have found the happy self-sacrifice of goodness. Pierre, M. Antoine, and Mother Denis, had each kept their Carnival; but for the two first, it was only a feast for the senses, or the mind; whilst for the third, it was a feast for the heart!

CHAPTER III.

WHAT WE MAY LEARN BY LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW.

March 3rd.—A POET has said that life is the dream of a shadow: he had better have compared it to a night of fever! What alternate fits of restlessness and sleep! what discomfort! what sudden starts! what ever-returning thirst! what a chaos of mournful and confused fancies! We can neither sleep nor wake; we seek in vain for repose, and we stop short on the brink of action. Two-thirds of human existence are wasted in hesitation, and the last in repenting.

When I say *human existence*, I mean my own! We are so made that each of us regards himself as the mirror of the community: what passes in our own minds infallibly seems to us a history of the universe. Every man is like the drunkard who reports an earthquake, because he feels himself staggering.

And why am I uncertain and restless—I, a poor day-labourer in the world—who fill an obscure station in a corner of it, and whose work it avails itself of, without heeding the workman? I will tell you, my unseen friend, for whom these lines are written; my unknown brother, on whom the solitary call in sorrow; my imaginary confidant, to whom all monologues are addressed, and who is but the shadow of our own conscience.

A great event has happened in my life! A cross-road has suddenly opened in the middle of the monotonous way along which I was travelling quietly, and without thinking of it. Two roads present themselves, and I must choose between them. One is only the continuation of that I have followed till now: the other

is wider, and exhibits wondrous prospects. On the first there is nothing to fear, but also little to hope; on the other, great dangers and great fortune. In a word, the question is, whether I shall give up the humble office in which I thought to die, for one of those bold speculations in which chance alone is banker! Ever since yesterday I have consulted with myself; I have compared the two, and I remain undecided.

Where shall I get any light—who will advise me?

Sunday, 4th.—See the sun coming out from the thick fogs of winter; spring announces its approach; a soft breeze skims over the roofs, and my wallflower begins to blow again!

We are near that sweet season of *fresh green*, of which the poets of the sixteenth century sang with so much feeling:—

Now the gladsome month of May
All things newly doth array;
Fairest lady, let me too
In thy love my life renew.

The chirping of the sparrows calls me; they claim the crumbs I scatter to them every morning. I open my window, and the prospect of roofs opens out before me in all its splendour.

He who has only lived on a first floor, has no idea of the picturesque variety of such a view. He has never contemplated these tile-coloured heights which intersect each other; he has not followed with his eyes these gutter-valleys, where the fresh verdure of the attic gardens waves, the deep shadows which evening spreads over the slated slopes, and the sparkling of windows which the setting sun has kindled to a blaze of fire. He has not studied the flora of these Alps of civilisation, carpeted by lichens and mosses; he is not acquainted with the thousand inhabitants which people them, from the microscopic insect to the domestic cat—that Reynard of the roofs who is always on the prowl, or in ambush; he has not witnessed the thousand aspects of a clear or a cloudy sky; nor the thousand effects of light,

which make these upper regions a theatre with ever-changing scenes! How many times have my days of leisure passed away in contemplating this wonderful sight—in discovering its darker or brighter episodes—in seeking, in short, in this unknown world for the *impressions of travelling* that wealthy tourists look for lower down!

Nine o'clock.—But why, then, have not my winged neighbours picked up the crumbs I have scattered for them before my window? I see them fly away, come back, perch upon the ledges of the windows, and chirp at the sight of the feast they are usually so ready to devour! It is not my presence that frightens them; I have accustomed them to eat out of my hand. Then, why is this fearful suspense? In vain I look around; the roof is clear, the windows near are closed. I crumble the bread that remains from my breakfast to attract them by an ampler feast. Their chirpings increase, they bend down their heads, the boldest approach upon the wing, but without daring to alight.

Come, come, my sparrows are the victims of one of the foolish panics which make the funds fall at the Bourse! It is plain that birds are not more reasonable than men!

With this reflection I was about to shut my window, when all of a sudden I perceived, in a spot of sunshine on my right, the shadow of two pricked-up ears; then a paw advanced, then the head of a tabby-cat showed itself at the corner of the gutter. The cunning fellow was lying there in wait, hoping the crumbs would bring him some game.

And I had accused my guests of cowardice! I was so sure that no danger could menace them! I thought I had looked well every where! I had only forgotten the corner behind me!

In life, as on the roofs, how many misfortunes come from having forgotten a single corner!

Ten o'clock.—I cannot leave my window; the rain and the cold have kept it shut so long, that I must reconnoitre all the environs to be able to take possession of them again. My eyes

search in succession all the points of the jumbled and confused prospect, passing on, or stopping, according to what they light upon.

Ah! see the windows upon which they formerly loved to rest; they are those of two unknown neighbours, whose different habits they have long remarked.

One is a poor workwoman, who rises before sunrise, and whose profile is shadowed upon her little muslin window curtain far into the evening; the other is a young lady-singer, whose vocal flourishes sometimes reach my attic by snatches. When their windows are open, that of the workwoman discovers a humble but decent abode, the other, an elegantly furnished room; but to-day a crowd of tradespeople throng the latter: they take down the silk hangings and carry off the furniture, and I now remember that the young singer passed under my window this morning with her veil down, and walking with the hasty step of one who suffers some inward trouble. Ah! I guess it all. Her means are exhausted in elegant fancies, or have been taken away by some unexpected misfortune, and now she has fallen from luxury to indigence. While the workwoman manages not only to keep her little room, but also to furnish it with decent comfort by her steady toil, that of the singer is become the property of brokers. The one sparkled for a moment on the wave of prosperity; the other sails slowly but safely along the coast of a humble and laborious industry.

Alas! is there not here a lesson for us all? Is it really in hazardous experiments, at the end of which we shall meet with wealth or ruin, that the wise man should employ his years of strength and freedom? Ought he to consider life as a regular employment which brings its daily wages, or as a game in which the future is determined by a few throws? Why seek the risk of extreme chances? for what end hasten to riches by dangerous roads? Is it really certain that happiness is the prize of brilliant successes, rather than of a wisely accepted poverty? Ah! if man

but knew in what a small dwelling joy can live, and how little it costs to furnish it!

Twelve o'clock.—I have been walking up and down my attic for a long time, with my arms folded and my eyes on the ground! My doubts increase, like shadows encroaching more and more on some bright space: my fears multiply; and the uncertainty becomes every moment more painful to me! It is necessary for me to decide to-day, and before the evening! I hold the dice of my future fate in my hands, and I dare not throw them.

Three o'clock.—The sky has become cloudy, and a cold wind begins to blow from the west; all the windows which were opened to the sunshine of a beautiful day are shut again. Only on the opposite side of the street, the lodger on the last story has not yet left his balcony.

One knows him to be a soldier by his regular walk, his grey mustaches, and the ribbon which decorates his buttonhole: indeed, one might have guessed as much from the care he takes of the little garden which is the ornament of his balcony in mid-air; for there are two things especially loved by all old soldiers—flowers and children. They have been so long obliged to look upon the earth as a field of battle, and so long cut off from the peaceful pleasures of a quiet lot, that they seem to begin life at an age when others end it. The tastes of their early years, which were arrested by the stern duties of war, suddenly break out again with their white hairs; and are like the savings of youth which they spend again in old age. Besides, they have been condemned to be destroyers for so long, that perhaps they feel a secret pleasure in creating, and seeing life spring up again: the beauty of weakness has a grace and an attraction the more for those who have been the agents of unbending force; and the watching over the frail germs of life has all the charm of novelty for these old workmen of death.

Therefore the cold wind has not driven my neighbour from his balcony. He is digging up the earth in his green boxes, and

carefully sowing in it the seeds of the scarlet nasturtium, convolvulus, and sweet pea. Henceforth he will come every day to watch for their first sprouting, to protect the young shoots from weeds or insects, to arrange the strings for the tendrils to climb by, and carefully to regulate their supply of water and heat!

How much labour to bring in the desired harvest! For that how many times shall I see him brave cold or heat, wind or sun, as he does to-day! But then, in the hot summer days, when the blinding dust whirls in clouds through our streets, when the eye, dazzled by the glare of white stucco, knows not where to rest, and the glowing roofs reflect their heat upon us to burning, the old soldier will sit in his arbour and perceive nothing but green leaves and flowers around him, and the breeze will come cool and fresh to him through these perfumed shades. His assiduous care will be rewarded at last.

We must sow the seeds, and tend the growth, if we would enjoy the flower.

Four o'clock.—The clouds, which have been gathering in the horizon for a long time, are become darker; it thunders loudly, and the rain pours down! Those who are caught in it fly in every direction, some laughing and some crying.

I always find particular amusement in these helter-skelter caused by a sudden storm. It seems as if each one, when thus taken by surprise, loses the factitious character the world or habit has given him, and appears in his true colours.

See, for example, that big man with deliberate step, who suddenly forgets his indifference made to order, and runs like a schoolboy! He is a thrifty city gentleman, who, with all his fashionable airs, is afraid to spoil his hat.

That pretty lady yonder, on the contrary, whose looks are so modest, and whose dress is so elaborate, slackens her pace with the increasing storm. She seems to find pleasure in braving it, and does not think of her velvet cloak spotted by the hail! She is evidently a lioness in sheep's clothing.

Here, a young man who was passing stops to catch some of the hailstones in his hand, and examines them. By his quick and business-like walk just now, you would have taken him for a tax-gatherer on his rounds, when he is a young philosopher studying the effects of electricity. And those schoolboys who leave their ranks to run after the sudden gusts of a March whirlwind; those girls, just now so demure, and who now fly with bursts of laughter; those national guards, who quit the martial attitude of their days of duty, to take refuge under a porch! The storm has caused all these transformations.

See, it increases! The hardiest are obliged to seek shelter. I see every one rushing towards the shop in front of my window, which a bill announces is to let. It is for the fourth time within a few months. A year ago, all the skill of the joiner and the art of the painter were employed in beautifying it, but their works are already destroyed, by the leaving of so many tenants; the cornices of the front are disfigured by mud; the arabesques on the doorway are spoiled by bills posted upon them to announce the sale of the effects. The splendid shop has lost some of its embellishments with each change of the tenant. See it now empty, and left open to the passers-by. How much does its fate resemble that of so many who, like it, only change their occupation to hasten the faster to ruin!

I am struck by this last reflection: since the morning every thing seems to speak to me, and with the same warning tone. Every thing says—"Take care! be content with your happy, though humble lot; happiness can only be retained by constancy; do not forsake your old patrons, for the protection of those who are unknown!"

Are they the outward objects which speak thus, or does the warning come from within? Is it not I myself who give this language to all that surrounds me? The world is but an instrument, to which we give sound at will. But what does it signify if it teaches us wisdom? The low voice which speaks in our

breasts is always a friendly voice, for it tells us what we are, that is to say, what is our capability. Bad conduct results, for the most part, from mistaking our calling. There are so many fools and knaves, because there are so few men who know themselves. The question is not to discover what will suit us, but for what we are suited!

What should I do in the midst of these experienced financial speculators? I am a poor sparrow, born among the house-tops, and should always fear the enemy crouching in the dark corner; I am a prudent workman, and should think of the business of my neighbour who so suddenly disappeared; I am a timid observer, and should call to mind the flowers so slowly raised by the old soldier, or the shop brought to ruin by constant change of masters. Away from me, ye banquets over which hangs the sword of Damocles! I am a country mouse. Give me my nuts and hollow tree, and I ask nothing beside—except security.

And why this insatiable craving for riches? Does a man drink more when he drinks from a large glass? From whence comes that universal dread of mediocrity, the fruitful mother of peace and liberty? Ah! there is the evil which, above every other, it should be the aim of both public and private education to anticipate! If that were got rid of, what treasons would be spared, what baseness avoided, what a chain of excess and crime would be for ever broken! We award the palm to charity, and to self-sacrifice; but, above all, let us award it to moderation, for it is the great social virtue. Even when it does not create the others, it stands instead of them.

Six o'clock.—I have written a letter of thanks to the promoters of the new speculation, and have declined their offer! This decision has restored my peace of mind. I stopped singing, like the cobbler, as long as I entertained the hope of riches: it is gone, and happiness is come back!

O, beloved and gentle Poverty! pardon me for having for a moment wished to fly from thee, as I would from Want; stay

here for ever with thy charming sisters, Pity, Patience, Sobriety, and Solitude; be ye my queens and my instructors; teach me the stern duties of life; remove far from my abode the weaknesses of heart, and giddiness of head, which follow prosperity. Holy Poverty! teach me to endure without complaining, to impart without grudging, to seek the end of life higher than in pleasure, further off than in power. Thou givest the body strength, thou makest the mind more firm; and, thanks to thee, this life, to which the rich attach themselves as to a rock, becomes a bark of which death may cut the cable without awakening all our fears. Continue to sustain me, O thou whom Christ hath called *Blessed!*

CHAPTER IV.

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

April 9th.—The fine evenings are come back ; the trees begin to put forth their shoots ; hyacinths, jonquils, violets, and lilacs, perfume the baskets of the flower-girls ; all the world have begun their walks again on the quays and boulevards. After dinner, I, too, descend from my attic to breathe the evening air.

It is the hour when Paris is seen in all its beauty. During the day the plaster fronts of the houses weary the eye by their monotonous whiteness ; heavily-laden carts make the streets shake under their huge wheels ; the eager crowd, taken up by the one fear of losing a moment from business, cross and jostle one another ; the aspect of the city altogether has something harsh, restless, and flurried about it : but, as soon as the stars appear, every thing is changed ; the glare of the white houses is quenched in the gathering shades ; you hear no more any rolling but that of the carriages on their way to some party of pleasure ; you see only the loungee or the light-hearted passing by ; work has given place to leisure. Now each one may breathe after the fierce race through the business of the day, and whatever strength remains to him he gives to pleasure ! See the ball-rooms lighted up, the theatres open, the eating-shops along the walks set out with dainties, and the twinkling lanterns of the newspaper criers. Decidedly Paris has laid aside the pen, the ruler, and the apron ; after the day spent in work, it must have the evening for enjoyment ; like the masters of Thebes, it has put off all serious matters till to-morrow.

I love to take part in this happy hour; not to mix in the general gaiety, but to contemplate it. If the enjoyments of others embitter jealous minds, they strengthen the humble spirit; they are the beams of sunshine, which open the two beautiful flowers called *trust* and *hope*.

Although alone in the midst of the smiling multitude, I do not feel myself isolated from it; for its gaiety is reflected upon me: it is my own kind, my own family, who are enjoying life, and I take a brother's share in their happiness. We are all fellow-soldiers in this earthly battle, and what does it matter on whom the honours of the victory fall? If fortune passes by without seeing us, and pours her favours on others, let us console ourselves, like the friend of Parmenio, by saying—"Those, too, are Alexanders."

While making these reflections, I was going on as chance took me. I crossed from one pavement to another, I retraced my steps, I stopped before the shops, or to read the hand-bills. How many things there are to learn in the streets of Paris! What a museum it is! Unknown fruits, foreign arms, furniture of old times or other lands, animals of all climates, statues of great men, costumes of distant nations! It is the world seen in samples!

Let us then look at this people, whose knowledge is gained from the shop windows and the tradesman's display of goods. Nothing has been taught them, but they have a rude notion of every thing. They have seen the ananas at Chevets, a palm-tree in the Jardin des Plantes, sugar-canes selling on the Pont-Neuf. The Red-skins, exhibited in the Valentino Hall, have taught them to mimic the dance of the bison, and to smoke the calumet of peace; they have seen Carter's lions fed; they know the principal national costumes contained in Babin's collection; Goupil's display of prints has placed the tiger-hunts of Africa, and the sittings of the English Parliament, before their eyes; they have become acquainted with Queen Victoria, the Emperor

of Austria, and Kossuth, at the office door of the *Illustrated News*. We can certainly instruct them, but not astonish them; for nothing is completely new to them. You may take the Paris ragamuffin through the five quarters of the world, and at every wonder with which you think to surprise him, he will settle the matter with that favourite and conclusive answer of his class—*I know*.

But this variety of exhibitions, which makes Paris the fair of the world, does not merely offer a means of instruction to him who walks through it; it is a continual spur for rousing the imagination, a first step of the ladder always set up before us in vision. When we see them, how many voyages do we take in imagination, what adventures do we dream of, what pictures do we sketch! I never look at that shop near the Chinese Baths, with its tapestry hangings of Florida jessamine, and filled with magnolias, without seeing the forest glades of the new world, described by the author of *Atala*, opening themselves out before me.

Then, when this study of things, and this discourse of reason begin to tire you, look around you! What contrasts of figures and faces you see in the crowd! what a vast field for the exercise of meditation! A half-seen glance, or a few words caught as the speaker passes by, open a thousand vistas to your imagination. You wish to comprehend what these imperfect disclosures mean, and as the antiquary endeavours to decipher the mutilated inscription on some old monument, you build up a history on a gesture or on a word!—These are the stirring sports of the mind, which finds in fiction a relief from the wearisome dulness of the actual.

Alas! as I was just now passing by the carriage entrance of a great house, I noticed a sad subject for one of these histories. A man was sitting in the darkest corner with his head bare, and holding out his hat for the charity of those who passed. His threadbare coat had that look of neatness which marks that destitution has been met by a long struggle. He had carefully

buttoned it up, to hide the want of a shirt. His face was half hid under his long grey hair, and his eyes closed, as if he wished to escape the sight of his own humiliation, and he remained mute and motionless. Those who passed him took no notice of the beggar, who sat in silence and darkness! They had been so lucky as to escape complaints and importunities, and were glad to turn away their eyes too.

All at once the great gate turned on its hinges; and a very low carriage, lighted with silver lamps, and drawn by two black horses, came slowly out, and took the road towards the Faubourg St. Germain. I could just distinguish, within, the sparkling diamonds and the flowers of a ball-dress; the glare of the lamps passed like a bloody streak over the pale face of the beggar, and showed his look as his eyes opened and followed the rich man's equipage until it disappeared in the night.

I dropped a small piece of money into the hat he was holding out, and passed on quickly.

I had just fallen unexpectedly upon the two saddest secrets of the disease which troubles the age we live in; the envious hatred of him who suffers want, and the selfish forgetfulness of him who lives in affluence.

All the enjoyment of my walk was gone; I left off looking about me, and retired into my own heart. The animated and moving sight in the streets gave place to inward meditation upon all the painful problems which have been written for the last four thousand years at the bottom of each human struggle, but which are propounded more clearly than ever in our days.

I pondered on the uselessness of so many contests, in which defeat and victory only displace each other by turns, and on the mistaken zealots who have repeated from generation to generation the bloody history of Cain and Abel: and, saddened with these mournful reflections, I walked on as chance took me, until the silence all around insensibly drew me out from my own thoughts.

I had reached one of the remote streets, in which those who would live in comfort and without ostentation, and who love serious reflection, delight to find a home. There were no shops along the dimly lit pavement; one heard no sounds but of the distant carriages, and of the steps of some of the inhabitants returning quietly home.

I instantly recognized the street, though I had only been there once before.

That was two years ago. I was walking at the time by the side of the Seine, to which the lights on the quays and bridges gave the aspect of a lake surrounded by a garland of stars; and I had reached the Louvre, when I was stopped by a crowd collected near the parapet: they had gathered round a child of about six, who was crying, and I asked the cause of his tears.

"It seems that he was sent to walk in the Tuileries," said a mason, who was returning from his work with his trowel in his hand; "the servant who took care of him met with some friends there, and told the child to wait for him while he went to get a drink; but I suppose the drink made him more thirsty, for he has not come back, and the child cannot find his way home."

"Why do they not ask him his name, and where he lives?"

"They have been doing it for the last hour; but all he can say is, that he is called Charles, and that his father is M. Duval—there are twelve hundred Duvals in Paris."

"Then he does not know in what part of the town he lives!"

I should think not, indeed! Don't you see that he is a gentleman's child? He has never gone out except in a carriage, or with a servant; he does not know what to do by himself."

Here the mason was interrupted by some of the voices rising above the others.

"We cannot leave him in the street," said some.

"The child-stealers would carry him off," continued others.

"We must take him to the overseer."

"Or to the police-office."

"That's the thing—come, little one!"

But the child, frightened by these suggestions of danger, and at the names of police and overseer, cried louder, and drew back towards the parapet. In vain they tried to persuade him; his fears made him resist the more, and the most eager began to get weary, when the voice of a little boy was heard through the confusion.

"I know him well—I do," said he, looking at the lost child; "he belongs to our part of the town."

"What part is it?"

"Yonder, on the other side of the Boulevards: *Rue des Magasins*."

"And you have seen him before?"

"Yes, yes! he belongs to the great house at the end of the street, where there is an iron gate with gilt points."

The child quickly raised his head, and stopped crying. The little boy answered all the questions that were put to him, and gave such details as left no room for doubt. The other child understood him, for he went up to him as if to put himself under his protection.

"Then you can take him to his parents?" asked the mason, who had listened with real interest to the little boy's account.

"I don't care if I do," replied he; "it's the way I'm going."

"Then you will take charge of him?"

"He has only to come with me."

And, taking up the basket he had put down on the pavement, he set off towards the postern gate of the Louvre.

The lost child followed him.

"I hope he will take him right," said I, when I saw them go away.

"Never fear," replied the mason; "the little one in the blouse is the same age as the other; but, as the saying is, 'he knows black from white;' poverty, you see, is a famous schoolmistress!"

The crowd dispersed; for my part, I went towards the Louvre.

the thought came into my head to follow the two children, so as to guard against any mistake.

I was not long in overtaking them; they were walking side by side, talking, and already quite familiar with one another. The contrast in their dress then struck me. Little Duval wore one of those fanciful children's dresses which are expensive as well as in good taste; his coat was skilfully fitted to his figure, his trousers came down in plaits from the waist to his boots of polished leather with mother-of-pearl buttons, and his ringlets were half hid by a velvet cap. The appearance of his guide, on the contrary, was that of the class who dwell on the extreme borders of poverty, but who there maintain their ground with no surrender. His old blouse, patched with pieces of different shades, indicated the perseverance of an industrious mother struggling against the wear and tear of time; his trousers were become too short, and showed his stockings darned over and over again; and it was evident that his shoes were not made for him.

The countenances of the two children were not less different than their dresses. That of the first was delicate and refined; his clear blue eye, his fair skin, and his smiling mouth, gave him a charming look of innocence and happiness: the features of the other, on the contrary, had something rough in them; his eye was quick and lively, his complexion dark, his smile less merry than shrewd; all showed a mind sharpened by too early experience: he boldly walked through the middle of the streets thronged by carriages, and followed their countless turnings without hesitation.

I found, on asking him, that every day he carried dinner to his father, who was then working on the left bank of the Seine; and this responsible duty had made him careful and prudent. He had learned those hard but forcible lessons of necessity which nothing can equal, or supply the place of. Unfortunately the wants of his poor family had kept him from school, and he

seemed to feel the loss; for he often stopped before the print-shops, and asked his companion to read him the names of the engravings. In this way we reached the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, which the little wanderer seemed to know again; notwithstanding his fatigue, he hurried on; he was agitated by mixed feelings; at the sight of his house he uttered a cry, and ran towards the iron gate with the gilt points; a lady who was standing at the entrance received him in her arms, and from the exclamations of joy, and the sound of kisses, I soon perceived she was his mother.

Not seeing either the servant or child return, she had sent in search of them in every direction, and was waiting for them in intense anxiety.

I explained to her in a few words what had happened; she thanked me warmly, and looked round for the little boy who had recognised and brought back her son, but while we were talking, he had disappeared.

It was for the first time since then, that I had come into this part of Paris. Did the mother continue grateful? Had the children met again, and had the happy chance of their first meeting lowered between them that barrier which may mark the different ranks of men, but should not divide them?

While putting these questions to myself, I slackened my pace, and fixed my eyes on the great gate which I just perceived. All at once I saw it open, and two children appeared at the entrance. Although much grown, I recognised them at first sight; they were the child who was found near the parapet of the Louvre, and his young guide. But the dress of the latter was greatly changed: his blouse of grey cloth was neat, and even spruce, and was fastened round the waist by a polished leather belt; he wore strong shoes, but made to his feet, and had on a new cloth cap.

Just at the moment I saw him, he held in his two hands an enormous bunch of lilacs, to which his companion was trying to add narcissuses and primroses; the two children laughed, and

parted with a friendly good-bye. M. Duval's son did not go in till he had seen the other turn the corner of the street.

Then I accosted the latter, and reminded him of our former meeting; he looked at me for a moment, and then seemed to recollect me.

"Forgive me if I do not make you a bow," said he merrily; "but I want both my hands for the nosegay Mr. Charles has given me."

"You are, then, become great friends?" said I.

"Oh! I should think so," said the child: "and now my father is rich, too!"

"How's that?"

"M. Duval lent him a little money; he has taken a shop, where he works on his own account: and, as for me, I go to school."

"Yes," replied I, remarking for the first time the cross which decorated his little coat; "and I see that you are head-boy!"

"Mr. Charles helps me to learn, and so I am come to be the first in the class."

"Are you now going to your lessons?"

"Yes, and he has given me some lilacs; for he has a garden where we play together, and where my mother can always have flowers."

"Then it is the same as if it were partly your own."

"So it is! Ah! they are good neighbours, indeed! But here I am; good-bye, sir."

He nodded to me with a smile, and disappeared.

I went on with my walk, still pensive, but with a feeling of relief. If I had elsewhere witnessed the painful contrast between affluence and want, here I had found the true union of riches and poverty. Hearty good-will had smoothed down the more rugged inequalities on both sides, and had opened a road of true neighbourhood and fellowship between the humble workshop and the stately mansion. Instead of hearkening to the voice of

interest, they had both listened to that of self-sacrifice, and there was no place left for contempt or envy. Thus, instead of the beggar in rags, that I had seen at the other door cursing the rich man, I had found here the happy child of the labourer loaded with flowers, and blessing him! The problem, so difficult and so dangerous to examine into with no regard but for the rights of it, I had just seen solved by love.

CHAPTER V.

COMPENSATION.

Sunday, May 27th.*—Capital cities have one thing peculiar to them; their days of rest seem to be the signal for a general dispersion and flight. Like birds that are just restored to liberty, the people come out of their stone cages, and joyfully fly towards the country. It is who shall find a green hillock for a seat, or the shade of a wood for a shelter; they gather May flowers, they run about the fields; the town is forgotten until the evening, when they return with sprigs of blooming hawthorn in their hats, and their hearts gladdened by pleasant thoughts and recollections of the past day; the next day they return again to their harness, and to work.

These rural adventures are most remarkable at Paris. When the fine weather comes, clerks, shopkeepers, and working men, look forward impatiently for the Sunday as the day for trying a few hours of this pastoral life; they walk through six miles of

* The religious character of Sunday is neglected in Paris at least as much as it is in London; but it must not be supposed that this is necessarily indicated in the incidents and tone of this chapter. The differences of national habits must be taken into consideration. The religious Frenchman goes to church while the Englishman is lying in bed, and takes his stroll while the latter is at church. Our religious feelings (if we have any) must be shocked by the open shops and theatres of Paris on a Sunday; but those of the Frenchman are equally shocked by seeing our churches entirely shut up on six days of the week, and on Sundays only open for short and stated times; and he asks whether his love of amusement on the seventh day, is worse than our appetite for money on the other six. There is ample room for charity, but none for censorious judgment, on either side.—*Translator.*

grocers' shops and public-houses in the faubourgs, in the sole hope of finding a real turnip field. The father of a family begins the practical education of his son by showing him wheat which has not taken the form of a loaf, and cabbage "in its wild state." Heaven only knows the encounters, the discoveries, the adventures, that are met with! What Parisian has not had his Odyssey in an excursion through the suburbs, and would not be able to write a companion to the famous "*Travels by land and by sea from Paris to St. Cloud?*"

We do not now speak of that floating population from all parts, for whom our French Babylon is the caravanserai of Europe; a phalanx of thinkers, artists, men of business, and travellers who, like Homer's hero, have arrived in their intellectual country after having seen "many peoples and cities;" but of the settled Parisian, who keeps his appointed place, and lives on his own floor like the oyster on his rock, a curious vestige of the credulity, the slowness, and the simplicity of bygone ages.

For one of the singularities of Paris is, that it unites twenty populations completely different in character and manners. By the side of the gipsies of commerce and of art, who wander through all the several stages of fortune or of fancy, live a quiet race of people with an independence, or with regular work, whose existence resembles the dial of a clock, on which the same hand points by turns to the same hours. If no other city can show more brilliant and more stirring forms of life, no other contains more obscure and more tranquil ones. Great cities are like the sea; storms only agitate the surface: if you go to the bottom, you find a region inaccessible to the tumult and the noise.

For my part, I have settled on the verge of this region, but do not actually live in it. I am removed from the turmoil of the world, and live in the shelter of solitude, but without being able to disconnect my thoughts from the struggle going on. I follow at a distance all its events of happiness or grief; I

join the feasts and the funerals; for how can he who looks on, and knows what passes, do other than take part? Ignorance alone can keep us strangers to the life around us: selfishness itself will not suffice for that.

These reflections I made to myself in my attic, in the intervals of the various "household works" to which a bachelor is forced when he has no other servant than his own ready will. Whilst I was pursuing my deductions, I had blacked my boots, brushed my coat, and tied my cravat: I had at last arrived at the important moment when we pronounce complacently that all is finished, and that well.

A grand resolve had just decided me to depart from my usual habits: the evening before I had seen, by the advertisements, that the next day was a holiday at Sevres, and that the china manufactory would be open to the public. I was tempted by the beauty of the morning, and suddenly decided to go there.

On my arrival at the station on the left bank, I noticed the crowd hurrying on in the fear of being late. Railroads, besides many other advantages, will have that of teaching the French punctuality. They will submit to the clock when they are convinced that it is their master: they will learn to wait, when they find they will not be waited for. Social virtues are, in a great degree, good habits. How many great qualities are grafted into nations by their geographical position, by political necessity, and by institutions! Avarice was destroyed for a time among the Lacedemonians by the creation of a copper coinage, too heavy and too bulky to be conveniently hoarded.

I found myself in a carriage with two middle-aged sisters belonging to the domestic and retired class of Parisians I have spoken of above. A few civilities were sufficient to gain me their confidence, and after some minutes I was acquainted with their whole history.

They were two poor women, left orphans at fifteen, and had lived ever since as those who work for their livelihood must live,

by economy and privation. For the last twenty or thirty years they had worked in jewellery for the same house; they had seen ten masters succeed one another, and make their fortunes in it, without any change in their own lot. They had always lived in the same room, at the end of one of the passages in the Rue St. Denis, where the air and the sun are unknown. They began their work before daylight, went on with it till after nightfall, and saw year succeed to year without their lives being marked by any other events than the Sunday service, a walk, or an illness.

The younger of these worthy workwomen was forty, and obeyed her sister, as she did when a child. The elder looked after her, took care of her, and scolded her with a mother's tenderness. At first it was amusing; afterwards one could not help seeing something affecting in these two grey-haired children, one unable to leave off the habit of obeying, the other that of protecting.

And it was not in that alone that my two companions seemed younger than their years; they knew so little that their wonder never ceased. We had hardly arrived at Clamart, before they involuntarily exclaimed, like the king in the children's game, that *they did not think the world was so great!*

It was the first time they had trusted themselves on a railroad, and it was amusing to see their sudden shocks, their alarms, and their courageous determinations: every thing was a marvel to them! They had a remains of youth within them, which made them sensible to things which usually only strike us in childhood. Poor creatures! they had still the feelings of another age, though they had lost its charms.

But was not there something holy in this simplicity, which had been preserved to them by abstinence from all the joys of life? Ah! accursed be he who first had the bad courage to attach ridicule to that name of Old Maid, which recalls so many images of grievous deception, of dreariness, and of abandonment!

accursed be he who can find a subject for sarcasm in involuntary misfortune, and who can crown grey hairs with thorns!

The two sisters were called Frances and Madeleine; this day's journey was a feat of courage without example in their lives. The fever of the times had infected them unawares. Yesterday, Madeleine had suddenly proposed the idea of the expedition, and Frances had accepted it immediately. Perhaps it would have been better not to have yielded to the temptation offered by her young sister; but "we have our follies at all ages," as the prudent Frances philosophically remarked. As for Madeleine, there are no regrets or doubts for her: she is the life-guardsmen of the establishment.

• "We really must amuse ourselves," said she; "we do but live once."

And the elder sister smiled at this Epicurean maxim. It was evident that the fever of independence was at its crisis in both of them.

And in truth it would have been a great pity if any scruple had interfered with their happiness, it was so frank and genial! The sight of the trees, which seemed to fly on both sides of the road, caused them unceasing admiration. The meeting a train passing in the contrary direction with the noise and rapidity of a thunderbolt, made them shut their eyes and utter a cry; but it had already disappeared! They look round, take courage again, and express themselves full of astonishment at the marvel.

Madeleine declares that such a sight is worth the expense of the journey, and Frances would have agreed with her, if she had not recollected, with some little alarm, the deficit which such an expense must make in their budget. The three francs spent upon this single expedition, were the savings of a whole week of work. Thus the joy of the elder of the two sisters was mixed with remorse; the prodigal child now and then turned back its eyes towards the back street of St. Denis.

But the motion and the succession of objects distract her; see

the Bridge of the Val surrounded by its lovely landscape: on the right, Paris with its grand monuments, which rise through the fog, or sparkle in the sun; on the left, Meudon with its villas, its woods, its vines, and its royal castle! The two workwomen look from one window to the other with exclamations of delight. One fellow-passenger laughs at their childish wonder; but to myself it is very touching, for I see in it the sign of a long and monotonous seclusion: they are prisoners of work, who have recovered liberty and fresh air for a few hours.

At last the train stops, and we get out. I show the two sisters the path that leads to Sevres, between the railway and the gardens, and they go on before, while I inquire about the time of returning.

I soon join them again at the next station, where they have stopped at the little garden belonging to the gatekeeper; both are already in deep conversation with him while he digs his garden borders, and marks out the places for flower-seeds. He informs them that it is the time for hoeing out weeds, for making grafts and layers, for sowing annuals, and for destroying the insects on the rose-trees. Madeleine has on the sill of her window two wooden boxes, in which, for want of air and sun, she has never been able to make any thing grow but mustard and cress; but she persuades herself, that, thanks to this information, all other plants may henceforth thrive in them. At last the gatekeeper, who is sowing a border with mignonette, gives her the rest of the seeds which he does not want, and the old maid goes off delighted, and begins to act over again the dream of Perette and her can of milk, with these flowers of her imagination.

On reaching the grove of acacias, where the fair was going on, I lost sight of the two sisters. I went alone among the sights; there were lotteries going on, mountebank shows, places for eating and drinking, and for shooting with the crossbow. I have always been struck by the spirit of these out-of-door festivities. In drawing-room entertainments, people are cold, grave, often list-

less, and most of those who go there, are brought together by habit or the obligations of society; in the country assemblies, on the contrary, you only find those who are attracted by the hope of enjoyment. There, it is a forced conscription; here, they are volunteers for gaiety! Then, how easily they are pleased! How far this crowd of people is yet from knowing, that to be pleased with nothing, and to look down on every thing, is the height of fashion and good taste! Doubtless their amusements are often coarse; elegance and refinement are wanting in them; but at least they have heartiness. Oh, that the hearty enjoyment of these merry-makings could be retained in union with less vulgar feeling! Formerly religion stamped its holy character on the celebration of country festivals, and purified the pleasures without depriving them of their simplicity.

The hour arrives at which the doors of the porcelain manufactory, and the museum of pottery, are open to the public; I meet Frances and Madeleine again in the first room. Frightened at finding themselves in the midst of such regal magnificence, they hardly dare walk; they speak in a low tone, as if they were in a church.

"We are in the king's house" said the eldest sister, forgetting that there is no longer a king in France.

I encourage them to go on; I walk first, and they make up their minds to follow me.

What wonders are brought together in this collection! Here we see clay moulded into every shape, tinted with every colour, and combined with every sort of substance!

Earth and wood are the first substances worked upon by man, and seem more particularly meant for his use. They, like the domestic animals, are the essential accessories of his life; therefore there must be a more immediate connection between them and us. Stone and metals require long preparation; they resist our first efforts, and belong less to the individual than to communities. Earth and wood are, on the contrary, the principal

instruments of the isolated being who must feed and shelter himself.

This, doubtless, makes me feel so much interest in the collection I am examining. These cups, so roughly modelled by the savage, admit me to a knowledge of some of his habits; these elegant yet incorrectly formed vases of the Indian tell me of a declining intelligence, in which still glimmers the twilight of what was once bright sunshine; these jars, loaded with arabesques, show the fancy of the Arab rudely and ignorantly copied by the Spaniard! We find here the stamp of every race, every country, and every age.

My companions seemed little interested in these historical associations: they looked at all with that credulous admiration which leaves no room for examination or discussion. Madeleine read the name written under every piece of workmanship, and her sister answered with an exclamation of wonder.

In this way we reached a little court-yard, where they had thrown away the fragments of some broken china. Frances perceived a coloured saucer almost whole, of which she took possession, as a record of the visit she was making; henceforth she would have a specimen of the Sevres china, *which is only made for kings!* I would not deceive her, by telling her that the products of the manufactory are sold all over the world, and that her saucer, before it was cracked, was the same as those that are bought at the shops for sixpence! Why should I destroy the illusions of her humble existence? Are we to break down the hedge-flowers which perfume our paths? Things are oftenest nothing in themselves; the thoughts we attach to them alone give them value. To rectify innocent mistakes, in order to recover some useless reality, is to be like these learned men who will see nothing in a plant but the chemical elements of which it is composed.

On leaving the manufactory, the two sisters, who had taken possession of me with the freedom of artlessness, invited me to

share the luncheon they had brought with them. I declined at first; but they insisted with so much good-nature, that I feared to pain them, and with some awkwardness I gave way.

We had only to look for a convenient spot. I led them up the hill, and we found a plot of grass enamelled with daisies, and shaded by two walnut-trees.

Madeleine could not contain herself for joy. All her life she had dreamt of a dinner out on the grass! While helping her sister to take the provisions from the basket, she tells me of all her expeditions into the country that had been planned, and put off. Frances, on the other hand, was brought up at Montmorency, and, before she became an orphan, she had often gone back to her nurse's house. That which had the attraction of novelty for her sister, had for her the charm of recollection. She told the vintage harvests to which her parents had taken her; the rides on Mother Luret's donkey, that they could not make go to the right without pulling him to the left; the cherry gathering; and the sails on the lake in the boat of the innkeeper.

These recollections have all the charm and freshness of childhood. Frances recalls to herself less what she has seen than what she has felt. Whilst she is talking the cloth is laid, and we sit down under a tree. Before us winds the valley of Sevres, its many-storied houses abutting upon the gardens and the slopes of the hill: on the other side spreads out the park of St. Cloud, with its magnificent clumps of trees interspersed with meadows: above, stretch the heavens like an immense ocean, in which the clouds are sailing! I look at this beautiful country, and I listen to these good old maids; I admire, and I am interested; and time passes gently on without my perceiving it.

At last the sun sets, and we have to think of returning. Whilst Madeleine and Frances clear away the dinner, I walk down to the manufactory to ask the hour. The merry-making is at its height; the blasts of the trombones resound from the band under the acacias; for a few moments I forget myself with look-

ing about; but I have promised the two sisters to take them back to the Bellevue Station: the train cannot wait, and I make haste to climb the path again which leads to the walnut trees.

Just before I reached them, I heard voices on the other side of the hedge; Madeleine and Frances were speaking to a poor girl whose clothes were burnt, her hands blackened, and her face tied up with blood-stained bandages. I saw that she was one of the girls employed at the gunpowder mills, which are built higher up on the common. An explosion had taken place a few days before; the girl's mother and elder sister were killed; she herself escaped by a miracle, and was now left without any means of support. She told all this with the resigned and unhopeful manner of one who has always been accustomed to suffer. The two sisters were much affected; I saw them consulting with one another in a low tone; then Frances took thirty sous out of a little coarse silk purse, which was all they had left, and gave them to the poor girl. I hastened on to that side of the hedge; but, before I reached it, I met the two old sisters, who called out to me that they would not return by the railway, but on foot!

I then understood that the money they had meant for the journey, had just been given to the beggar! Good, like evil, is contagious; I run to the poor wounded girl, give her the sum that was to pay for my own place, and return to Frances and Madeleine, and tell them I will walk with them.

* * * *

I am just come back from taking them home; and have left them delighted with their day, the recollection of which will long make them happy!

This morning I was pitying those whose lives are obscure and joyless; now, I understand that God has provided a compensation with every trial. The smallest pleasure derives from rarity a relish otherwise unknown. Enjoyment is only what we feel to be such, and the luxurious man feels no longer: satiety has

lost him his appetite, while privation preserves to the other that first of earthly blessings—*the being easily made happy*. Oh! that I could persuade every one of this! that so the rich might not abuse their riches, and that the poor might have patience. If happiness is the rarest of blessings, it is because the reception of it is the rarest of virtues.

Madeleine and Frances! Ye poor old maids! whose courage, resignation, and generous hearts are your only wealth, pray for the wretched who give themselves up to despair; for the unhappy who hate and envy; and for the unfeeling into whose enjoyments no pity enters!

CHAPTER VI.

UNCLE MAURICE.

June 7th, Four o'clock A.M.—I am not surprised at hearing, when I awake, the birds singing so joyfully outside my window; it is only by living as they and I do, in a top story, that one comes to know how cheerful the mornings really are up among the roofs. It is there that the sun sends his first rays, and the breeze comes with the fragrance of the gardens and woods; there that a wandering butterfly sometimes ventures among the flowers of the attic, and that the songs of the industrious work-woman welcome the dawn of day. The lower stories are still deep in sleep, silence, and shadow, while here labour, light, and song already reign.

What life is around me! see the swallow returning from her search for food, with her beak full of insects for her young ones: the sparrows shake the dew from their wings while they chase one another in the sunshine; and my neighbours throw open their windows, and welcome the morning with their fresh faces! Delightful hour of waking, when every thing returns to feeling and to motion; when the first light of day strikes upon creation, and brings it to life again, as the magic wand struck the palace of the Sleeping Beauty in the wood! It is a moment of rest from every misery; the sufferings of the sick are allayed, and a breath of hope enters into the hearts of the despairing. But, alas! it is but a short respite! Every thing will soon resume its wonted course: the great human machine, with its long strains, its deep gasps, its collisions, and its crashes, will be again put in motion.

The tranquillity of this first morning hour reminds me of that of our first years of life. Then, too, the sun shines brightly, the air is fragrant, and the illusions of youth—those birds of our life's morning—sing around us. Why do they fly away when we are older? Where do this sadness and this solitude, which gradually steal upon us, come from? The course seems to be the same with individuals and with communities; at starting, so readily made happy, so easily enchanted, and at the goal the bitter disappointment of reality! The road, which began among hawthorns and primroses, ends speedily in deserts or in precipices! Why is there so much confidence at first, so much doubt at last? Has, then, the knowledge of life no other end but to make it unfit for happiness? Must we condemn ourselves to ignorance if we would preserve hope? Is the world and is the individual man intended, after all, to find rest only in an eternal childhood?

How many times have I asked myself these questions! Solitude has the advantage or the danger of making us continually search more deeply into the same ideas. As our discourse is only with ourself, we always give the same direction to the conversation; we are not called to turn it to the subject which occupies another mind, or interests another's feelings; and so an involuntary inclination makes us return for ever to knock at the same doors!

I interrupted my reflections to put my attic in order. I hate the look of disorder, because it shows either a contempt for details, or an unaptness for spiritual life. To arrange the things among which we have to live, is to establish the relation of property and of use between them and us: it is to lay the foundation of those habits, without which man tends to the savage state. What, in fact, is social organization but a series of habits, settled in accordance with the dispositions of our nature?

I distrust both the intellect and the morality of those people to whom disorder is of no consequence—who can live at ease in

an Angean stable. What surrounds us, reflects more or less that which is within us. The mind is like one of those dark lanterns which, in spite of every thing, still throw some light around. If our tastes did not reveal our character, they would be no longer tastes, but instincts.

While I was arranging every thing in my attic, my eyes rested on the little almanac hanging over my chimneypiece. I looked for the day of the month, and I saw these words written in large letters: "FÊTE DIEU!"

It is to-day! In this great city, where there are no longer any public religious solemnities, there is nothing to remind us of it; but it is, in truth, the period so happily chosen by the primitive church. "The day kept in honour of the Creator," says Chateaubriand, "happens at a time when the heaven and the earth declare His power, when the woods and fields are full of new life, and all are united by the happiest ties; there is not a single widowed plant in the fields."

What recollections these words have just awakened! I left off what I was about, I leant my elbows on the window sill, and with my head between my two hands, I went back, in thought, to the little town where the first days of my childhood were passed.

The *Fête Dieu* was then one of the great events of my life! It was necessary to be diligent and obedient a long time beforehand, to deserve to share in it. I still recollect with what raptures of expectation I got up in the morning of the day. There was a holy joy in the air. The neighbours, up earlier than usual, hung cloths with flowers or figures, worked in tapestry, along the streets. I went from one to another, by turns admiring religious scenes of the middle ages, mythological compositions of the Renaissance, old battles in the style of Louis XIV., and the Arcadias of Madame de Pompadour. All this world of phantoms seemed to be coming forth from the dust of past ages, to assist—silent and motionless—at the holy ceremony. I looked

alternately in fear and wonder, at those terrible warriors with their swords always raised, those beautiful huntresses shooting the arrow which never left the bow, and those shepherds in satin breeches always playing the flute at the feet of the perpetually smiling shepherdesses. Sometimes, when the wind blew behind these hanging pictures, it seemed to me that the figures themselves moved, and I watched to see them detach themselves from the wall, and take their places in the procession! But these impressions were vague and transitory. The feeling that predominated over every other was that of an overflowing, yet quiet joy. In the midst of all the floating draperies, the scattered flowers, the voices of the maidens, and the gladness which, like a perfume, exhaled from every thing, you felt transported in spite of yourself. The joyful sounds of the festival were repeated in your heart, in a thousand melodious echoes. You were more indulgent, more holy, more loving! For God was not only manifesting himself without, but also within us.

And then the altars for the occasion! the flowery arbours! the triumphal arches made of green boughs! What competition among the different parishes for the erection of the resting-places* where the procession was to halt! It was who should contribute the rarest and the most beautiful of his possessions!

It was there I made my first sacrifice!

The wreaths of flowers were arranged, the candles lighted, and the Tabernacle† dressed with roses; but one was wanting fit to crown the whole! All the neighbouring gardens had been ransacked. I alone possessed a flower worthy of such a place. It was on the rose-tree given me by my mother on my birth-day. I had watched it for several months, and there was no other bud to blow on the tree. There it was, half open, in its mossy nest, the object of such long expectations, and of all a child's pride! I

* The *Reposoirs*, or temporary altars, on which the consecrated elements are placed while the procession halts.

† An ornamental case, or cabinet, which contains the bread and wine.

hesitated for some moments: no one had asked me for it; I might easily avoid losing it. I should hear no reproaches; but one rose noiselessly within me. When every one else had given all they had, ought I alone to keep back my treasure? Ought I to grudge to God one of the gifts which, like all the rest, I had received from Him? At this last thought, I plucked the flower from the stem, and took it to put at the top of the Tabernacle. Ah! why does the recollection of this sacrifice, which was so hard and yet so sweet to me, now make me smile? Is it so certain that the value of a gift is in itself, rather than in the intention? If the cup of cold water in the gospel is remembered to the poor man, why should not the flower be remembered to the child? Let us not look down upon the child's simple acts of generosity; it is these which accustom the soul to self-denial and to sympathy. I cherished this moss-rose a long time as a sacred talisman; I had reason to cherish it always, as the record of the first victory won over myself.

It is now many years since I witnessed the celebration of the *Fête Dieu*; but should I again feel in it the happy sensations of former days? I still remember how, when the procession had passed, I walked through the streets strewn with flowers, and shaded with green boughs. I felt intoxicated by the lingering perfumes of the incense, mixed with the fragrance of seringas, jessamine, and roses, and I seemed no longer to touch the ground as I went along. I smiled at every thing; the whole world was Paradise in my eyes, and it seemed to me that God was floating in the air!

Moreover, this feeling was not the excitement of the moment: it might be more intense on certain days, but at the same time it continued through the ordinary course of my life. Many years thus passed for me in an expansion of heart, and a trustfulness which prevented sorrow, if not from coming at least from staying with me. *Sure of not being alone*, I soon took heart again, like the child who recovers its courage, because it hears its

mother's voice close by. Why have I lost that confidence of my childhood? Shall I never feel again so deeply that *God is here?*

How strange the association of our thoughts! A day of the month recalls my infancy, and see, all the recollections of my former years are growing up around me! Why was I so happy then! I consider well, and nothing is sensibly changed in my condition. I possess, as I did then, health, and my daily bread; the only difference is, that I am now responsible for myself! As a child, I accepted life when it came; another cared for, and provided for me. As long as I fulfilled my present duties I was at peace within, and I left the future to the prudence of my father! My destiny was a ship, in the direction of which I had no share, and in which I sailed as a common passenger. There was the whole secret of childhood's happy security. Since then, worldly wisdom has deprived me of it. When my lot was entrusted to my own and sole keeping, I thought to make myself master of it by means of a long insight into the future. I have filled the present hour with anxieties, by occupying my thoughts with the future; I have put my judgment in the place of Providence, and the happy child is changed into the anxious man!

A melancholy course, yet perhaps an important lesson. Who knows that, if I had trusted more to Him who rules the world, I should not have been spared all this anxiety? It may be that happiness is not possible here below, but on the condition of living like the child, giving ourselves up to the duties of each day as it comes, and trusting in the goodness of our heavenly Father for all beside.

This reminds me of my uncle Maurice! Whenever I have need to strengthen myself in all that is good, I turn my thoughts to him; I see again the gentle expression of his half-smiling, half-mournful face; I hear his voice, always soft and soothing as a breath of summer! The remembrance of him protects my life, and gives it light. He, too, was a saint and martyr here below;

others have pointed out the path of heaven; he has taught us to see those of earth aright.

But except the angels, who are charged with noting down the sacrifices performed in secret, and the virtues which are never known, who has ever heard speak of my uncle Maurice? Perhaps I alone remember his name, and still recollect his history.

Well! I will write it, not for others but for myself! They say that, at the sight of the Apollo, the body erects itself and assumes a more dignified attitude: in the same way, the soul should feel itself raised and ennobled by the recollection of a good man's life!

A ray of the rising sun lights up the little table on which I write; the breeze brings me in the scent of the mignonette, and the swallows wheel about my window with joyful twitterings. The image of my uncle Maurice will be in its proper place amidst the songs, the sunshine, and the fragrance.

Seven o'clock.—It is with men's lives as with days: some dawn radiant with a thousand colours, others dark with gloomy clouds. That of my uncle Maurice was one of the latter. He was so sickly when he came into the world, that they thought he must die; but notwithstanding these anticipations, which might be called hopes, he continued to live, suffering and deformed.

He was deprived of all the joys as well as of all the attractions of childhood. He was oppressed because he was weak, and laughed at for his deformity. In vain the little hunchback opened his arms to the world; the world scoffed at him, and went its way.

However, he still had his mother, and it was to her that the child directed all the feelings of a heart repulsed by others. With her he found shelter, and was happy, till he reached the age when a man must take his place in life; and Maurice had to content himself with that which others had refused with contempt. His education would have qualified him for any course

of life; and he became an Octroi*-clerk in one of the little toll-houses at the entrance of his native town.

He was always shut up in this dwelling of a few feet square, with no relaxation from the office accounts but reading, and his mother's visits. On fine summer days she came to work at the door of his hut, under the shade of a clematis planted by Maurice. And then even when she was silent, her presence was a pleasant change for the hunchback; he heard the clinking of her long knitting needles, he saw her mild and mournful profile, which reminded him of so many courageously borne trials; he could every now and then rest his hand affectionately on that bowed down neck, and exchange a smile with her!

This comfort was soon to be taken from him. His old mother fell sick, and at the end of a few days he had to give up all hope. Maurice was overcome at the idea of a separation which would henceforth leave him alone on earth, and abandoned himself to boundless grief. He knelt by the bedside of the dying woman, he called her by the fondest names, he pressed her in his arms, as if he could so keep her in life. His mother tried to return his caresses, and to answer him; but her hands were cold, her voice already gone. She could only press her lips against the forehead of her son, heave a sigh, and close her eyes for ever!

They tried to take Maurice away, but he resisted them, and threw himself on that now motionless form.

"Dead!" cried he; "dead! She who had never left me, she who was the only one in the world who loved me! You, my mother, dead! What then remains for me here below?"

A stifled voice replied—

"God!"

Maurice, startled, raised himself up! Was it a last sigh from the dead, or his own conscience, that had answered him? He did not seek to know, but he understood the answer, and accepted it.

* The Octroi is the tax on provisions levied at the entrance of the towns.

It was then that I first knew him. I often went to see him in his little toll-house; he mixed in my childish games, told me his finest stories, and let me gather his flowers. Deprived as he was of all external attractiveness, he showed himself full of kindness to all who came to him, and, though he never would put himself forward, he had a welcome for every one. Deserted, despised, he submitted to every thing with a gentle patience; and while he was thus stretched on the cross of life, amid the insults of his executioners, he repeated with Christ—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

No other clerk showed so much honesty, zeal, and intelligence; but those who otherwise might have promoted him as his services deserved, were repulsed by his deformity. As he had no patrons he found his claims were always disregarded. They preferred before him those who were better able to make themselves agreeable, and seemed to be granting him a favour when letting him keep the humble office which enabled him to live. Uncle Maurice bore injustice as he had borne contempt; unfairly treated by men, he raised his eyes higher, and trusted in the justice of Him who cannot be deceived.

He lived in an old house in the suburb, where many work-people, as poor but not as forlorn as he, also lodged. Among these neighbours there was a single woman, who lived by herself in a little garret, into which came both wind and rain. She was a young girl, pale, silent, and with nothing to recommend her but her wretchedness, and her resignation to it. She was never seen speaking to any other woman, and no song cheered her garret. She worked without interest and without relaxation; a depressing gloom seemed to envelop her like a shroud. Her dejection affected Maurice; he attempted to speak to her: she replied mildly, but in few words. It was easy to see that she preferred her silence and her solitude to the little hunchback's good-will; he perceived it, and said no more.

But Toinette's needle was hardly sufficient for her support, and

presently work failed her! Maurice learned that the poor girl was in want of every thing, and that the tradesmen refused to give her credit. He immediately went to them, and privately engaged to pay them for what they supplied Toinette with.

Things went on in this way for several months. The young dressmaker continued out of work, until she was at last frightened at the bills she had contracted with the shopkeepers. When she came to an explanation with them, every thing was discovered. Her first impulse was to run to uncle Maurice, and thank him on her knees. Her habitual reserve had given way to a burst of deepest feeling. It seemed as if gratitude had melted all the ice of that numbed heart.

Being now no longer embarrassed with a secret, the little hunchback could give greater efficacy to his good offices. Toinette became to him a sister, for whose wants he had a right to provide. It was the first time since the death of his mother that he had been able to share his life with another. The young woman received his attentions with feeling,—but with reserve. All Maurice's efforts were insufficient to dispel her gloom: she seemed touched by his kindness, and sometimes expressed her sense of it with warmth; but there she stopped. Her heart was a closed book, which the little hunchback might bend over, but could not read. In truth he cared little to do so: he gave himself up to the happiness of being no longer alone, and took Toinette such as her long trials had made her: he loved her as she was, and wished for nothing else but still to enjoy her company.

This thought insensibly took possession of his mind, to the exclusion of all besides. The poor girl was as forlorn as himself; she had become accustomed to the deformity of the hunchback, and she seemed to look on him with an affectionate sympathy! What more could he wish for? Until then, the hopes of making himself acceptable to a helpmate had been repelled by Maurice as a dream; but chance seemed willing to make it a reality.

After much hesitation he took courage, and decided to speak to her.

It was evening; the little hunchback, in much agitation, directed his steps towards the workwoman's garret. Just as he was about to enter, he thought he heard a strange voice pronouncing the maiden's name. He quickly pushed open the door, and perceived Toinette weeping, and leaning on the shoulder of a young man in the dress of a sailor.

At the sight of my uncle, she disengaged herself quickly, and ran to him, crying out—

"Ah! come in—come in! It is he that I thought was dead: it is Julien; it is my betrothed!"

Maurice tottered, and drew back. A single word had told him all!

It seemed to him as if the ground shook and his heart was going to break; but the same voice that he had heard by his mother's death-bed again sounded in his ears, and he soon recovered himself. God was still his friend!

He himself accompanied the newly-married pair on the road when they went away, and, after having wished them all the happiness which was denied to him, he returned with resignation to the old house in the suburb.

It was there that he ended his life, forsaken by men, but not, as he said, by the *Father which is in heaven*. He felt His presence every where; it was to him in the place of all else. When he died, it was with a smile, and like an exile setting out for his own country. He who had consoled him in poverty and ill health, when he was suffering from injustice and forsaken by all, had made death a gain and blessing to him.

Eight o'clock.—All I have just written has pained me! Till now I have looked into life for instruction how to live. Is it then true, that human maxims are not always sufficient? that beyond goodness, prudence, moderation, humility, self-sacrifice itself, there is one great truth, which alone can face great misfor-

tunes? and that, if man has need of virtues for others, he has need of religion for himself?

When, in youth, we drink our wine with a merry heart, as the Scripture expresses it, we think we are sufficient for ourselves; strong, happy, and beloved, we believe, like Ajax, we shall be able to escape every storm *in spite of the gods*; but later in life, when the back is bowed, when happiness proves a fading flower, and the affections grow chill,—then, in fear of the void and the darkness, we stretch out our arms, like the child overtaken by night, and we call for help to *Him who is every where*.

I was asking this morning why this growing confusion alike for society and for the individual. In vain does human reason from hour to hour light some new torch on the roadside; the night continues to grow ever darker! Is it not because we are content to withdraw further and further from God, the sun of spirits?

But what do these hermit's reveries signify to the world? The inward turmoils of most men are stifled by the outward ones; life does not give them time to question themselves. Have they time to know what they are, and what they should be, whose whole thoughts are in the next lease, or the last price of stock! Heaven is very high, and wise men look only to the earth.

But I—poor savage amid all this civilisation—who seek neither power nor riches, and who have found in my own thoughts the home and shelter of my spirits, I can go back with impunity to these recollections of my childhood; and if this our great city no longer honours the name of God with a festival, I will strive still to keep the feast to Him in my heart.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRICE OF POWER, AND THE WORTH OF FAME.

Sunday, July 1st.—Yesterday the month dedicated to Juno (*Junius*, June) by the Romans, ended. To-day we enter on July.

In ancient Rome this latter month was called *Quintilis* (the fifth), because the year, which was then only divided into ten parts, began in March. When Numa Pompilius divided it into twelve months, this name of *Quintilis* was preserved, as well as those that followed—*Sextilis*, *September*, *October*, *November*, *December*; although these designations did not accord with the newly arranged order of the months. At last, after a time, the month *Quintilis*, in which Julius Cæsar was born, was called *Julius*, from whence we have July.

Thus, this name, placed in the calendar, is become the imperishable record of a great man; it is an immortal epitaph on Time's highway, engraved by the admiration of man.

How many similar inscriptions are there?—seas, continents, mountains, stars, and monuments, have all in succession served the same purpose! We have turned the whole world into a Golden Book, like that in which the state of Venice used to enroll its illustrious names and its great deeds. It seems that mankind feel a necessity for honouring itself in its elect ones, and that it raises itself in its own eyes by choosing heroes from amongst its own race. The human family love to preserve the memory of the "parvenus" of glory, as we cherish that of a renowned ancestor, or of a benefactor.

In fact, the talents granted to a single individual do not benefit himself alone, but are gifts to the world; every one shares them, for every one suffers or benefits by his actions. Genius is a lighthouse, meant to give light from afar; the man who bears it is but the rock upon which this lighthouse is built.

I love to dwell upon these thoughts; they explain to me in what consists our admiration for glory. When glory has benefited men, that admiration is gratitude: when it is only remarkable in itself, it is the pride of race; as men we love to immortalize the most shining examples of humanity.

Who knows whether we do not obey the same instinct in submitting to the hand of power? Apart from the requirements of a gradation of ranks, or the consequences of a conquest, the multitude delight to surround their chiefs with privileges; whether it be that their vanity makes them thus to aggrandize one of their own creations, or whether they try to conceal the humiliation of subjection, by exaggerating the importance of those who rule them. They wish to honour themselves through their master; they elevate him on their shoulders as on a pedestal; they surround him with a halo of light, in order that some of it may be reflected upon themselves. It is still the fable of the dog who contents himself with the chain and collar, so that they are of gold.

This servile vanity is not less natural or less common than the vanity of dominion. Whoever feels himself incapable of command, at least desires to obey a powerful chief. Serfs have been known to consider themselves dishonoured when they became the property of a mere count after having been that of a prince, and St. Simon mentions a valet who would only wait upon marquises.

July 7th, Seven o'clock P.M.—I have just now been up the Boulevards; it was the Opera night, and there was a crowd of carriages in the Rue Lapelletier. The foot passengers who were stopped at a crossing, recognised the persons in some of these as they

went by, and mentioned their names; they were those of celebrated or powerful men—the successful ones of the day.

Near me there was a man looking on with hollow cheeks and eager eyes, and whose black coat was threadbare. He followed with envious looks these possessors of the privileges of power or of fame, and I read on his lips, which curled with a bitter smile, all that passed in his mind.

“Look at them, the lucky fellows!” thought he; “all the pleasures of wealth, all the enjoyments of pride, are theirs. Their names are renowned, all their wishes fulfilled; they are the sovereigns of the world either by their intellect or their power: and whilst I, poor and unknown, toil painfully along the road below, they wing their way over the mountain tops gilded by the broad sunshine of prosperity.”

I have come home deep in thought. Is it true that there are these inequalities, I do not say in the fortunes, but in the happiness of men? Do genius and authority really wear life as a crown, while the greater part of mankind receive it as a yoke? Is the difference of rank but a different use of men's dispositions and talents, or a real inequality in their destinies? A solemn question, as it regards the verification of God's impartiality.

July 8th, Noon.—I went this morning to call upon a friend from the same province as myself, and who is first usher in waiting to one of our ministers. I took him some letters from his family, left for him by a traveller just come from Brittany. He wished me to stay.

“To-day,” said he, “the minister gives no audience: he takes a day of rest with his family. His younger sisters are arrived: he will take them this morning to St. Cloud, and in the evening he has invited his friends to a private ball; I shall be dismissed directly for the rest of the day. We can dine together; read the news while you are waiting for me.”

I sat down at a table covered with newspapers, all of which I looked over by turns. Most of them contained severe criticisms

on the last political acts of the minister; some of them added suspicions as to the honour of the minister himself.

Just as I had finished reading, a secretary came for them to take them to his master.

He was then about to read these accusations, to suffer silently the abuse of all those tongues which were holding him up to indignation or to scorn! Like the Roman victor in his triumph, he had to endure the insults of him who followed his car, relating to the crowd his follies, his ignorance, or his vices.

But, among the arrows shot at him from every side, would no one be found poisoned? Would not one reach some spot in his heart where the wound would be incurable? What is the worth of a life exposed to the attacks of envious hatred or furious conviction? The Christians yielded only the fragments of their flesh to the beasts of the amphitheatres; the man in power gives up his peace, his affections, his honour, to the cruel bites of the pen.

Whilst I was musing upon these dangers of greatness, the usher entered hastily.

Important news has been received: the minister is just summoned to the council; he will not be able to take his sisters to St. Cloud.

I saw, through the windows, the young ladies, who were waiting at the door, sorrowfully go up-stairs again, whilst their brother went off to the council. The carriage, which should have gone off filled with so much family happiness, is just out of sight, carrying only the cares of a statesman in it.

The usher came back discontented and disappointed.

The more or less of liberty which he is allowed to enjoy, is his barometer of the political atmosphere. If he gets leave, all goes well; if he is kept at his post, the country is in danger. His opinion on public affairs is but a calculation of his own interests. My friend is almost a statesman.

I had some conversation with him, and he told me several curious particulars of public life.

The new minister has old friends whose opinions he opposes, though he still retains his personal regard for them. Though separated from them by the colours he fights under, they remain united by old associations; but the exigencies of party forbid him to meet them. If their intercourse continued, it would awaken suspicion; people would imagine that some dishonourable bargain was going on; his friends would be held to be traitors desirous to sell themselves, and he the corrupt minister prepared to buy them: he has, therefore, been obliged to break off friendships of twenty years' standing, and to sacrifice attachments which had become a second nature.

Sometimes, however, the minister still gives way to his old feelings; he receives or visits his friends privately; he shuts himself up with them, and talks of the times when they could be open friends. By dint of precautions they have hitherto succeeded in concealing this plot of friendship against policy; but sooner or later the newspapers will be informed of it, and will denounce him to the country as an object of distrust.

For, whether hatred be honest or dishonest, it never shrinks from any accusation. Sometimes it even proceeds to crime. The usher assured me, that several warnings had been given the minister which had made him fear the vengeance of an assassin, and that he no longer ventured out on foot.

Then, from one thing to another, I learned what temptations came in to mislead or overcome his judgment; how he found himself fatally led into obliquities which he could not but deplore. Misled by passion, over-persuaded by entreaties, or compelled for reputation's sake, he has many times held the balance with an unsteady hand. How sad the condition of him who is in authority! Not only are the miseries of power imposed upon him, but its vices also, which, not content with torturing, succeed in corrupting him.

We prolonged our conversation till it was interrupted by the minister's return. He threw himself out of the carriage

with a handful of papers, and with an anxious manner went into his own room. An instant afterwards his bell was heard; his secretary was called to send off notices to all those invited for the evening; the ball would not take place; they spoke mysteriously of bad news transmitted by the telegraph, and in such circumstances an entertainment would seem to insult the public sorrow.

I took leave of my friend, and here I am at home. What I have just seen is an answer to my doubts the other day. Now I know with what pangs men pay for their dignities; I now understand

“That Fortune sells what we believe she gives.”

This explains to me why Charles V. aspired to the repose of the cloister.

And yet I have only glanced at some of the sufferings attached to power. What shall I say of the falls in which its possessors are precipitated from the heights of heaven to the very depths of the earth? of that path of pain, along which they must for ever bear the burden of their responsibility? of that chain of decorums and ennui which encompasses every act of their lives, and leaves them so little liberty?

The partisans of despotism adhere with reason to forms and ceremonies. If men wish to give unlimited power to their fellow man, they must keep him separated from ordinary humanity; they must surround him with a continual worship, and, by a constant ceremonial, keep up for him the superhuman part they have granted him. Our masters cannot remain absolute, but on condition of being treated as idols.

But, after all, these idols are men, and if the exclusive life they must lead is an insult to the dignity of others, it is also a torment to themselves. Every one knows the law of the Spanish court, which used to regulate, hour by hour, the actions of the king and queen; “so that,” says Voltaire, “by reading it one can tell all that the sovereigns of Spain have done, or will

do, from Philip II. to the day of judgment." It was by this law that Philip III., when sick, was obliged to endure such an excess of heat that he died in consequence, because the Duke d'Uzède, who alone had the right to put out the fire in the royal chamber, happened to be absent.

When the wife of Charles II. was run away with on a spirited horse, she was about to perish before any one dared to save her, because etiquette forbade them to *touch the queen*: two young officers endangered their lives for her by stopping the horse. The prayers and tears of her whom they had just snatched from death, were necessary to obtain pardon for their *crime*. Every one knows the anecdote related by Mad^{me} Campan of Marie Antoinette, wife of Louis XVI. One day, being at her toilet, when the shift was about to be presented to her by one of the assistants, a lady of very ancient family entered and claimed the honour, as she had the right by etiquette; but at the moment she was going to fulfil her duty, a lady of higher rank appeared, and in her turn took the garment she was about to offer to the queen; when a third lady of still higher title came in her turn, and was followed by a fourth, who was no other than the king's sister. The shift was in this manner passed from hand to hand, with ceremonious curtsies and compliments, before it came to the queen, who, half naked and quite ashamed, was shivering with cold for the greater honour of etiquette.

12th, Seven o'clock, P.M.—On coming home this evening, I saw, standing at the door of a house, an old man, whose appearance and features reminded me of my father. There was the same beautiful smile, the same deep and penetrating eye, the same noble bearing of the head, and the same careless attitude.

I began living over again the first years of my life, and recalling to myself the conversations of that guide whom God in His mercy had given me, and whom in His severity He had too soon withdrawn.

When my father spoke, it was not only to bring out two

minds together by an interchange of thought, but his words always contained instruction.

Not that he endeavoured to make me feel it so: my father feared every thing that had the appearance of a lesson. He used to say that virtue could make herself devoted friends, but she did not take pupils: therefore he was not anxious to teach goodness; he contented himself with sowing the seeds of it, certain that experience would make them grow.

How often has good grain fallen thus into a corner of the heart, and when it has been long forgotten, all at once put forth the blade and come into ear. It is a treasure laid aside in a time of ignorance, and we do not know its value till the day we find ourselves in need of it.

Among the stories with which he enlivened our walks or our evenings, there is one which now returns to my memory, doubtless because the time is come to derive its lesson from it.

My father, who was apprenticed at the age of twelve to one of those trading collectors who call themselves *naturalists*, because they put all creation under glasses that they may sell it by retail, had always led a life of poverty and labour. Obligated to rise before daybreak, by turns shop-boy, clerk, and labourer, he was made to bear alone all the work of a trade, of which his master reaped all the profits. In truth, this latter had a peculiar talent for making the most of the labour of other people. Though unfit himself for the execution of any kind of work, no one knew better how to sell it. His words were a net, in which people found themselves taken before they were aware. And since he was devoted to himself alone, and looked on the producer as his enemy, and the buyer as his prey, he used them both up with that obstinate perseverance which avarice teaches.

My father was a slave all the week, and could only call himself his own on Sunday. The master naturalist, who used to spend the day at the house of an old female relation, then gave him *his liberty* on condition that he dined out, and at his own expense.

But my father used secretly to take with him a crust of bread, which he hid in his botanizing box, and, leaving Paris as soon as it was day, he would wander far into the valley of Montmorency, the wood of Meudon, or among the windings of the Marne. Excited by the fresh air, the penetrating perfume of the growing vegetation, or the fragrance of the honeysuckles, he would walk on until hunger or fatigue made themselves felt. Then he would sit under a hedge, or by the side of a stream, and would make a rustic feast, by turns on watercresses, wood strawberries, and blackberries picked from the hedges; he would gather a few plants, read a few pages of Florian, then in greatest vogue, of Gessner, who was just translated, or of Jean-Jacques, of whom he possessed three odd volumes. The day was thus passed alternately in activity and rest, in pursuit and meditation, until the declining sun warned him to take again the road to Paris, where he would arrive, his feet torn and dusty, but his mind invigorated for a whole week.

One day, as he was going towards the wood of Viroflay, he met, close to it, a stranger who was occupied in botanizing, and in sorting the plants he had just gathered. He was an oldish man with an honest face; but his eyes, which were rather deep set under his eyebrows, had a somewhat uneasy and timid expression. He was dressed in a brown cloth coat, a grey waistcoat, black breeches, worsted stockings, and held an ivory-headed cane under his arm. His appearance was that of a small retired tradesman who was living on his means, and rather below the golden mean of Horace.

My father, who had great respect for age, civilly raised his hat to him as he passed; but, in doing so, a plant he held fell from his hand; the stranger stooped to take it up, and recognised it.

"It is a *Deutaria heptaphyllos*," said he; "I have not yet seen any of them in these woods; did you find it near here, sir?"

My father replied, that it was to be found in abundance on the top of the hill, towards Sevres, as well as the great *LasERPitium*.

"That, too!" repeated the old man more briskly. "Ah! I shall go and look for them; I have gathered them formerly on the hillside of Robaila."

My father proposed to take him. The stranger accepted his proposal with thanks, and hastened to collect together the plants he had gathered; but all of a sudden he appeared seized with a scruple. He observed to his companion, that the road he was going was halfway up the hill, and led in the direction of the castle of the Dames Royales at Bellevue; that by going to the top he would consequently turn out of his road, and that it was not right he should take this trouble for a stranger.

My father insisted upon it with his habitual good-nature; but the more eagerness he showed, the more obstinately the old man refused; it even seemed to my father that his good intention at last excited his suspicion. He therefore contented himself with pointing out the road to the stranger, whom he saluted, and he soon lost sight of him.

Many hours passed by, and he thought no more of the meeting. He had reached the copses of Chaville, where, stretched on the ground in a mossy glade, he read once more the last volume of *Emile*. The delight of reading it had so completely absorbed him, that he had ceased to see or hear any thing around him. With his cheeks flushed, and his eyes moist, he repeated aloud a passage which had particularly affected him.

An exclamation uttered close by him, awoke him from his ecstasy; he raised his head, and perceived the tradesman-looking person he had met before on the cross-road at Viroflay.

He was loaded with plants, the collection of which seemed to have put him into high good-humour.

"A thousand thanks, sir," said he to my father; "I have found all that you told me of, and I am indebted to you for a charming walk." My father respectfully got up, and made a civil reply. The stranger had grown quite familiar, and even asked if his *young brother botanist* did not think of returning to Paris. My

father replied in the affirmative, and opened his tin box to put his book back in it.

The stranger asked him with a smile, if he might without impertinence ask the name of it. My father answered that it was Rousseau's "Emile."

The stranger immediately became grave.

They walked for some time side by side, my father expressing, with the warmth of a heart still throbbing with emotion, all that this work had made him feel; his companion remaining cold and silent. The former extolled the glory of the great Genevese writer, whose genius had made him a citizen of the world; he expatiated on this privilege of great thinkers, who reign in spite of time and space, and gather together a people of willing subjects out of all nations; but the stranger suddenly interrupted him:—

"And how do you know," said he mildly, "whether Jean-Jacques would not exchange the reputation which you seem to envy, for the life of one of the woodcutters whose chimney's smoke we see? What has fame brought him except persecution? The unknown friends whom his books may have made for him, content themselves with blessing him in their hearts; while the declared enemies that they have drawn upon him, pursue him with violence and calumny! His pride has been flattered by success! How many times has it been wounded by satire! And be assured that human pride is like the Sybarite, who was prevented from sleeping by a crease in a rose leaf. The activity of a vigorous mind, by which the world profits, almost always turns against him who possesses it. He expects more from it as he grows older; the ideal he pursues continually disgusts him with the actual; he is like a man who, with a too refined sight, discerns spots and blemishes in the most beautiful face. I will not speak of stronger temptations and of deeper downfalls. Genius, you have said, is a kingdom; but what virtuous man is not afraid of being a king? He who feels only his great powers, is—

with the weaknesses and passions of our nature—preparing for great failures. Believe me, sir, the unhappy man who wrote this book, is no object of admiration or of envy; but, if you have a feeling heart, pity him!”

My father, astonished at the excitement with which his companion pronounced these last words, did not know what to answer.

Just then they reached the paved road which led from Meudon castle to that of Versailles; a carriage was passing.

The ladies who were in it perceived the old man, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and leaning out of the window, repeated—

“There is Jean-Jacques—there is Rousseau!”

Then the carriage disappeared in the distance.

My father remained motionless, confounded and amazed, his eyes wide open, and his hands clasped.

Rousseau, who had shuddered on hearing his name spoken, turned towards him:—

“You see,” said he, with the bitter misanthropy which his later misfortunes had produced in him, “Jean-Jacques cannot even hide himself: he is an object of curiosity to some, of malignity to others, and to all he is a public thing, at which they point the finger. It would signify less if he had only to submit to the impertinence of the idle; but, as soon as a man has had the misfortune to make himself a name, he becomes public property. Every one rakes into his life, relates his most trivial actions, and insults his feelings; he becomes like those walls, which every passer-by may deface with some abusive writing. Perhaps you will say that I have myself encouraged this curiosity by publishing my *Memoirs*. But the world forced me to it. They looked into my house through the blinds, and they slandered me; I have opened the doors and windows, so that they should at least know me such as I am. Adieu, sir: whenever you wish to know the worth of fame, remember that you have seen Rousseau.”

Nine o'clock.—Ah! now I understand my father's story! it contains the answer to one of the questions I asked myself a week ago. Yes, I now feel that fame and power are gifts that are dearly bought; and that, when they dazzle the soul, both of them are oftenest, as Madame de Stäel says, but “un deuil éclatant de bonheur!”

* 'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Henry VIII. Act II. Scene 3.]

CHAPTER VIII.

MISANTHROPY AND REPENTANCE.

August 3rd, Nine o'clock, P.M.—There are days when every thing appears gloomy to us; the world is, like the sky, covered by a dark fog. Nothing seems in its place; we only see misery, improvidence, and cruelty; the world seems without God, and given up to all the evils of chance.

Yesterday I was in this unhappy humour. After a long walk in the faubourgs, I returned home, sad and dispirited.

Every thing I had seen seemed to accuse the civilisation of which we are so proud! I had wandered into a little bye street, with which I was not acquainted, and I found myself suddenly in the middle of those dreadful abodes where the poor are born, languish, and die. I looked at those decaying walls, which time has covered with a foul leprosy; those windows, from which dirty rags hang out to dry; those fetid gutters, which coil along the fronts of the houses like venomous reptiles!—I felt oppressed with grief, and hastened on.

A little further on, I was stopped by the hearse of an hospital; a dead man, nailed down in his deal coffin, was going to his last abode, without funeral pomp or ceremony, and without followers. There was not here even that last friend of the outcast—the dog, which a painter has introduced as the sole attendant at the pauper's burial! He whom they were preparing to commit to the earth, was going to the tomb, as he had lived, alone; doubtless no one would be aware of his end. In this great battle of society, what signifies a soldier the less?

But what, then, is this human society, if one of its members can thus disappear like a leaf carried away by the wind?

The hospital was near a barrack; at the entrance of which old men, women, and children, were quarrelling for the remains of the coarse bread which the soldiers had given them in charity! Thus, beings like ourselves daily wait, in destitution, on our compassion till we give them leave to live! Whole troops of outcasts, in addition to the trials imposed on all God's children, have to endure the pangs of cold, hunger, and humiliation. Unhappy human commonwealth! where man is in a worse condition than the bee in its hive, or the ant in its subterranean city!

Ah! what then avails our reason? What is the good of so many high faculties, if we are neither the wiser nor the happier for them? Which of us would not exchange his life of labour and trouble with that of the birds of the air, to whom the whole world is a life of joy?

How well I understand the complaint of Mao, in the popular tales of the *Foyer Breton*, who, when dying of hunger and thirst, says, as he looks at the bullfinches rifling the fruit-trees—

“Alas! those birds are happier than Christians; they have no need of inns, or butchers, or bakers, or gardeners. God's heaven belongs to them, and earth spreads a continual feast before them! The tiny flies are their game, ripe grass their corn-fields, and hips and haws their store of fruit. They have the right of taking every where, without paying or asking leave: thus comes it that the little birds are happy, and sing all the livelong day!”

But the life of man in a natural state is like that of the birds; he equally enjoys nature. “The earth spreads a continual feast before him.” What, then, has he gained by that selfish and imperfect association which forms a nation? Would it not be better for every one to return again to the fertile bosom of nature, and live there upon her bounty in peace and liberty?

August 10th, Four o'clock, A.M.—The dawn casts a red glow on

my bed-curtains; the breeze brings in the fragrance of the gardens below; here I am again leaning on my elbows by the window, inhaling the freshness and gladness of this first waking of the day.

My eye always passes over the roofs filled with flowers, warbling, and sunlight, with the same pleasure; but to-day it stops at the end of a buttress which separates our house from the next. The storms have stripped the top of its plaster covering, and dust carried by the wind has collected in the crevices, and being fixed there by the rain, has formed a sort of aerial terrace, where some green grass has sprung up. Amongst it rises a stalk of wheat, which to-day is surmounted by a sickly ear that droops its yellow head.

This poor stray crop on the roofs, the harvest of which will fall to the neighbouring sparrows, has carried my thoughts to the rich crops which are now falling beneath the sickle; it has recalled to me the beautiful walks I took as a child through my native province, when the threshing-floors at the farm-houses resounded from every part with the sound of the flail, and when the carts, loaded with golden sheaves, came in by all the roads. I still remember the songs of the maidens, the cheerfulness of the old men, the open-hearted merriment of the labourers. There was, at that time, something in their looks both of pride and feeling. The latter came from thankfulness to God, the former from the sight of the harvest, the reward of their labour. They felt indistinctly the grandeur and the holiness of their part in the general work of the world; they looked with pride upon their mountains of corn sheaves, and they seemed to say—next to God, it is we who feed the world!

What a wonderful order there is in all human labour! Whilst the husbandman furrows his land, and prepares for every one his daily bread, the town artisan, far away, weaves the stuff in which he is to be clothed; the miner seeks under ground the iron for his plough; the soldier defends him against the invader; the

judge takes care that the law protects his fields; the tax-controller adjusts his private interests with those of the public; the merchant occupies himself in exchanging his products with those of distant countries; the men of science and of art add every day a few horses to this ideal team, which draws along the material world, as steam impels the gigantic trains of our iron roads! Thus all unite together, all help one another; the toil of each one benefits himself and all the world; the work has been apportioned among the different members of the whole of society by a tacit agreement. If, in this apportionment, errors are committed—if certain individuals have not been employed according to their capacities, these defects of detail diminish in the sublime conception of the whole. The poorest man included in this association has his place, his work, his reason for being there; each is something in the whole.

There is nothing like this for man in the state of nature; as he depends only upon himself, it is necessary that he be sufficient for every thing:—all creation is his property; but he finds in it as many hindrances as helps. He must surmount these obstacles with the single strength that God has given him; he cannot reckon on any other aid than chance and opportunity. No one reaps, manufactures, fights, or thinks for him; he is nothing to any one. He is a unit multiplied by the cipher of his own single powers; while the civilized man is a unit multiplied by the powers of the whole of society.

Yet, notwithstanding this, the other day, disgusted by the sight of some vices in detail, I cursed the latter, and almost envied the life of the savage.

One of the infirmities of our nature is always to mistake feeling for evidence, and to judge of the season by a cloud or a ray of sunshine.

Was the misery, the sight of which made me regret a savage life, really the effect of civilisation? Must we accuse society of having created these evils, or acknowledge, on the contrary, that

it has alleviated them? Could the women and children who were receiving the coarse bread from the soldier, hope in the desert for more help or pity? That dead man, whose forsaken state I deplored, had he not found, by the cares of an hospital, a coffin, and the humble grave where he was about to rest? Alone, and far from men, he would have died like the wild beast in his den, and would now be serving as food for vultures! These benefits of human society are shared, then, by the most destitute. Whoever eats the bread that another has reaped and kneaded, is under an obligation to his brother, and cannot say he owes him nothing in return. The poorest of us has received from society much more than his own single strength would have permitted him to wrest from nature.

But cannot society give us more? Who doubts it? Errors have been committed in this distribution of tasks and workers. Time will diminish the number of them; with new lights a better division will arise; the elements of society go on towards perfection, like every thing else; the difficulty is to know how to adapt ourselves to the slow step of time, whose progress can never be forced on without danger.

August 14th, Six o'clock, A.M.—My garret window rises upon the roof like a massive watch-tower. The corners are covered by large sheets of lead, which run into the tiles; the successive action of cold and heat has made them rise, and so a crevice has been formed in an angle on the right side. There a sparrow has built her nest.

I have followed the progress of this aerial habitation from the first day. I have seen the bird successively bring the straw, moss, and wool designed for the construction of her abode; and I have admired the persevering skill she expended in this difficult work. At first, my new neighbour spent her days in fluttering over the poplar in the garden, and in chirping along the gutters. A fine lady's life seemed the only one to suit her; then, all of a sudden, the necessity of preparing a shelter for her brood transformed

our idler into a worker. She no longer gave herself either rest or relaxation. I saw her always either flying, fetching, or carrying; neither rain nor sun stopped her. A striking example of the power of necessity! We are not only indebted to it for most of our talents, but for many of our virtues!

Is it not necessity which has given the people of less favoured climates that constant activity which has placed them so quickly at the head of nations? As they are deprived of most of the gifts of nature, they have supplied them by their industry; necessity has sharpened their understanding; endurance awakened their foresight. Whilst elsewhere man, warmed by an ever brilliant sun, and loaded with the bounties of the earth, was remaining poor, ignorant, and naked, in the midst of gifts he did not attempt to explore, here, he was forced by necessity to wrest his food from the ground; to build habitations to defend himself from the intemperance of the weather; and to warm his body by clothing himself with the wool of animals. Work makes him both more intelligent and more robust: disciplined by it, he seems to mount higher on the ladder of creation, while those more favoured by nature remain on the step the nearest to the brutes.

I made these reflections whilst looking at the bird, whose instinct seemed to have become more acute since she had been occupied in work. At last the nest was finished; she set up her household there, and I followed her through all the phases of her new existence.

When she had sat on the eggs, and the young ones were hatched, she fed them with the most attentive care. The corner of my window had become a stage of moral action, which fathers and mothers might come to take lessons from. The little ones soon became great, and this morning I have seen them take their first flight. One of them, weaker than the others, was not able to clear the edge of the roof, and fell into the gutter. I caught him with some difficulty, and placed him again on the tile in front of his house, but the mother has not noticed him. Once

freed from the cares of a family, she has resumed her wandering life among the trees and along the roofs. In vain I have kept away from my window, to take from her every excuse for fear; in vain the feeble little bird has called to her with plaintive cries; his bad mother has passed by singing and fluttering with a thousand airs and graces. Once only the father came near; he looked at his offspring with contempt, and then disappeared never to return!

I crumbled some bread before the little orphan, but he did not know how to peck it with his bill. I tried to catch him, but he escaped into the forsaken nest. What will become of him there, if his mother does not come back?

August 15th, Six o'clock.—This morning, on opening my window, I found the little bird dying upon the tiles; his wounds showed me that he had been driven from the nest by his unworthy mother. I tried in vain to warm him again with my breath; I felt the last pulsations of life; his eyes were already closed, and his wings hung down! I placed him on the roof in a ray of sunshine, and I closed my window. The struggle of life against death has always something gloomy in it: it is a warning to us.

Happily I hear some one in the passage: without doubt, it is my old neighbour; his conversation will distract my thoughts.

* * * *

It was my portress. Excellent woman! She wished me to read a letter from her son the sailor, and begged me to answer it for her.

I kept it, to copy it in my journal. Here it is:—

“Dear Mother—This is to tell you that I have been very well ever since the last time, except that last week I was nearly drowned with the boat, which would been a great loss, as there is not a better craft any where.

“A gust of wind capsized us; and just, as I came up above water, I saw the captain sinking. I went after him, as was my

duty, and, after diving three times, I brought him to the surface which pleased him much; for when we were hoisted on board, and he had recovered his senses, he threw his arms round my neck, as he would have done to an officer.

"I do not hide from you, dear mother, that this has delighted me. But it isn't all; it seems that fishing up the captain has reminded them that I had a good character, and they have just told me that I am promoted to be a sailor of the first class! Directly I knew it, I cried out, 'My mother shall have coffee twice a-day!' And really, dear mother, there is nothing now to hinder you, as I shall now have a larger allowance to send you.

"I conclude, by begging you to take care of yourself if you wish to do me good; for nothing makes me feel so well as to think that you want for nothing.

"Your son, from the bottom of my heart,

"JACQUES."

This is the answer that the portress dictated to me:—

"My good Jacquot—It makes me very happy to see that your heart is still as true as ever, and that you will never shame those who have brought you up. I need not tell you to take care of your life, because you know it is the same as my own, and that without you, dear child, I should wish for nothing but the grave; but we are not bound to live, while we are bound to do our duty.

"Do not fear for my health, good Jacques, I was never better! I do not grow old at all, for fear of making you unhappy. I want nothing, and I live like a lady. I even had some money over this year, and, as my drawers shut very badly, I put it into the Savings' Bank, where I have opened an account in your name. So, when you come back, you will find yourself with an income. I have also furnished your chest with new linen, and I have knitted you three new sea jackets.

"All your friends are well. Your cousin is just dead, leaving his widow in difficulties. I gave her your thirty francs remittance, and said that you had sent it her; and the poor woman remembers

you day and night in her prayers. So you see I have put that money in another sort of Savings' Bank; but there it is our hearts which get the interest.

"Good-bye, dear Jacquot, write to me often, and always remember the good God, and your old mother,

"PHROSINE MILLOT."

Good son, and worthy mother! how such examples bring us back to a love for the human race! In a fit of fanciful misanthropy, we may envy the fate of the savage, and prefer that of the birds to such as he; but impartial observations soon does justice to such paradoxes. We find, on examination, that in the mixed good and evil of human nature, the good so far abounds that we are not in the habit of noticing it, while the evil strikes us precisely on account of its being the exception. If nothing is perfect, nothing is so bad as to be without its compensation or its remedy. What spiritual riches are there in the midst of the evils of society! how much does the moral world redeem the material!

That which will ever distinguish man from the rest of creation, is his power of deliberate affections, and of enduring self-sacrifice. The mother who took care of her brood in the corner of my window, devoted to them the necessary time for accomplishing the laws which ensure the preservation of her kind; but she obeyed an instinct, and not a rational choice. When she had accomplished the mission appointed her by Providence, she cast off the duty as we get rid of a burden, and she returned again to her selfish liberty. The other mother, on the contrary, will go on with her task as long as God shall leave her here below; the life of her son will still remain, so to speak, joined to her own, and when she disappears from the earth, she will leave there that part of herself.

Thus, the affections make for our species an existence separate from all the rest of creation. Thanks to them, we enjoy a sort of terrestrial immortality; and if other beings succeed one another, man alone perpetuates himself.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FAMILY OF MICHAEL ABOUT.

September 15th, Eight o'clock.—This morning, whilst I was arranging my books, mother Genevieve came in, and brought me the basket of fruit I buy of her every Sunday. For nearly twenty years that I have lived in this quarter, I have dealt at her little fruit-shop. Perhaps I should be better served elsewhere, but mother Genevieve has but little custom; to leave her would do her harm, and cause her unnecessary pain. It seems to me that the length of our acquaintance has made me incur a sort of tacit obligation to her; my patronage has become her property.

She has put the basket upon my table, and as I wanted her husband, who is a joiner, to add some shelves to my bookcase, she has gone down-stairs again immediately to send him to me.

At first I did not notice either her looks or the sound of her voice; but now, that I recall them, it seems to me that she was not as jovial as usual. Can mother Genevieve be in trouble about any thing?

Poor woman! All her best years were subject to such bitter trials, that she might think she had received her full share already. Were I to live a hundred years, I should never forget the circumstances which first made her known to me, and which obtained her my respect.

It was at the time of my first settling in the faubourg. I had noticed her empty fruit-shop, which nobody came into and, being attracted by its forsaken appearance, I made my little purchases in it. I have always instinctively preferred the poor shops.

there is less choice in them, but it seems to me that my purchase is a sign of sympathy with a brother in poverty. These little dealings are almost always an anchor of hope to those whose very existence is in peril—the only means by which some orphan gains a livelihood. There, the aim of the tradesman is not to enrich himself, but to live? The purchase you make of him is more than an exchange—it is a good action.

Mother Genevieve at that time was still young, but had already lost that fresh bloom of youth, which suffering causes to wither so soon among the poor. Her husband, a clever joiner, gradually left off working to become, according to the picturesque expression of the workshops, *a worshipper of Saint Monday*. The wages of the week, which was always reduced to two or three working days, were completely dedicated by him to the worship of this god of the Barriers,* and Genevieve was obliged herself to provide for all the wants of the household.

One evening, when I went to make some trifling purchases of her, I heard a sound of quarrelling in the back shop. There were the voices of several women, among which I distinguished that of Genevieve broken by sobs. On looking further in, I perceived the fruit-woman, holding a child in her arms and kissing it, while a country nurse seemed to be claiming her wages from her. The poor woman, who without doubt had exhausted every explanation and every excuse, was crying in silence, and one of her neighbours was trying in vain to appease the countrywoman. Excited by that love of money, which the evils of a hard peasant life but too well excuse, and disappointed by the refusal of her expected wages, the nurse was launching forth in recriminations, threats, and abuse. In spite of myself I listened to the quarrel, not daring to interfere, and not thinking of going away when Michael Arout appeared at the shop door.

The joiner had just come from the Barrier, where he had passed

* The cheap wine-shops are outside the Barriers, to avoid the octroi, or municipal excise.

part of the day at the public-house. His blouse, without a belt and untied at the throat, showed none of the noble stains of work; in his hand he held his cap, which he had just picked up out of the mud; his hair was in disorder, his eye fixed, and the pallor of drunkenness in his face. He came reeling in, looked wildly round him, and called Genevieve.

She heard his voice, gave a start, and rushed into the shop; but at the sight of the miserable man, who was trying in vain to steady himself, she pressed the child in her arms, and bent over it with tears.

The countrywoman and the neighbour had followed her.

"Come! Come! Do you intend to pay me, after all?" cried the former in a rage.

"Ask the master for the money," ironically answered the woman from next door, pointing to the joiner, who had just fallen against the counter.

The countrywoman looked at him.

"Ah! he is the father," resumed she; "well, what idle beggars! not to have a penny to pay honest people, and get tipsy with wine in that way."

The drunkard raised his head.

"What! what!" stammered he; "who is it that talks of wine? I've had nothing but brandy! But I am going back again to get some wine! Wife, give me your money; there are some friends waiting for me at the *Père la Tuille*.

Genevieve did not answer; he went round the counter, opened the till, and began to rummage in it.

"You see where the money of the house goes!" observed the neighbour to the countrywoman; "how can the poor unhappy woman pay you when he takes all?"

"Is that my fault, then?" replied the nurse angrily; "they owe it me, and somehow or other they must pay me!"

And letting loose her tongue, as those women out of the country do, she began relating at length all the care she had

taken of the child, and all the expense it had been to her. In proportion as she recalled all she had done, her words seemed to convince her more than ever of her rights, and to increase her anger. The poor mother, who no doubt feared that her violence would frighten the child, returned into the back shop, and put it into its cradle.

Whether it was that the countrywoman saw in this act a determination to escape her claims, or that she was blinded by passion, I cannot say; but she rushed into the next room, where I heard the sounds of quarrelling, with which the cries of the child were soon mingled. The joiner, who was still rummaging in the till, was startled, and raised his head.

At the same moment Genevieve appeared at the door, holding in her arms the baby that the countrywoman was trying to tear from her. She ran towards the counter, and, throwing herself behind her husband, cried—

“Michael, defend your son!”

The drunken man quickly stood up erect, like one who awakes with a start.

“My son!” stammered he; “what son?”

His looks fell upon the child; a vague ray of intelligence passed over his features.

“Robert,” resumed he; “it is Robert!”

He tried to steady himself on his feet, that he might take the baby, but he tottered. The nurse approached him in a rage.

“My money, or I shall take the child away!” cried she; “it is I who have fed and brought it up: if you don’t pay for what has made it live, it ought to be the same to you as if it were dead. I shall not go till I have my due or the baby.”

“And what would you do with him?” murmured Genevieve, pressing Robert against her bosom.

“Take it to the Foundling!” replied the countrywoman harshly; “the hospital is a better mother than you are, for it pays for the food of its little ones.”

At the word "Foundling," Genevieve had exclaimed aloud in horror. With her arms wound round her son, whose head she hid in her bosom, and her two hands spread over him, she had retreated to the wall, and remained with her back against it, like a lioness defending her young ones. The neighbour and I contemplated this scene, without knowing how we could interfere. As for Michael, he looked at us by turns, making a visible effort to comprehend it all. When his eye rested upon Genevieve and the child, it lit up with a gleam of pleasure; but when he turned towards us, he again became stupid and hesitating.

At last, apparently making a prodigious effort, he cried out—"Wait!"

And, going to a tub full of water, he plunged his face into it several times.

Every eye was turned upon him; the countrywoman herself seemed astonished. At length he raised his dripping head. This ablution had partly dispelled his drunkenness; he looked at us for a moment, then he turned to Genevieve, and his face brightened up.

"Robert!" cried he, going up to the child, and taking him in his arms. "Ah! give him me, wife; I must look at him."

The mother seemed to give up his son to him with reluctance, and stayed before him with her arms extended, as if she feared the child would have a fall. The nurse began again in her turn to speak, and renewed her claims, this time threatening to appeal to law. At first Michael listened to her attentively, and when he comprehended her meaning, he gave the child back to its mother.

"How much do we owe you?" asked he.

The countrywoman began to reckon up the different expenses, which mounted to nearly thirty francs. The joiner felt to the bottom of his pockets, but could find nothing. His forehead became contracted by frowns; low curses began to escape him; all of a sudden he rummaged in his breast, drew forth a large watch, and holding it up above his head—

"Here it is—here's your money!" cried he with a joyful laugh; "a watch, number one! I always said it would keep for a drink on a dry day; but it is not I who will drink it, but the young one—Ah! ah! ah! go and sell it for me, neighbour, and if that is not enough, I have my earrings. Eh! Genevieve, take them off for me; the earrings will square all! They shall not say you have been disgraced on account of the child. No,—not even if I must pledge a bit of my flesh! My watch, my earrings, and my ring, get rid of all of them for me at the goldsmith's; pay the woman, and let the little fool go to sleep. Give him me, Genevieve, I will put him to bed."

And, taking the baby from the arms of his mother, he carried him with a firm step to his cradle.

It was easy to perceive the change which took place in Michael from this day. He cut all his old drinking acquaintances. He went early every morning to his work, and returned regularly in the evening to finish the day with Genevieve and Robert. Very soon he would not leave them at all, and he hired a place near the fruit-shop, and worked in it on his own account.

They would soon have been able to live in comfort, had it not been for the expenses which the child required. Every thing was given up to his education. He had gone through the regular school training, had studied mathematics, drawing, and the carpenter's trade, and had only begun to work a few months ago. Till now, they had been exhausting every resource which their laborious industry could provide to push him forward in his business; but, happily, all these exertions had not proved useless: the seed had brought forth its fruits, and the days of harvest were close by.

While I was thus recalling these remembrances to my mind, Michael had come in, and was occupied in fixing shelves where they were wanted.

During the time I was writing the notes of my journal, I was also scrutinizing the joiner.

The excesses of his youth and the labour of his manhood have deeply marked his face, his hair is thin and grey, his shoulders stooping, his legs shrunken and slightly bent. There seems a sort of weight in his whole being. His very features have an expression of sorrow and despondency. He answered my questions by monosyllables, and like a man who wishes to avoid conversation. From whence is this dejection, when one would think he had all he could wish for? I should like to know!

Ten o'clock.—Michael is just gone down-stairs to look for a tool he has forgotten. I have at last succeeded in drawing from him the secret of his and Genevieve's sorrow. Their son Robert is the cause of it!

Not that he has turned out ill after all their care—not that he is idle or dissipated; but both were in hopes he would never leave them any more. The presence of the young man was to have renewed and made glad their lives once more; his mother counted the days, his father prepared every thing to receive their dear associate in their toils, and at the moment when they were thus about to be repaid for all their sacrifices, Robert had suddenly informed them that he had just engaged himself to a contractor at Versailles.

Every remonstrance and every prayer were useless; he brought forward the necessity of initiating himself into all the details of an important contract, the facilities he should have, in his new position, of improving himself in his trade, and the hopes he had of turning his knowledge to advantage. At last when his mother, having come to the end of her arguments, began to cry, he hastily kissed her, and went away that he might avoid any further remonstrances.

He had been absent a year, and there was nothing to give them hopes of his return. His parents hardly saw him once a month, and then he only stayed a few moments with them.

"I have been punished where I had hoped to be rewarded," Michael said to me just now; "I had wished for a saving and

industrious son, and God has given me an ambitious and avaricious one! I had always said to myself, that when once he was grown up, we should have him always with us, to recall our youth and to enliven our hearts; his mother was always thinking of getting him married, and having children again to care for. You know women always will busy themselves about others. As for me, I thought of him working near my bench, and singing his new songs—for he has learnt music, and is one of the best singers at the Orphéon. A dream, sir, truly! Directly the bird was fledged, he took to flight, and remembers neither father nor mother. Yesterday, for instance, was the day we expected him; he should have come to supper with us. No Robert to-day either! He has had some plan to finish, or some bargain to arrange, and his old parents are put down last in the accounts, after the customers and the joiner's work. Ah! if I could have guessed how it would have turned out! Fool! to have sacrificed my likings and my money, for nearly twenty years, to the education of a thankless son! Was it for this I took the trouble to cure myself of drinking, to break with my friends, to become an example to the neighbourhood? The jovial good fellow has made a goose of himself. Oh! if I had to begin again! No, no! you see women and children are our bane. They soften our hearts; they lead us a life of hope and affection; we pass a quarter of our lives in fostering the growth of a grain of corn which is to be every thing to us in our old age, and when the harvest time comes—good-night, the ear is empty!"

While he was speaking, Michael's voice became hoarse, his eye fierce, and his lips quivered. I wished to answer him, but I could only think of common-place consolations, and I remained silent. The joiner pretended he wanted a tool, and left me.

Poor father! Ah! I know those moments of temptation when virtue has failed to reward us, and we regret having obeyed her! Who has not felt this weakness in hours of trial, and who has not uttered, at least once, the mournful exclamation of "Brutus!"

But if *virtue is only a word*, what is there then in life which is true and real? No, I will not believe that goodness is in vain! It does not always give the happiness we had hoped for, but it brings some other. In the world every thing is ruled by order, and has its proper and necessary consequences, and virtue cannot be the sole exception to the general law. If it had been prejudicial to those who practise it, experience would have avenged them; but experience has, on the contrary, made it more universal and more holy. We only accuse it of being a faithless debtor because we demand an immediate payment, and one apparent to our senses. We always consider life as a fairy tale, in which every good action must be rewarded by a visible wonder. We do not accept as payment a peaceful conscience, self-content, or a good name among men, treasures that are more precious than any other, but the value of which we do not feel till after we have lost them!

Michael is come back, and returned to his work. His son had not yet arrived.

By telling me of his hopes and his grievous disappointments, he became excited; he unceasingly went over again the same subject, always adding something to his griefs. He has just wound up his confidential discourse by speaking to me of a joiner's business which he had hoped to buy, and work to good account with Robert's help. The present owner had made a fortune by it, and, after thirty years of business, he was thinking of retiring to one of the ornamental cottages in the outskirts of the city, a usual retreat for the frugal and successful working man. Michael had not indeed the two thousand francs which must be paid down; but perhaps he could have persuaded Master Benoit to wait. Robert's presence would have been a security for him; for the young man could not fail to ensure the prosperity of a workshop; besides science and skill, he had the power of invention and bringing to perfection. His father had discovered among his drawings a new plan for a staircase, which had occupied his

thoughts for a long time; and he even suspected him of having engaged himself to the Versailles contractor for the very purpose of executing it. The youth was tormented by this spirit of invention, which took possession of all his thoughts, and, while devoting his mind to study, he had no time to listen to his feelings.

Michael told me all this with a mixed feeling of pride and vexation. I saw he was proud of the son he was abusing, and that his very pride made him more sensible of that son's neglect.

Six o'clock, P.M.—I have just finished a happy day. How many events have happened within a few hours, and what a change for Genevieve and Michael!

He had just finished fixing the shelves, and telling me of his son, whilst I laid the cloth for my breakfast.

Suddenly we heard hurried steps in the passage, the door opened, and Genevieve entered with Robert.

The joiner gave a start of joyful surprise, but he repressed it immediately, as if he wished to keep up the appearance of displeasure.

The young man did not appear to notice it, but threw himself into his arms in an open-hearted manner, which surprised me. Genevieve, whose face shone with happiness, seemed to wish to speak, and to restrain herself with difficulty.

I told Robert I was glad to see him, and he answered me with ease and civility.

"I expected you yesterday," said Michael Arout rather drily.

"Forgive me, father," replied the young workman, "but I had business at St. Germain's. I was not able to come back till it was very late, and then the master kept me."

The joiner looked at his son sideways, and then took up his hammer again.

"It is right," muttered he in a grumbling tone; "when we are with other people we must do as they wish; but there are

some who would like better to eat brown bread with their own knife, than partridges with the silver fork of a master."

"And I am one of those, father," replied Robert merrily; "but, as the proverb says, *you must shell the peas before you can eat them*. It was necessary that I should first work in a great workshop"—

"To go on with your plan of the staircase," interrupted Michael ironically.

"You must now say M. Raymond's plan, father," replied Robert smiling.

"Why?"

"Because I have sold it to him."

The joiner, who was planing a board, turned round quickly.

"Sold it!" cried he with sparkling eyes.

"For the reason that I was not rich enough to give it him."

Michael threw down the board and tool.

"There he is again!" resumed he angrily; "his good genius puts an idea into his head which would have made him known, and he goes and sells it to a rich man, who will take the honour of it himself"

"Well, what harm is there done?" asked Genevieve.

"What harm!" cried the joiner in a passion; "you understand nothing about it—you are a woman; but he—he knows well that a true workman never gives up his own inventions for money, no more than a soldier would give up his cross. That is his glory; he is bound to keep it for the honour it does him! Ah! thunder! if I had ever made a discovery, rather than put it up to auction I would have sold one of my eyes! Don't you see, that a new invention is like a child to a workman! he takes care of it, he brings it up, he makes a way for it in the world, and it is only poor creatures who sell it."

Robert coloured a little.

"You will think differently, father," said he, "when you know why I sold my plan."

"Yes, and you will thank him for it," added Genevieve, who could no longer keep silence.

"Never!" replied Michael.

"But, wretched man!" cried she, "he only sold it for our sakes!"

The joiner looked at his wife and son with astonishment. It was necessary to come to an explanation. The latter related how he had entered into a negotiation with Master Benoit, who had positively refused to sell his business unless one-half of the two thousand francs was first paid down. It was in the hopes of obtaining this sum that he had gone to work with the contractor at Versailles; he had had an opportunity of trying his invention, and of finding a purchaser. Thanks to the money he received for it, he had just concluded the bargain with Benoit, and had brought his father the key of the new work-yard.

This explanation was given by the young workman with so much modesty and simplicity, that I was quite affected by it. Genevieve cried; Michael pressed his son to his heart, and in a long embrace she seemed to ask his pardon for having unjustly accused him.

All was now explained with honour to Robert. The conduct which his parents had ascribed to indifference, really sprang from affection; he had neither obeyed the voice of ambition nor of avarice, nor even the nobler inspiration of inventive genius; his whole motive and single aim had been the happiness of Genevieve and Michael. The day for proving his gratitude had come, and he had returned them sacrifice for sacrifice!

After the explanations and exclamations of joy were over, all three were about to leave me; but the cloth being laid, I added three more places, and kept them to breakfast.

The meal was prolonged: the fare was only tolerable; but the overflowings of affection made it delicious. Never had I better understood the unspeakable charm of family love. What calm enjoyment in that happiness which is always shared

with others; in that community of interests which unites such various feelings; in that association of existences which forms one single being of so many! What is man without those home affections, which, like so many roots, fix him firmly in the earth, and permit him to imbibe all the juices of life? Energy, happiness, does it not all come from them? Without family life where would man learn to love, to associate, to deny himself? A community in little, is it not it which teaches us how to live in the great one? Such is the holiness of home, that to express our relation with God, we have been obliged to borrow the words invented for our family life. Men have named themselves the *sons* of a heavenly *Father*!

Ah! let us carefully preserve these chains of domestic union; do not let us unbind the human sheaf, and scatter its ears to all the caprices of chance, and of the winds; but let us rather enlarge this holy law; let us carry the principles and the habits of home beyond its bounds; and, if it may be, let us realize the prayer of the Apostle of the Gentiles when he exclaimed to the new-born children of Christ: "Be ye like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind." *

* Philippians ii. 2.

CHAPTER X.

OUR COUNTRY.

October 12th. Seven o'clock, A.M.—THE nights are already become cold and long; the sun, shining through my curtains, no more wakens me long before the hour for work; and even when my eyes are open, the pleasant warmth of the bed keeps me fast under my counterpane. Every morning there begins a long argument between my activity and my indolence; and, snugly wrapped up to the eyes, I wait, like the Gascon, until they have succeeded in coming to an agreement.

This morning, however, a light, which shone from my door upon my pillow, awoke me earlier than usual. In vain I turned on every side; the persevering light, like a victorious enemy, pursued me into every position. At last, quite out of patience, I sat up, and hurled my nightcap to the foot of the bed!

(I will observe, by way of parenthesis, that the various evolutions of this pacific head-gear, seem to have been, from the remotest time, symbols of the vehement emotions of the mind; for our language has borrowed its most common images from them. Thus we say: *Mettre son bonnet de travers; jeter son bonnet par-dessus les moulins; avoir la tête pres du bonnet, &c.**)

But be this as it may, I got up in a very bad humour, grumbling at my new neighbour who took it into his head to be wakeful when I wished to sleep. We are all made thus; we

* To be in a bad humour.
To brave the opinions of the world.
To be angry about a trifle.

do not understand that others may live on their own account. Each one of us is like the earth according to the old system of Ptolemy; and thinks he can have the whole universe revolve round himself. On this point, to make use of the metaphor already alluded to: *Tous les hommes ont la tête dans le même bonnet.**

I had for the time being, as I have already said, thrown mine to the other end of my bed; and I slowly disengaged my legs from the warm bed-clothes, while making a host of evil reflections upon the inconvenience of having neighbours.

For more than a month I had not had to complain of those whom chance had given me; most of them only came in to sleep, and went away again on rising. I was almost always alone on this top-story—alone with the clouds and the sparrows!

But at Paris nothing lasts: the current of life carries us along, like the seaweed torn from the rock; the houses are vessels which take mere passengers. How many different faces have I already seen pass along the landing-place belonging to our attics! How many companions of a few days have disappeared for ever! Some are lost in that medley of the living which whirls continually under the scourge of necessity; and others in that resting-place of the dead, who sleep under the hand of God!

Peter the bookbinder is one of these last. Wrapped up in selfishness, he lived alone and friendless; and he died as he had lived. His loss was neither mourned by any one, nor disarranged any thing in the world; there was merely a ditch filled up in the graveyard, and an attic emptied in our house.

It is the same which my new neighbour has inhabited for the last few days.

To say truly (now that I am quite awake, and my ill-humour is gone to join my nightcap)—to say truly, this new neighbour, although rising earlier than suits my idleness, is not the less a

* Said of those who are of the same opinions and tastes.

very good man; he carries his misfortunes, as few know how to carry their good fortunes, with cheerfulness and moderation.

But fate has cruelly tried him. Father Chauffour is but the wreck of a man. Instead of one of his arms hangs an empty sleeve; his left leg is made by the turner, and he drags the right along with difficulty; but above these ruins rises a calm and happy face. While looking upon his countenance radiant with a serene energy, while listening to his voice the tone of which has, so to speak, the accent of goodness, we see that the soul has remained entire in the half-destroyed covering. The fortress is a little damaged, as father Chauffour says, but the garrison is quite hearty.

Decidedly, the more I think of this excellent man, the more I reproach myself for the sort of malediction I bestowed on him when I awoke.

We are generally too indulgent in our secret wrongs towards our neighbour. All ill-will which does not pass the region of thought seems innocent to us, and, with our clumsy justice, we excuse, without examination, the sin which does not betray itself by action!

But are we then only bound to others by the enforcement of laws? Besides these external relations, is there not a real relation of feeling between men? Do we not owe to all those who live under the same heaven as ourselves, the aid not only of our acts but of our purposes? Ought not every human life to be to us like a vessel that we accompany with our prayers for a happy voyage? It is not enough that men do not harm one another, they must also help and love one another! The papal benediction, *Urbi et orbi!* should be the constant cry from all hearts. To condemn him who does not deserve it, even in the mind, even by a passing thought, is to break the great law, that which has established the union of souls here below, and to which Christ has given the sweet name of *charity*.

These thoughts came into my mind as I finished dressing, and

I said to myself that father Chaufour had a right to a reparation from me. To make amends for the feeling of ill-will I had against him just now, I owed him some explicit proof of sympathy. I heard him humming a tune in his room; he was at work, and I determined that I would make the first neighbour's call.

Eight o'clock, P.M.—I found father Chaufour at a table lighted by a little smoky lamp, without a fire, although it is already cold, and making large pasteboard boxes; he was humming a popular song in a low tone. I had hardly entered the room, when he uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

"Eh! is it you, neighbour? Come in, then! I did not think you got up so early, so I put a damper on my music; I was afraid of waking you."

Excellent man! whilst I was sending him to the devil he was putting himself out of his way for me!

This thought touched me, and I paid my compliments on his having become my neighbour with a warmth which opened his heart.

"Faith! you seem to me to have the look of a good Christian," said he in a voice of soldierlike cordiality, and shaking me by the hand; "I do not like those people who look on a landing-place as a frontier line, and treat their neighbours as if they were Cossacks. When men snuff the same air, and speak the same lingo, they are not meant to turn their backs to each other.—Sit down there, neighbour; I don't mean to order you; only take care of the stool, it has but three legs, and we must put good-will in the place of the fourth."

"It seems that that is a treasure which there is no want of here," I observed.

"Good-will!" repeated Chaufour; "that is all my mother left me, and I take it no son has received a better inheritance. Therefore they used to call me *Mr. Content* in the batteries."

"You are a soldier, then?"

"I served in the Third Artillery under the Republic, and afterwards in the Guard, through all the commotions. I was at Jemappes and at Waterloo; so I was at the christening and at the burial of our glory, as one may say!"

I looked at him with astonishment.

"And how old were you, then, at Jemappes?" asked I.

"Somewhere about fifteen," said he.

"How came you to think of being a soldier so early?"

"I did not really think about it. I then worked at toymaking, and never dreamt that France could ask me for any thing else than to make her draught-boards, shuttlecocks, and cups and balls. But I had an old uncle at Vincennes whom I went to see from time to time; a Fontenoy veteran in the same rank of life as myself, but with ability enough to have risen to that of a marshal. Unluckily, in those days there was no way for common people to get on. My uncle, whose services would have got him made a prince under *the other*, had then retired with the mere rank of sub-lieutenant. But you should have seen him in his uniform, his cross of St. Louis, his wooden leg, his white mustaches, and his noble countenance. You would have said he was a portrait of one of those old heroes in powdered hair which are at Versailles!

"Every time I visited him, he said something which remained fixed in my memory. But one day I found him quite grave.

"'Jerome,' said he, 'do you know what is going on on the frontier?'

"'No, lieutenant,' replied I.

"'Well,' resumed he, 'our country is in danger!'

"I did not well understand him, and yet it seemed something to me.

"'Perhaps you have never thought what your country means,' continued he, placing his hand on my shoulder; 'it is all that surrounds you, all that has brought you up and fed you, all that you have loved! This country that you see, these houses,

these trees, those girls who go along there laughing—this is your country! The laws which protect you, the bread which pays for your work, the words you interchange with others, the joy and grief which come to you from the men and things among which you live—this is your country! The little room where you used to see your mother, the remembrances she has left you, the earth where she rests—this is your country! You see it, you breathe it, every where! Think to yourself, my son, of your rights and your duties, your affections and your wants, your past and your present blessings; write them all under a single name—and that name will be your country!’

“I was trembling with emotion, and great tears were in my eyes.

“‘Ah! I understand,’ cried I; ‘it is our home in large; it is that part of the world where God has placed our body and our soul.

“‘You are right, Jerome,’ continued the old soldier; ‘so you comprehend also what we owe it.’

“‘Truly,’ resumed I, ‘we owe it all that we are; it is a question of love.’

“‘And of honesty, my son,’ concluded he: ‘the member of a family who does not contribute his share of work and of happiness fails in his duty, and is a bad kinsman; the member of a partnership who does not enrich it with all his might, with all his courage, and with all his heart, defrauds it of what belongs to it, and is a dishonest man; it is the same with him who enjoys the advantages of having a country, and does not accept the burdens of it; he forfeits his honour, and is a bad citizen!’

“‘And what must one do, lieutenant, to be a good citizen?’ asked I.

“‘Do for your country what you would do for your father and mother,’ said he.

“I did not answer at the moment; my heart was swelling, and the blood boiling in my veins: but, on returning along the road,

my uncle's words were, so to speak, written up before my eyes. I repeated, 'Do for your country what you would do for your father and mother.'—And my country is in danger; an enemy attacks it, whilst I—I turn cups and balls!

"This thought tormented me so much all night, that the next day I returned to Vincennes to announce to the lieutenant that I had just enlisted, and was going off to the frontiers. The brave man pressed me upon his cross of St. Louis, and I went away as proud as an ambassador.

"That is how, neighbour, I became a volunteer under the Republic before I had cut my wise teeth."

All this was told quietly, and in the cheerful spirit of him who looks upon an accomplished duty neither as a merit nor a grievance.

While he spoke, father Chaufort grew animated, not on account of himself, but of the general subject. Evidently that which occupied him in the drama of life was not his own part, but the drama itself.

This sort of disinterestedness touched me. I prolonged my visit, and showed myself as frank as possible, in order to win his confidence in return. In an hour's time, he knew my position and my habits; I was on the footing of an old acquaintance.

I even confessed the ill-humour the light of his lamp put me into a short time before. He took what I said with the touching cheerfulness which comes from a heart in the right place, and which looks upon every thing on the good side. He neither spoke to me of the necessity which obliged him to work whilst I could sleep, nor of the deprivations of the old soldier compared to the luxury of the young clerk; he only struck his forehead, accused himself of thoughtlessness, and promised to put list round his door!

O great and beautiful soul! with whom nothing turns to bitterness, and who art peremptory only in duty and benevolence.

October 15th.—This morning I was looking at a little engrav-

ing I had framed myself, and hung over my writing-table; it is a design of Gavarni's, in which, in a grave mood, he has represented *A veteran and a conscript*.*

By often contemplating these two figures, so different in expression, and so true to life, both have become living in my eyes; I have seen them move, I have heard them speak; the picture has become a real scene, at which I am present as spectator.

The veteran advances slowly, his hand leaning on the shoulder of the young soldier. His eyes, closed for ever, no longer perceive the sun shining through the flowering chestnut trees. In the place of his right arm hangs an empty sleeve, and he walks with a wooden leg, the sound of which on the pavement makes those who pass turn to look.

At the sight of this ancient wreck from our patriotic wars, the greater number shake their heads in pity, and I seem to hear a sigh or an imprecation.

"See the worth of glory!" says a portly merchant, turning away his eyes in horror.

"What a deplorable use of human life!" rejoins a young man who carries a volume of philosophy under his arm.

"The trooper had better not have left his plough," adds a countryman with a cunning air.

"Poor old man!" murmurs a woman almost crying.

The veteran has heard, and he knits his brow; for it seems to him that his guide has grown thoughtful. The latter, attracted by what he hears around him, hardly answers the old man's questions, and his eyes, vaguely lost in space, seem to be seeking there for the solution of some problem.

I seem to see a twitching in the grey mustaches of the veteran; he stops abruptly, and, holding back his guide with his remaining arm—

"They all pity me," says he, "because they do not understand it; but if I were to answer them—"

* See this beautiful composition in the *Magazin Pittoresque* for 1847.

"What would you say to them, father?" asks the young man with curiosity.

"I would say first to the woman who weeps when she looks at me, to keep her tears for other misfortunes; for each of my wounds calls to mind some struggle for my colours. There is room for doubting how some men have done their duty: with me it is visible. I carry the account of my services, written with the enemy's steel and lead, on myself: to pity me for having done my duty, is to suppose I had better have been false to it."

"And what would you say to the countryman, father?"

"I would tell him that, to drive the plough in peace, we must first secure the country itself; and that, as long as there are foreigners ready to eat our harvest, there must be arms to defend it."

"But the young student, too, shook his head when he lamented such a use of life."

"Because he does not know what self-sacrifice and suffering can teach. The books which he studies we have put in practice though we never read them; the principles he applauds we have defended with powder and the bayonet."

"And at the price of your limbs and your blood. The merchant said, when he saw your maimed body, 'See the worth of glory!'"

"Do not believe him, my son; true glory is the bread of the soul: it is this which nourishes self-sacrifice, patience, and courage. The Master of all has bestowed it as a tie the more between men. When we desire to be distinguished by our brethren, do we not thus prove our esteem and our sympathy for them? The longing for admiration is but one side of love. No, no—true glory can never be too dearly paid for! That which we should deplore, child, is not the infirmities which prove a generous self-sacrifice, but those which our vices or our imprudence have called forth. Ah! if I could speak aloud to those

who, when passing, cast looks of pity upon me, I should say to the young man, whose excesses have dimmed his sight before he is old, 'What have you done with your eyes!' To the slothful man, who with difficulty drags along his enervated mass of flesh, 'What have you done with your feet?' To the old man, who is punished for his intemperance by the gout, 'What have you done with your hands?' To all, 'What have you done with the days God granted you, with the faculties you should have employed for the good of your brethren?' If you cannot answer, bestow no more of your pity upon the old soldier maimed in his country's cause; for he—he at least—can show his scars without shame."

October 16th.—The little engraving has made me comprehend better the merits of father Chaufour, and I therefore esteem him all the more.

He has just now left my attic. There no longer passes a single day without his coming to work by my fire, or my going to sit and talk by his board.

The old artilleryman has seen much, and likes to tell of it. For twenty years he was an armed traveller throughout Europe, and he fought without hatred, for he was possessed by a single thought: the honour of the national flag! It might have been his superstition, if you will; but it was, at the same time, his safeguard.

The word, FRANCE, which was then resounding so gloriously through the world, served as a talisman to him against all sorts of temptation. To have to support a great name may seem a burden to vulgar minds; but it is an encouragement to vigorous ones.

"I, too, have had many moments," said he to me the other day, when I have been tempted to make friends with the devil. War is not precisely the school for rural virtues. By dint of burning, destroying, and killing, you grow a little tough as regards your feelings; and, when the bayonet has made you king, the notions of

an autocrat come into your head a little strongly, But at these moments I called to mind that country which the lieutenant spoke of to me, and I whispered to myself the well-known phrase, *Toujours Français!* It has been laughed at since. People who would make a joke of the death of their mother, have turned it into ridicule, as if the name of our country was not also a noble and a binding thing. For my part, I shall never forget from how many follies the title of Frenchman has kept me. When, overcome with fatigue, I have found myself in the rear of the colours, and when the musketry was rattling in the front ranks, many a time I heard a voice, which whispered in my ear, 'Leave the others to fight, and for to-day take care of your own hide!' But then, that word *Français!* murmured within me, and I pressed forward to help my comrades. At other times, when irritated by hunger, cold, and wounds, I have arrived at the hovel of some *Meinherr*, I have been seized with an itching to break the master's back, and to burn his hut; but I whispered to myself *Français!* and this name would not rhyme either with incendiary or murderer. I have, in this way, passed through kingdoms from east to west, and from north to south, always determined not to bring disgrace upon my country's flag. The lieutenant, you see, had taught me a magic word—*My country!* Not only must we defend it, but we must also make it great and loved."

October 17th.—To-day I have paid my neighbour a long visit. A chance expression led the way to his telling me more of himself than he had yet done.

I asked him whether both his limbs had been lost in the same battle.

"No, no!" replied he; "the cannon only took my leg—it was the Clamart quarries that my arm went to feed."

And when I asked him for the particulars—

"That's as easy as to say, good-morning," continued he. "After the great break-up of Waterloo, I stayed three months in the

camp hospital to give my wooden leg time to grow. As soon as I was able to hobble a little, I took leave of headquarters, and took the road to Paris, where I hoped to find some relation or friend; but no—all were gone, or under ground. I should have found myself less strange at Vienna, Madrid, or Berlin. And although I had a leg the less to provide for, I was none the better off; my appetite had come back, and my last halfpence were taking flight.

"I had indeed met my old colonel, who recollected that I had helped him out of the skirmish at Montereau by giving him my horse, and he had offered me bed and board at his house. I knew that the year before he had married a castle, and no few farms, so that I might become permanent coat-brusher to a millionaire, which was not without its temptations. It remained to see if I had not any thing better to do. One evening I set myself to reflect upon it.

"Let us see, Chaufour,' said I to myself; 'the question is to act like a man. The colonel's place suits you, but cannot you do any thing better? Your body is still in good condition, and your arms strong; do you not owe all your strength to your country, as your Vincennes uncle said? Why not leave some old soldier, more cut up than you are, to get his hospital at the colonel's? Come, trooper, you are still fit for another stout charge or two! You must not lay up before your time.'

"Whereupon I went to thank the colonel, and to offer my services to an old artilleryman, who had gone back to his home at Clamart, and who had taken up the quarryman's pick again.

"For the first few months I played the conscript's part—that is to say, there was more stir than work: but with a good will one gets the better of stones, as of every thing else. I did not become, so to speak, the leader of a column, but I brought up the rank among the good workmen, and I ate my bread with a good appetite, seeing I had earned it with a good will. For even under ground, you see, I still kept my pride. The thought that

I was working to do my part in changing rocks into houses pleased my heart: I said to myself,—

“ ‘Courage, Chauffour, my old boy, you are helping to beautify your country.’ ”

“ And that kept up my spirit.

“ Unfortunately some of my companions were rather too sensible to the charms of the brandy bottle; so much so, that one day one of them, who could hardly distinguish his right hand from his left, thought proper to strike a light close to a charged mine. The mine exploded suddenly, and sent a shower of stone grape among us, which killed three men, and carried away the arm of which I have now only the sleeve.”

“ So you were again without means of living?” said I to the old soldier.

“ That is to say, I had to change them,” replied he quietly. “ The difficulty was to find one which would do with five fingers instead of ten; I found it, however.”

“ How was that?”

“ Among the Paris street-sweepers.”

“ What! you have been one——”

“ Of the pioneers of the health force for a while, neighbour, and that was not my worst time either. The corps of sweepers is not so low as it is dirty, I can tell you! There are old actresses in it, who could never learn to save their money, and ruined merchants from the exchange; we even had a professor of classics, who for a little drink would recite Latin to you, or Greek tragedies, as you chose. They could not have competed for the Monthyon prize; but we excused faults on account of poverty, and cheered our poverty by our good-humour and jokes. I was as ragged and as cheerful as the rest, while trying to be something better. Even in the mire of the gutter I preserved my faith, that nothing is dishonourable which is useful to our country.”

“ ‘Chauffour,’ said I to myself with a smile, ‘after the sword

the hammer; after the hammer, the broom; you are going downstairs, my old boy, but you are still serving your country.'

"However, you ended by leaving your new profession?" said I.

"A reform was required, neighbour; the street-sweepers seldom have their feet dry, and the damp at last made the wounds in my good leg open again. I could no longer follow the regiment, and it was necessary to lay down my arms. It is now two months since I left off working in the *sanitary department* of Paris.

"At the first moment I was daunted. Of my four limbs, I had now only my right hand, and even that had lost its strength; so it was necessary to find some gentlemanly occupation for it. After trying a little of every thing, I fell upon card box making, and here I am at cases for the lace and buttons of the national guard; it is work of little profit, but it is within the capacity of all. By getting up at four and working till eight, I earn sixty-five centimes;* my lodging and bowl of soup take fifty of them; and there are three sous over for luxuries. So I am richer than France herself, for I have no deficit in my budget; and I continue to serve her, as I save her lace and buttons."

At these words father Chaufour looked at me with a smile, and with his great scissors began cutting the green paper again for his card-board cases. My heart was touched, and I remained lost in thought.

Here is still another member of that sacred phalanx who, in the battle of life, always march in front for the example and the salvation of the world! Each of these brave soldiers has his war-cry; for this one it is "Country," for that "Home," for a third "Mankind;" but they all follow the same standard—that of duty; for all the same divine law reigns—that of self-sacrifice. To love something more than one's-self—that is the secret of all that is great; to know how to live for others—that is the aim of all noble souls.

* About sixpence halfpenny.

CHAPTER XL

MORAL USE OF INVENTORIES.

November 13th. Nine o'clock, P.M.—I had well stopped up the chinks of my window; my little carpet was nailed down in its place; my lamp, provided with its shade, cast a subdued light around; and my stove made a low murmuring sound, as if some live creature was sharing my hearth with me.

All was silent around me. But out of doors the snow and rain swept the roofs, and with a low, rushing sound, ran along the gurgling gutters; sometimes a gust of wind forced itself beneath the tiles, which rattled together like castanets, and afterwards it was lost in the empty corridor. Then a slight and pleasurable shiver thrilled through my veins: I drew the flaps of my old wadded dressing-gown round me, I pulled my threadbare velvet cap over my eyes, and, letting myself sink deeper into my easy-chair, while my feet basked in the heat and light which shone through the door of the stove, I gave myself up to a sensation of enjoyment, made more lively by the consciousness of the storm which raged without. My eyes, swimming in a sort of mist, wandered over all the details of my peaceful abode; they passed from my prints to my bookcase, resting upon the little chintz sofa, the white curtains of the iron bedstead, and the portfolio of loose papers—those archives of the attics; and then, returning to the book I held in my hand, they attempted to seize once more the thread of the reading which had been thus interrupted.

In fact this book, the subject of which had at first interested

me, had become painful to me. I had come to the conclusion that the pictures of the writer were too sombre. His description of the miseries of the world appeared exaggerated to me; I could not believe in such excess of poverty and of suffering; neither God nor man could show themselves so harsh towards the sons of Adam. The author had yielded to an artistic temptation: he was making a show of the sufferings of humanity, as Nero burnt Rome for the sake of the picturesque.

Taken altogether, this poor human house, so often repaired, so much criticized, is still a pretty good abode; we may find enough in it to satisfy our wants, if we know how to set bounds to them; the happiness of the wise man costs but little, and asks but little space.

These consoling reflections became more and more confused. At last my book fell on the ground without my having the resolution to stoop and take it up again; and, insensibly overcome by the luxury of the silence, the subdued light, and the warmth, I fell asleep.

I remained for some time lost in the sort of insensibility be longing to a first sleep; at last some vague and broken sensations came over me. It seemed to me that the day grew darker—that the air became colder—I half perceived bushes covered with the scarlet berries which foretell the coming of winter. I walked on a dreary road, bordered here and there with juniper-trees white with frost. Then the scene suddenly changed. I was in the diligence: the cold wind shook the doors and windows; the trees, loaded with snow, passed by like ghosts; in vain I thrust my benumbed feet into the crushed straw. At last the carriage stopped, and by one of those stage effects so common in sleep, I found myself alone in a barn, without a fire-place, and open to the winds on all sides. I saw again my mother's gentle face, known only to me in my early childhood, the noble and stern countenance of my father, the little fair head of my sister, who was taken from us at ten years old: all my dead

family lived again around me; they were there, exposed to the bitings of the cold and to the pangs of hunger. My mother prayed by the resigned old man, and my sister, rolled up on some rags of which they had made her a bed, cried in silence, and held her naked feet in her little blue hands.

It was a page from the book I had just read transferred into my own existence.

My heart was oppressed with inexpressible anguish. Crouched in a corner, with my eyes fixed upon this dismal picture, I felt the cold slowly creeping upon me, and I said to myself with bitterness—

“Let us die, since poverty is a dungeon guarded by suspicion, apathy, and contempt, and from which it is vain to try to escape; let us die, since there is no place for us at the banquet of the living!”

And I tried to rise to join my mother again, and to wait at her feet for the hour of release.

This effort dispelled my dream, and I awoke with a start.

I looked around me; my lamp was expiring, the fire in my stove extinguished, and my half-opened door was letting in an icy wind. I got up, with a shiver, to shut and double lock it, then I made for the alcove, and went to bed in haste.

But the cold kept me awake a long time, and my thoughts continued the interrupted dream.

The pictures I had lately accused of exaggeration now seemed but a too faithful representation of reality; and I went to sleep without being able to recover my optimism—or my warmth.

Thus did a cold stove and a badly closed door alter my point of view. All went well when my blood circulated properly; all looked gloomy when the cold laid hold on me.

This reminds me of the story of the duchess who was obliged to pay a visit to the neighbouring convent on a winter's day. The convent was poor, there was no wood, and the monks had nothing but their discipline and the ardour of their prayers to

■ keep out the cold. The duchess, who was shivering with cold,
h returned home, greatly pitying the poor monks. Whilst they
p were taking off her cloak, and adding two more logs to her fire,
s she called for her steward, whom she ordered to send some wood
to the convent immediately. She then had her couch moved
close to the fireside, the warmth of which soon revived her. The
recollection of what she had just suffered was speedily lost in
her present comfort, when the steward came in again to ask how
many loads of wood he was to send.

"Oh! you may wait," said the great lady carelessly; "the weather is very much milder."

Thus, man's judgments are formed less from reason than from sensation; and, as sensation comes to him from the outward world, so he finds himself more or less under its influence: by little and little he imbibes a portion of his habits and feelings from it.

It is not then without cause, that when we wish to judge of a stranger beforehand, we look for indications of his character in the circumstances which surround him. The things amongst which we live are necessarily made to take our image, and we unconsciously leave in them a thousand impressions of our minds. As we can judge by an empty bed of the height and attitude of him who has slept in it, so the abode of every man discovers to a close observer the extent of his intelligence and the feelings of his heart. Bernardin de St Pierre has related the story of a young girl who refused a suitor, because he would never have flowers or domestic animals in his house; perhaps the sentence was severe, but not without reason. We may presume that a man insensible to beauty, and to humble affection, must be ill-prepared to feel the enjoyments of a happy marriage.

14th. *Seven o'clock, P.M.*—This morning, as I was opening my journal to write, I had a visit from our old cashier.

His sight is not so good as it was, his hand begins to shake, and the work he was able to do formerly is now becoming some-

what laborious to him. I had undertaken to write out some of his papers, and he came for those I had finished.

We conversed a long time by the stove, while he was drinking a cup of coffee which I made him take.

M. Rateau is a sensible man, who has observed much and speaks little, so that he has always something to say.

While looking over the accounts I had prepared for him, his looks fell upon my journal, and I was obliged to acknowledge that in this way I wrote a diary of my actions and thoughts every evening for private use. From one thing to another, I began speaking to him of my dream the day before, and my reflections about the influence of outward objects upon our ordinary sentiments; he smiled:—

"Ah! you too have my *superstitions*," he said quietly. "I have always believed, like you, that *you may know the game by the lair*: it is only necessary to have tact and experience; but without them we commit ourselves to many rash judgments. For my part, I have been guilty of this more than once, but sometimes I have also drawn a right conclusion. I recollect especially, an adventure which goes as far back as the first years of my youth—"

He stopped, I looked at him as if I waited for his story, and he told it me at once.

At this time he was still but third clerk to an attorney at Orleans. His master had sent him to Montargis on different affairs, and he intended to return in the diligence the same evening, after having received the amount of a bill at a neighbouring town; but they kept him at the debtor's house, and when he was able to set out the day had already closed.

Fearing not to be able to reach Montargis in good time, he took a cross-road they pointed out to him. Unfortunately the fog increased, no star was visible in the heavens, and the darkness became so great that he lost his road. He tried to retrace his steps, passed twenty footpaths, and at last found himself completely astray.

After the vexation of losing his place in the diligence, came the feeling of uneasiness as to his situation. He was alone, on foot, lost in a forest, without any means of finding his right road again; and he had a pretty considerable sum of money about him, for which he was responsible. His anxiety was increased by his inexperience. The idea of a forest was connected in his mind with so many adventures of robbery and murder that he expected some fatal encounter every instant.

To say the truth, his situation was not encouraging. The place was not considered safe, and for some time past there had been rumours of the sudden disappearance of several horse-dealers, though there was no trace of any crime having been committed.

Our young traveller, with his eyes staring forward, and his ears listening, followed a footpath which he supposed might take him to some house or road; but woods always succeeded to woods. At last he perceived a light at a distance, and in a quarter of an hour he reached a high-road.

A single house (the light from which had attracted him) appeared at a little distance. He was going towards the entrance gate of the court-yard, when the trot of a horse made him turn his head. A man on horseback had just appeared at the turning of the road, and in an instant was close to him.

The first words he addressed to the young man showed him to be the farmer himself. He related how he had lost himself, and learnt from the countryman that he was on the road to Pithiviers. Montargis was three leagues behind him.

The fog had insensibly changed into a drizzling rain, which was beginning to wet the young clerk through; he seemed afraid of the distance he had still to go, and the horseman, who saw his hesitation, invited him to come into the farm-house.

It had something of the look of a fortress. Surrounded by a pretty high wall, it could not be seen except through the bars of the great gate, which was carefully closed. The farmer, who had

got off his horse, did not go near it, but, turning to the right, he reached another entrance closed in the same way, but of which he had the key.

Hardly had he passed the threshold, when a terrible barking resounded from each end of the yard. The farmer told his guest to fear nothing, and showed him the dogs chained up to their kennels; both were of an extraordinary size, and so savage that the sight of their master himself could not quiet them.

A boy, attracted by their barking, came out of the house, and took the farmer's horse. The latter began questioning him about some orders he had given before he left the house, and went towards the stables to see that they had been executed.

Thus left alone, our clerk looked about him.

A lantern which the boy had placed on the ground cast a dim light over the court-yard. All around seemed empty and deserted. Not a trace was visible of the disorder often seen in a country farm-yard, and which shows a temporary cessation of the work which is soon to be resumed again. Neither a cart forgotten there where the horses had been unharnessed, nor sheaves of corn heaped up ready for threshing, nor a plough overturned in a corner, and half-hidden under the freshly cut clover. The yard was swept, the barns shut up and padlocked. Not a single vine creeping up the walls; every where stone, wood, and iron!

He took up the lantern and went up to the corner of the house. Behind was a second yard, where he heard the barking of a third dog, and a covered well was built in the middle of it.

Our traveller looked in vain for the little farm garden, where pumpkins of different sorts creep along the ground, or where the bees from the hives hum under the hedges of honeysuckle and elder. Verdure and flowers were nowhere to be seen. He did not even perceive the sight of a poultry-yard or pigeon-house. The habitation of his host was every where wanting in that which makes the grace, the life, and the charm of the country.

The young man thought that his host must be of a very careless,

or a very calculating disposition, to concede so little to domestic enjoyments and the pleasures of the eye; and judging, in spite of himself, by what he saw, he could not help feeling a distrust of his character.

In the mean time the farmer returned from the stables, and made him enter the house.

The inside of the farm-house corresponded to its outside. The whitewashed walls had no other ornament than a row of guns of all sizes; the massive furniture scarcely redeemed its clumsy appearance by its great solidity. The cleanliness was doubtful, and the absence of all minor conveniences proved that a woman's care was wanting in the household concerns. The young clerk learnt that the farmer, in fact, lived here with no one but his two sons.

Of this, indeed, the signs were plain enough. A table with a cloth laid, that no one had taken the trouble to clear away, was left near the window. The plates and dishes were scattered upon it without any order, and loaded with potatoe parings and half-picked bones. Several empty bottles emitted an odour of brandy, mixed with the pungent smell of tobacco smoke.

After having seated his guest, the farmer lit his pipe, and his two sons resumed their work by the fireside. Now and then the silence was just broken by a short remark, answered by a word or an exclamation; and then they all became as mute as before.

"From my childhood," said the old cashier, "I had been very sensible to the impression of outward objects; later in life, reflection had taught me to study the causes of these impressions rather than to drive them away. I set myself, then, to examine every thing around me with great attention.

"Below the guns I had remarked on entering, some wolf-traps were suspended, and to one of them still hung the mangled remains of a wolf's paw, which they had not yet taken off from the iron teeth. The blackened chimneypiece was ornamented by an owl

and a raven nailed on the wall, their wings extended and their throats with a huge nail through each; a fox's skin freshly flayed was spread before the window; and a larder hook, fixed into the principal beam, held a headless goose, whose body swayed about over our heads.

"My eyes were offended by all these details, and I turned them again upon my hosts. The father, who sat opposite to me, only interrupted his smoking to pour out his drink, or address some reprimand to his sons. The eldest of these was scraping a deep bucket, and the bloody scrapings which he threw into the fire every instant, filled the room with a disagreeable fetid smell; the second son was sharpening some butcher's knives. I learnt, from a word dropped from the father, that they were preparing to kill a pig the next day.

"These occupations, and the whole aspect of things inside the house, told of such habitual coarseness in their way of living, as seemed to explain, while it formed the fitting counterpart of, the forbidding gloominess of the outside. My astonishment by degrees changed into disgust, and my disgust into uneasiness. I cannot detail the whole chain of ideas which succeeded one another in my imagination; but, yielding to an impulse I could not overcome, I got up, declaring I would go on my road again.

"The farmer made some efforts to keep me; he spoke of the rain, of the darkness, and of the length of the way. I replied to all by the absolute necessity there was for my being at Montargis that very night; and, thanking him for his brief hospitality, I set off again in a haste which might well have confirmed the truth of my words to him.

"However, the freshness of the night, and the exercise of walking, did not fail to change the direction of my thoughts. When away from the objects which had awakened such lively disgust in me, I felt it gradually diminishing. I began to smile at the susceptibility of my feelings, and then, in proportion as the rain became heavier and colder, these strictures on myself assumed

a tone of ill-temper. I silently accused myself of the absurdity of mistaking sensation for admonitions of my reason. After all, were not the farmer and his sons free to live alone, to hunt, to keep dogs, and to kill a pig? where was the crime of it? With less nervous susceptibility, I should have accepted the shelter they offered me, and I should now be sleeping snugly on a truss of straw, instead of walking with difficulty through the cold and drizzling rain. I thus continued to reproach myself, until towards morning I arrived at Montargis, jaded and benumbed with cold.

"When, however, I got up refreshed, towards the middle of the next day, I instinctively returned to my first opinion. The appearance of the farm-house presented itself to me under the same repulsive colours, which the evening before had determined me to make my escape from it. Reason itself remained silent when reviewing all those coarse details, and was forced to recognise in them the indications of a low nature, or else the presence of some baleful influence.

"I went away the next day without being able to learn any thing concerning the farmer or his sons; but the recollection of my adventure remained deeply fixed in my memory.

"Ten years afterwards, I was travelling in the diligence through the department of the Loiret; I was leaning from the window, and looking at some coppice ground now for the first time brought under cultivation, and the mode of clearing which one of my travelling companions was explaining to me, when my eyes fell upon a walled enclosure, with an iron-barred gate. Inside it, I perceived a house with all the blinds closed, and which I immediately recollected—it was the farm-house where I had been sheltered: I eagerly pointed it out to my companion, and asked who lived in it.

"'Nobody, just now,' replied he.

"'But was it not kept, some years ago, by a farmer and his two sons?'

" 'The Turreaus,' said my travelling companion, looking at me; 'did you know them?'

" 'I saw them once.'

" He shook his head.

" 'Yes, yes!' resumed he; 'for many years they lived there like wolves in their den; they merely knew how to till the land, kill game, and drink. The father managed the house, but men living alone, without women to love them, without children to soften them, and without God to make them think of heaven, always turn into wild beasts you see; so one morning, the eldest son, who had been drinking too much brandy, would not harness the plough-horses, his father struck him with his whip, and the son, who was mad drunk, shot him dead with his gun.' "

16th, P.M.—I have been thinking of the story of the old cashier these two days; it came so opportunely upon the reflections my dream had suggested to me.

Have I not an important lesson to learn from all this?

If our sensations have an incontestable influence upon our judgments, how comes it that we are so little careful of those things which awaken or modify these sensations? The external world is always reflected in us as in a mirror; and fills our minds with pictures which, unconsciously to ourselves, become the germs of our opinions, and of our rules of conduct. All the objects which surround us are then, in reality, so many talismans from whence good and bad influences are emitted. It is for us to choose them wisely, so as to create a healthy atmosphere for our minds.

Feeling convinced of this truth, I set about making a survey of my attic.

The first object on which my eyes rest, is an old map of the history of the principal monastery in my native province. I had unrolled it with much satisfaction, and placed it on the most conspicuous part of the wall. Why had I given it this place? Ought this sheet of old worm-eaten parchment to be of so much

value to me, who am neither an antiquary nor a scholar? Is not its real importance in my sight, that one of the abbots who founded it bore my name; and that I shall, perchance, be able to make myself a genealogical tree of it, for the edification of my visitors? While writing this, I feel my own blushes. Come, down with the map! let us banish it into my deepest drawer.

As I passed my glass, I perceived several visiting cards complacently displayed in the frame. By what chance is it that there are only names that make a show among them.—Here is a Polish count—a retired colonel—the deputy of my department—Quick, quick, into the fire with these proofs of vanity! and let us put this card in the hand-writing of our office boy, this direction for cheap dinners, and the receipt of the broker where I bought my last arm-chair, in their place. These indications of my poverty will serve, as Montaigne says, *mater ma superbe*, and will always make me recollect the modesty in which the dignity of the lowly consists.

I have stopped before the prints hanging upon the wall. This large and smiling Pomona, seated on sheaves of corn, and whose basket is overflowing with fruit, only produces thoughts of joy and plenty; I was looking at her the other day, when I fell asleep denying such a thing as misery. Let us give her as companion this picture of Winter, in which every thing tells of sorrow and suffering; one picture will modify the other.

And this Happy Family of Greuze's! What joy in the children's eyes! what sweet repose in the young woman's face! what religious feeling in the grandfather's countenance! May God preserve their happiness to them! but let us hang by its side the picture of this mother, who weeps over an empty cradle. Human life has two faces, both of which we must dare to contemplate in their turns.

Let me hide, too, these ridiculous monsters which ornament my chimneypiece. Plato has said, that *the beautiful is nothing else than the visible form of the good*. If it is so, the ugly should

be the visible form of evil, and, by constantly beholding it, the mind insensibly deteriorates.

But above all, in order to cherish the feelings of kindness and pity, let me hang at the foot of my bed this affecting picture of the Last Sleep!

Never have I been able to look at it without feeling my heart touched.

An old woman, clothed in rags, is lying by a roadside; her stick is at her feet, and her head rests upon a stone; she has fallen asleep; her hands are clasped; murmuring a prayer of her childhood, she sleeps her last sleep, she dreams her last dream!

She sees herself, again a strong and happy child, keeping the sheep on the common, gathering the berries from the hedges, singing, curtsying to the passers-by, and making the sign of the cross when the first star appears in the heavens.* Happy time, filled with fragrance and sunshine! She wants nothing yet, for she is ignorant of what there is to wish for.

But see her grown up; the time is come for working bravely: she must cut the corn, thresh the wheat, carry the bundles of flowering clover or branches of withered leaves to the farm. If her toil is hard, hope shines like a sun over every thing; and it wipes the drops of sweat away. The growing girl already sees that life is a task; but she still sings as she fulfils it.

By and by, the burden becomes heavier; she is a wife, she is a mother! She must economize the bread of to-day, have her eye upon the morrow, take care of the sick, and sustain the feeble; she must act, in short, that part of an earthly Providence, so easy when God gives us his aid, so hard when he forsakes us. The woman is still strong; but she is anxious; she sings no longer!

Yet a few years, and all is overcast. The husband's health is broken; his wife sees him pine away by the now fireless hearth; cold and hunger finish what sickness had begun; he dies, and

* The time of evening prayer in Roman Catholic countries.

his widow sits on the ground by the coffin provided by the charity of others, pressing her two half-naked little ones in her arms. She dreads the future, she weeps, and she droops her head.

At last, the future is come; the children are grown up, but they are no longer with her. Her son is fighting under his country's flag, and his sister is gone. Both have been lost to her for a long time—perhaps for ever; and the strong girl, the brave wife, the courageous mother, is from henceforth but an aged beggar-woman without a family, and without a home! She weeps no more, sorrow has subdued her; she surrenders, and waits for death.

Death, that faithful friend of the wretched, is come: not hideous and with mockery, as superstition represents, but beautiful, smiling, and crowned with stars! The gentle phantom stoops to the beggar; its pale lips murmur a few airy words, which announce to her the end of her labours; a peaceful joy comes over the aged beggar-woman, and, leaning on the shoulder of the great Deliverer, she has passed unconsciously from her last earthly sleep to her eternal rest.

Lie there—thou poor way-wearied woman! the leaves will serve thee for a winding-sheet, night will shed her tears of dew over thee, and the birds will sing sweetly by thy remains. Thy visit here below will not have left more trace than their flight through the air; thy name is already forgotten, and the only legacy thou hast to leave is the hawthorn stick lying forgotten at thy feet!

Well! some one will take it up—some soldier of that great human host which is scattered abroad by misery or by vice; for thou art not an exception, thou art an instance; and under the same sun which shines so pleasantly upon all, in the midst of these flowering vineyards, this ripe corn, and these wealthy cities, entire generations suffer, succeed each other, and still bequeath to each the beggar's stick!

The sight of this sad picture shall make me more grateful for what God has given me, and more compassionate for those whom He has treated with less indulgence; it shall be a lesson, and a subject for reflection for me.

Ah! if we would watch for every thing that might improve and instruct us; if the arrangements of our daily life were so disposed as to be a constant school for our minds! but oftenest we take no heed of them. Man is an eternal mystery to himself; his own person is a house into which he never enters, and of which he studies the outside alone. Each of us need have continually before him the famous inscription which once instructed Socrates, and which was engraved on the walls of Delphi by an unknown hand:—

“KNOW THYSELF.”

CHAPTER XII.

THE END OF THE YEAR.

December 30th, P.M.—I was in bed, and hardly recovered from the delirious fever which had kept me for so long between life and death. My weakened brain was making efforts to recover its activity; my thoughts, like rays of light struggling through the clouds, were still confused and imperfect: at times, I felt a return of the dizziness which made a chaos of all my ideas, and I floated, so to speak, between alternate fits of mental wandering and consciousness.

Sometimes every thing seemed plain to me, like the prospect which, from the top of some high mountain, opens before us in clear weather. We distinguish water, woods, villages, cattle, even the cottage perched on the edge of the ravine; then suddenly there comes a gust of wind laden with mist, and all is confused and indistinct.

Thus, yielding to the oscillations of a half-recovered reason, I allowed my mind to follow its various impulses without troubling myself to separate the real from the imaginary; I glided softly from one to the other, and my dreams and waking thoughts succeeded closely upon one another.

Now, whilst my mind was wandering in this unsettled state, see, underneath the clock which measures the hours with its loud ticking, a female figure appears before me!

At first sight I saw enough to satisfy me that she was not a daughter of Eve. In her eye was the last flash of an expiring star, and her face had the pallor of an heroic death struggle. She was dressed in a drapery of a thousand changing colours of the brightest and the most sombre hues, and she held a withered garland in her hand.

After having contemplated her for some moments, I asked her name, and what brought her into my attic. Her eyes, which were following the movements of the clock, turned towards me, and she replied:—

“You see in me the year which is just drawing to its end; I come to receive your thanks and your farewell.”

I raised myself on my elbow in surprise, which soon gave place to bitter resentment.

“Ah! you want thanks,” cried I; “but first let me know what for?”

“When I welcomed your coming, I was still young and vigorous: you have taken from me each day some little of my strength, and you have ended by inflicting an illness upon me: already, thanks to you, my blood is less warm, my muscles less firm, and my feet less agile than before! You have planted the germs of infirmity in my bosom; there, where the summer flowers of life were growing, you have wickedly sown the nettles of old age!”

“And, as if it was not enough to weaken my body, you have also diminished the powers of my soul; you have extinguished her enthusiasm: she is become more sluggish and more timid. Formerly her eyes took in the whole of mankind in their generous survey; but you have made her near-sighted, and now she scarcely sees beyond herself!”

“That is what you have done for my spiritual being: then as to my outward existence, see to what grief, neglect, and misery you have reduced it!”

“For the many days that the fever has kept me chained to this bed, who has taken care of this home, in which I placed all my joy? Shall I not find my closets empty, my bookcase stripped, all my poor treasures lost through negligence or dishonesty? Where are the plants I cultivated, the birds I fed? all are gone! my attic is despoiled, silent, and solitary!”

“As it is only for the last few moments that I have returned to a consciousness of what surrounds me, I am even ignorant

who has nursed me during my long illness! Doubtless some hireling, who will leave me when all my means of recompense are exhausted!

"And what will my masters, for whom I am bound to work, have said to my absence? At this time of the year, when business is most pressing, can they have done without me, will they even have tried to do so? Perhaps I am already superseded in the humble situation by which I earned my daily bread! And it is thou—thou alone, wicked daughter of Time—who hast brought all these misfortunes upon me: strength, health, comfort, work—thou hast taken all from me; I have only received outrage and loss from thee, and yet thou darest to claim my gratitude!

"Ah! die then, since thy day is come; but die despised and cursed; and may I write on thy tomb the epitaph the Arabian poet inscribed upon that of a king—

"Rejoice, thou passer-by: he whom we have buried here cannot live again."

* * * *

I was awakened by a hand taking mine, and, opening my eyes, I recognised the doctor.

After having felt my pulse, he nodded his head, sat down at the foot of the bed, and looked at me, rubbing his nose with his snuff-box.

I have since learnt that this was a sign of satisfaction with the doctor.

"Well! so we wanted old snub-nose to carry us off?" said M. Lambert, in his half-joking, half-scolding way. What the deuce of a hurry we were in! It was necessary to hold you back with both arms at least!"

"Then you had given me up, doctor?" asked I, rather alarmed.

"Not at all," replied the old physician; "we can't give up what we have not got; and I make it a rule never to have any hope. We are but instruments in the hands of Providence, and each of us should say with Ambroise Paré: 'I tend him, God cures him!'"

"May He be blessed then, as well as you," cried I; "and may my health come back with the New-year!"

M. Lambert shrugged his shoulders.

"Begin by asking yourself for it," resumed he bluntly. "God has given it you, and it is your own sense, and not chance, that must keep it for you. One would think, to hear people talk, that sickness comes upon us like the rain, or the sunshine, without one having a word to say in the matter. Before we complain of being ill, we should prove that we deserved to be well."

I was about to smile, but the doctor looked angry.

"Ah! you think that I am joking," resumed he, raising his voice; "but tell me, then, which of us gives his health the same attention that he gives to his business? Do you economise your strength as you economise your money? do you avoid excess and imprudence in the one case, with the same care as extravagance or foolish speculations in the other? do you keep as regular accounts of your mode of living as you do of your income? do you consider every evening what has been wholesome or unwholesome for you, with the same care as you bring to the examination of your expenditure? You may smile; but have you not brought this illness on yourself by a thousand indiscretions?"

I began to protest against this, and asked him to point out these indiscretions; the old doctor spread out his fingers, and began to reckon upon them one by one.

"*Primo*," cried he, "want of exercise. You live here like a mouse in a cheese, without air, motion, or change. Consequently, the blood circulates badly, the fluids thicken, the muscles, being inactive, do not claim their share of nutrition, the stomach flags, and the brain grows weary.

"*Secundo*. Irregular food. Caprice is your cook; your stomach a slave who must accept what you give it, but who presently takes a sullen revenge, like all slaves.

"*Tertio*. Sitting up late. Instead of using the night for sleep, you spend it in reading; your bedstead is a bookcase, your pillow a desk! At the time when the wearied brain asks for rest, you

lead it through these nocturnal orgies, and you are surprised to find it the worse for them the next day.

"*Quarto*. Luxurious habits. Shut up in your attic, you insensibly surround yourself with a thousand effeminate indulgences. You must have list for your door, a blind for your window, a carpet for your feet, an easy-chair stuffed with wool for your back, your fire lit at the first sign of cold, and a shade to your lamp: and, thanks to all these precautions, the least draught makes you catch cold, common chairs give you no rest, and you must wear spectacles to support the light of day. You have thought you were acquiring comforts, and you have only contracted infirmities.

"*Quinto*——"

"Ah! enough, enough, doctor!" cried I. "Pray, do not carry your examination further; do not attach a sense of remorse to each of my pleasures."

The old doctor rubbed his nose with his snuff-box.

"You see," said he more gently, and rising at the same time, "you would escape from the truth. You shrink from inquiry—a proof that you are guilty. *Habemus confitentem reum!* But at least, my friend, do not go on laying the blame on Time, like an old woman."

Thereupon he again felt my pulse, and took his leave, declaring that his function was at an end, and that the rest depended upon myself.

When the doctor was gone, I set about reflecting upon what he had said.

Although his words were too sweeping, they were not the less true in the main. How often we accuse chance of an illness, the origin of which we should seek in ourselves! Perhaps it would have been wiser to have let him finish the examination he had begun.

But is there not another of more importance—that which concerns the health of the soul? Am I so sure of having neglected no means of preserving that during the year which is now ending? Have I, as one of God's soldiers upon earth, kept my courage and

my arms efficient? Shall I be ready for the great review of souls which must pass before HIM WHO IS in the dark valley of Jehoshaphat?

Darest thou examine thyself, O my soul! and see how often thou hast erred?

First, thou hast erred through pride! for I have not duly valued the lowly. I have drunk too deeply of the intoxicating wines of genius, and have found no relish in pure water. I have disdained those words which had no other beauty than their sincerity; I have ceased to love men solely because they are men—I have loved them for their endowments; I have contracted the world within the narrow compass of a pantheon, and my sympathy has been awakened by admiration only. The vulgar crowd, which I ought to have followed with a friendly eye because it is composed of my brothers in hope or grief, I have let pass by me with as much indifference as if it were a flock of sheep. I am indignant with him who rolls in riches and despises the man poor in worldly wealth; and yet, vain of my trifling knowledge, I despise him who is poor in mind—I scorn the poverty of intellect as others do that of dress; I take credit for a gift which I did not bestow on myself, and turn the favour of fortune into a weapon with which to attack others.

Ah! if, in the worst days of revolutions, ignorance has revolted and raised a cry of hatred against genius, the fault is not alone in the envious malice of ignorance, but comes in part, too, from the contemptuous pride of knowledge.

Alas! I have too completely forgotten the fable of the two sons of the magician of Bagdad.

One of them, struck by an irrevocable decree of destiny, was born blind, whilst the other enjoyed all the delights of sight. The latter, proud of his own advantages, laughed at his brother's blindness, and disdained him as a companion. One morning the blind boy wished to go out with him:—

"To what purpose," said he, "since the gods have put nothing in common between us? For me creation is a stage,

where a thousand charming scenes and wonderful actors appear in succession; for you it is only an obscure abyss, at the bottom of which you hear the confused murmur of an invisible world. Continue then alone in your darkness, and leave the pleasures of light to those upon whom the day-star shines."

With these words he went away, and his brother, left alone, began to cry bitterly. His father, who heard him, immediately ran to him, and tried to console him by promising to give him whatever he desired.

"Can you give me sight?" asked the child.

"Fate does not permit it," said the magician.

"Then," cried the blind boy eagerly, "I ask you to put out the sun!"

Who knows whether my pride has not provoked the same wish on the part of some one of my brothers who does not see?

But how much oftener have I erred through levity and want of thought! How many resolutions have I taken at random! how many judgments have I pronounced for the sake of a witticism! how many mischiefs have I not done without any sense of my responsibility! The greater part of men harm one another for the sake of doing something. We laugh at the honour of one, and compromise the reputation of another, like an idle man, who saunters along a hedgerow, breaking the young branches and destroying the most beautiful flowers.

And, nevertheless, it is by this very thoughtlessness that the fame of some men is created. It rises gradually, like one of those mysterious mounds in barbarous countries, to which a stone is added by every passer-by; each one brings something at random, and adds it as he passes, without being able himself to see whether he is raising a pedestal or a gibbet. Who will dare look behind him, to see his rash judgments held up there to view?

Some time ago, I was walking along the edge of the green mound on which the Montmartre telegraph stands. Below me, along one of the zigzag paths which wind up the hill, a man and a girl were coming up, and arrested my attention. The man wore a shaggy coat, which gave him some resemblance to a wild

beast, and he held a thick stick in his hand, with which he described various strange figures in the air. He spoke very loud, and in a voice which seemed to me convulsed with passion. He raised his eyes every now and then with an expression of savage harshness, and it appeared to me that he was reproaching and threatening the girl, and that she was listening to him with a submissiveness which touched my heart. Two or three times she ventured a few words, doubtless in the attempt to justify herself; but the man in the great-coat began again immediately with his loud and angry voice, his savage looks, and his threatening evolutions in the air. I followed him with my eyes, vainly endeavouring to catch a word as he passed, until he disappeared behind the hill.

I had evidently just seen one of those domestic tyrants, whose sullen tempers are excited by the patience of their victims, and who, though they have the power to become the beneficent gods of a family, choose rather to be their tormentors.

I cursed the unknown savage in my heart, and I felt indignant that these crimes against the sacred peace of home could not be punished as they deserve, when I heard his voice approaching nearer. He had turned the path, and soon appeared before me at the top of the slope.

The first glance, and his first words, explained every thing to me: in place of what I had taken for the furious tones and terrible looks of an angry man, and the attitude of a frightened victim, I had before me only an honest citizen, who squinted and stuttered, but who was explaining the management of silkworms to his attentive daughter.

I turned homewards, smiling at my mistake; but before I reached my faubourg I saw a crowd running, I heard calls for help, and every finger pointed in the same direction to a distant column of flame. A manufactory had taken fire, and every body was rushing forward to assist in extinguishing it.

I hesitated. Night was coming on; I felt tired; a favourite book was awaiting me: I thought there would be no want of help, and I went on my way.

Just before I had erred from want of consideration; now it was from selfishness and cowardice.

But what! have I not on a thousand other occasions forgotten the duties which bind us to our fellow-men? Is this the first time I have avoided paying society what I owe it? Have I not always behaved to my companions with injustice, and like the lion? Have I not claimed successively every share? If any one is so ill advised as to ask me to return some little portion, I get provoked, I am angry, I try to escape from it by every means. How many times, when I have perceived a beggar sitting huddled up at the end of the street, have I not gone out of my way, for fear that compassion would impoverish me by forcing me to be charitable! How often have I doubted the misfortunes of others, that I might with justice harden my heart against them! With what satisfaction have I sometimes verified the vices of the poor man, in order to show that his misery is the punishment he deserves!

Oh! let us not go further—let us not go further! I interrupted the doctor's examination, but how much sadder is this one! We pity the diseases of the body; we shudder at those of the soul.

I was happily disturbed in my reverie by my neighbour, the old soldier.

Now I think of it, I seem always to have seen, during my fever, the figure of this good old man, sometimes leaning against my bed, and sometimes sitting at his table, surrounded by his sheets of pasteboard.

He has just come in with his glue-pot, his quire of green paper, and his great scissors. I called him by his name; he uttered a joyful exclamation, and came near me.

"Well! so the bullet is found again!" cried he, taking my two hands into the maimed one which was left him; "it has not been without trouble, I can tell you: the campaign has been long enough to win two clasps in. I have seen no few fellows with the fever batter windmills during my hospital days: at Leipsic, I had a neighbour who fancied a chimney was on fire

in his stomach, and who was always calling for the fire-engines; but the third day it all went out of itself: but with you it has lasted twenty-eight days—as long as one of the Little Corporal's campaigns."

"I am not mistaken, then; you were near me?"

"Well! I had only to cross the passage. This left hand has not made you a bad nurse for want of the right; but, bah! you did not know what hand gave you drink, and it did not prevent that beggar of a fever from being drowned—for all the world like Poniatowski in the Elster."

The old soldier began to laugh, and I, feeling too much affected to speak, pressed his hand against my breast. He saw my emotion, and hastened to put an end to it.

"By the by, you know that from to-day you have a right to draw your rations again," resumed he gaily; "four meals, like the German *meinherre*—nothing more! The doctor is your house steward."

"We must find the cook, too," replied I, with a smile.

"She is found," said the veteran.

"Who is she?"

"Genevieve."

"The fruit-woman?"

"While I am talking she is cooking for you, neighbour; and do not fear her sparing either butter or trouble. As long as life and death were fighting for you, the honest woman past her time in going up and down stairs to learn which way the battle went—And, stay, I am sure this is she—"

In fact, we heard steps in the passage, and he went to open the door.

"Oh, well!" continued he, "it is mother Millot, our portress, another of your good friends, neighbour, and whose poultices I recommend to you. Come in, mother Millot—come in; we are quite bonny boys this morning, and ready to step a minuet if we had our dancing-shoes."

The portress came in, quite delighted. She brought my linen,

washed and mended by herself, with a little bottle of Spanish wine, the gift of her sailor son, and kept for great occasions. I would have thanked her; but the good woman imposed silence upon me, under the pretext that the doctor had forbidden me to speak. I saw her arrange every thing in my drawers, the neat appearance of which struck me; an attentive hand had evidently been there, and day by day put straight the unavoidable disorder consequent on sickness.

As she finished, Genevieve arrived with my dinner; she was followed by mother Denis, the milkwoman over the way, who had learnt, at the same time, the danger I had been in and that I was now beginning to be convalescent. The good Savoyard brought me a new laid egg, which she herself wished to see me eat.

It was necessary to relate minutely all my illness to her. At every detail she uttered loud exclamations; then, when the portress warned her to be less noisy, she excused herself in a whisper. They made a circle round me to see me eat my dinner; each mouthful I took was accompanied by their expressions of satisfaction and thankfulness. Never had the king of France, when he dined in public, excited such admiration among the spectators.

As they were taking the dinner away, my colleague, the old cashier, entered in his turn.

I could not prevent my heart beating as I recognised him. How would the heads of the firm look upon my absence, and what did he come to tell me?

I waited with inexpressible anxiety for him to speak; but he sat down by me, took my hand, and began rejoicing over my recovery, without saying a word about our masters. I could not endure this uncertainty any longer.

"And the Messieurs Durmer," asked I, hesitatingly; "how have they taken—the interruption to my work?"

"There has been no interruption," replied the old clerk, quietly.

"What do you mean?"

"Each one in the office took a share of your duty: all has gone on as usual, and the Messieurs Durmer have perceived no difference."

This was too much. After so many instances of affection; this filled up the measure. I could not restrain my tears.

Thus the few services I had been able to do for others, had been acknowledged by them a hundredfold! I had sown a little seed, and every grain had fallen on good ground, and brought forth a whole sheaf. Ah! this completes the lesson the doctor gave me. If it is true that the diseases, whether of the mind or body, are the fruit of our follies and our vices, sympathy and affection are also the rewards of our having done our duty. Every one of us, with God's help, and within the narrow limits of human capability, himself makes his own disposition, character, and permanent condition.

* * * *

Every body is gone; the old soldier has brought me back my flowers and my birds, and they are my only companions. The setting sun reddens my half-closed curtains with its last rays. My brain is clear, and my heart lighter. A thin mist floats before my eyes, and I feel myself in that happy state which precedes a refreshing sleep.

Yonder, opposite the bed, the pale goddess in her drapery of a thousand changing colours, and with her withered garland, again appears before me; but this time I hold out my hand to her with a grateful smile.

"Adieu, beloved year! whom I but now unjustly accused. That which I have suffered must not be laid to thee; for thou wast but a tract through which God had marked out my road—a ground where I have reaped the harvest I had sown. I will love thee, thou wayside shelter, for those hours of happiness thou hast seen me enjoy; I will love thee even for the suffering thou hast seen me endure. Neither happiness nor suffering came from thee; but thou hast been the scene for them. Descend again then, in peace, into eternity and be blest, thou who hast left me experience in the place of youth, sweet memories instead of past time, and gratitude as payment for good offices."

THE END.







